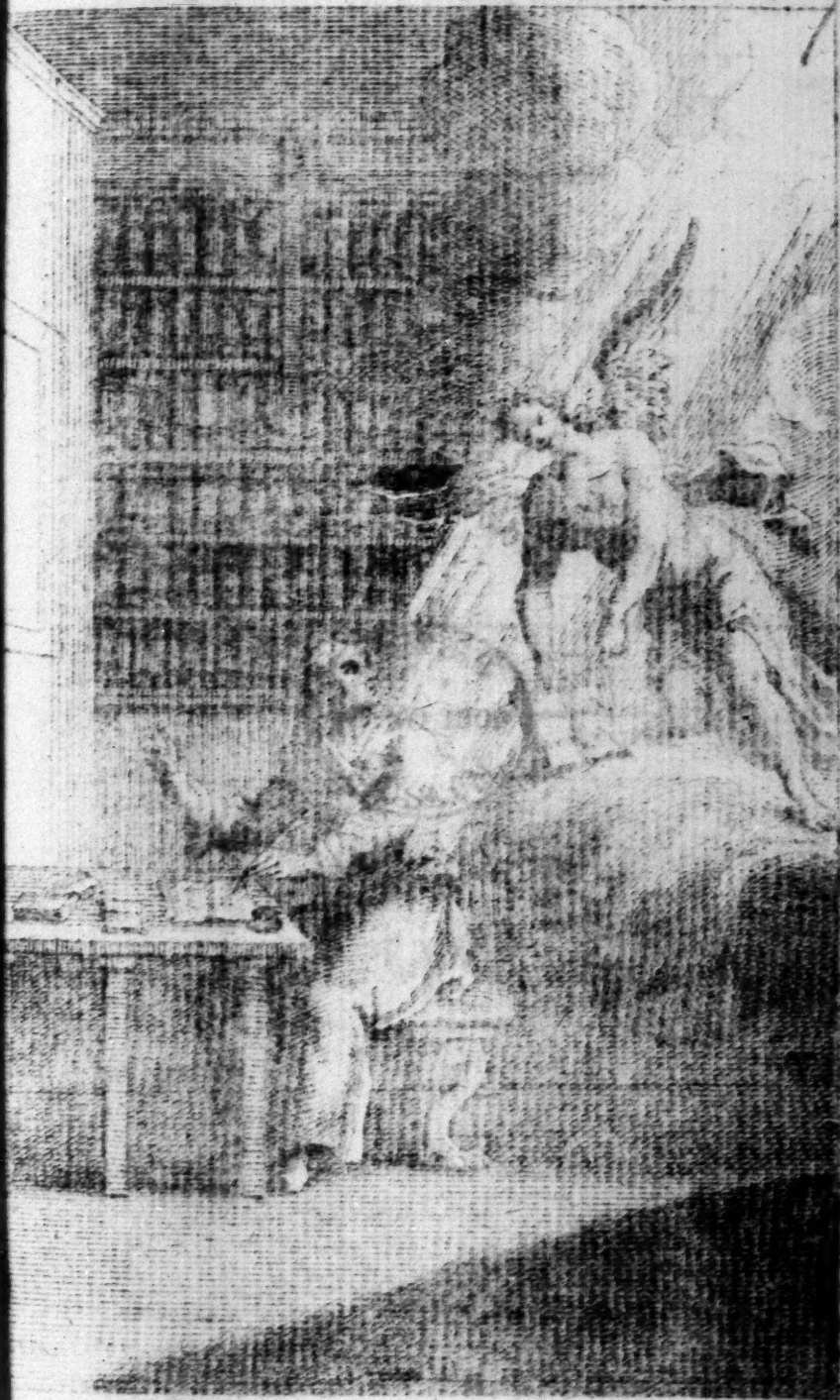


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Engraving of a classical scene, possibly a library or a temple, with figures in long robes. The scene is set outdoors, with a large, dark, draped object in the foreground. The engraving is signed 'J. B. 1740' in the bottom right corner.

To Front the 2^d Volume.



*Lord, how dreadful is the prospect of Death, at the remotest distance
Sun & Thought in Sin*

R. W.

THE
WORKS
OF

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM,

Together with his

REMAINS.

VOLUME II.



L O N D O N:

Printed by J. Bettenham for D. BROWN, without Temple Bar; B. and S. TOOKE at the Middle Temple Gate; G. STRAHAN over against the Royal Exchange; S. BALLARD in Little Britain; W. MEARS and F. CLAY without Temple Bar. M. DCC. XXXII.

W O R K S

70

Mr. J. O. H. M. Oldham

2000-01-01

2. NAME

1. 25.10.19

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7. The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the year 1901:



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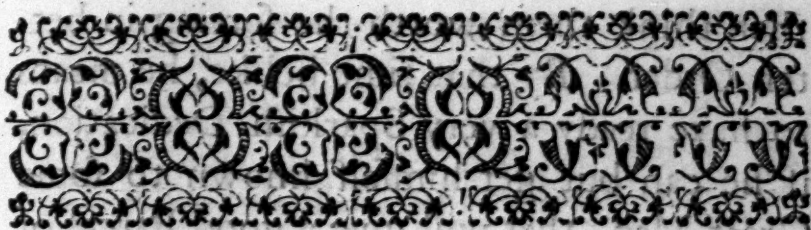
P A R T III.

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A

P O E M S
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

P A R T III.



ADVERTISEMENT*



THE Author of the following Pieces must be excused for their being hudled out so confusedly. They are printed just as he finished them off, and some things there are which he designed not ever to expose, but was fain to do it, to keep the Press at work, when it was once set a going. If it be their Fate to perish, and go the Way of all mortal Rhimes, 'tis no great matter in what Method they have been placed, no more than whether *Ode*, *Elegy*, or *Satire* have the Honour of Wiping first. But if they, and what he has formerly made Publick, be so happy as to live, and come forth in an Edition, All, together; perhaps he may

* This was wrote in the Year 1682.

ADVERTISEMENT.

then think them worth the sorting in better Order. By that time belike, he means to have ready a very Sparkish Dedication, if he can but get himself known to some Great Man, that will give a good Parcel of Guineas for being handsomly flattered. Then likewise the Reader (for his farther Comfort) may expect to see him appear with all the Pomp and Trappings of an Author; his Head in the Front very finely cut, together with the Year of his Age, Commendatory Verses in abundance, and all the Hands of the Poets of *Quorum* to confirm his Book, and pass it for Authentick. This at present is content to come abroad naked, Un-dedicated, and U-nprefaced, without one kind Word to shelter it from Censure; and so let the Criticks take it amongst them.

THE



THE EIGHTH
SATIRE
OF
Mounfieur BOILEAU
IMITATED.

Written in October, 1682.

*The POET brings himself in, as discours-
ing with a Doctor of the University upon
the Subject ensuing.*

✻✻✻ F all the Creatures, in the World, that be,
✻ O ✻ Beasts, Fish, or Fowl, that go, or swim, or fly
✻✻✻ Throughout the Globe, from London to Japan,
The arrant'st Fool, in my Opinion's Man.

*What? (ftrait I'm taken up) an Ant, a Fly,
 A tiny Mite, which we can hardly see
 Without a Perspective, a silly Ass,
 Or freakish Ape, Dare you affirm, that these
 Have greater Sense than Man? Ay, questionless.
 Doctor, I find you're shock'd at this Discourse:
 Man, is (you cry) Lord of the Universe;
 For him was this fair Frame of Nature made,
 And all the Creatures for his Use, and Aid:
 To him alone, of all the living Kind,
 Has bounteous Heav'n, the Reas'ning-Gift, assign'd.
 True Sir, that Reason ever was his Lot,
 But thence, I argue, Man the greater Sot.*

*This idle Talk (you say) and rambling Stuff
 May pass in Satire, and take well enough
 With sceptick Fools, who are dispos'd to jeer
 At serious things: but you must make't appear
 By solid Proof. Believe me, Sir, I'll do't:
 Take you the Desk, and let's dispute it out.
 Then, by your Favour, tell me, first of all,
 What 'tis, which your grave Doctors, Wisdom call;
 You answer: 'Tis an Evenness of Soul,
 A steady Temper, which no Cares controul,*

No Passions ruffle, nor Desires inflame,
 Still constant to it self, and still the same,
 That does in all its slow Resolves advance,
 With graver Steps, than Benchers, when they dance.
 Most true; yet is not this, I dare maintain,
 Less us'd by any, than the Fool, call'd Man.

The wiser Emmet, quoted just before,
 In Summer time, ranges the Fallows o'er }
 With Pains, and Labour, to lay in his Store; }
 But when the blust'ring North, with ruffling Blasts,
 Saddens the Year, and Nature overcasts;
 The prudent Insect, hid in Privacy,
 Enjoys the Fruits of his past Industry;
 No Ant, of Sense, was e'er so awkward seen,
 To drudge in Winter, loiter in the Spring.

But filier Man, in his mistaken way,
 By Reason, his false Guide, is led astray:
 Tost by a thousand Gusts of wav'ring Doubt,
 His restless Mind still rolls from Thought to Thought :—
 In each Resolve, unsteddy, and unfixt,
 And what he one Day loaths, desires the next.

Shall I, so fam'd for many a tuant Jest
 On wiving, now go take a Filt at last?

*Shall I turn Husband, and my Station chuse,
 Amongst the rev'rend Martyrs of the Noose!
 No, there are Fools enough besides, in Town,
 To furnish Work for Satire, and Lampoon:
 Few Months before, cry'd the unthinking Sot;
 Who quickly after, hamper'd in the Knot,
 Was quoted for an Instance by the rest,
 And bore his Fate, as tamely as the best,
 And thought, that Heav'n from some mirac'lous side,
 For him, alone, had drawn a faithful Bride.*

*This is our Image just: such is that vain,
 That foolish, fickle, motly-Creature, Man;
 More changing than a Weather-cock, his Head
 Ne'er wakes, with the same Thoughts, he went to Bed,
 Irksome to all beside, and ill at Ease;
 He neither others, nor himself, can please:
 Each Minute round his whirling Humours run,
 Now he's a Trooper, and a Priest anon,
 To Day, in Buff, to morrow, in a Gown.*

*Yet pleas'd with idle Whimfies of his Brain,
 And puffed with Pride, this haughty thing would fain
 Be thought himself the only Stay, and Prop,
 That holds the mighty Frame of Nature up:*

The Skies, and Stars, his Properties must seem;
 And turn-spit Angels, tread the Spheres for him:
 Of all the Creatures he's the Lord (he cries)
 More absolute, than the *French* King, of his.
And who is there, (say you) that dares deny
So own'd a Truth? That may be, Sir, do I.

But to omit the Controversy here,
 Whether, if met, the Passenger and Bear,
 This, or the other, stands in greater Fear.
 Or, if an Act of Parliament should pass
 That all the *Irish* Wolves should quit the Place,
 They'd strait obey the Statute's high Command,
 And, at a Minute's Warning, rid the Land:
 This boasted Monarch of the World, that awes
 The Creatures here, and, with his Beck, gives Laws:
 This tit'lar King, who thus pretends to be
 The Lord of all, how many Lords has he?
 The Lust of Money, and the Lust of Power,
 With Love, and Hate, and twenty Passions more,
 Hold him their Slave, and chain him to the Oar.

Scarce has soft Sleep in Silence clos'd his Eyes,
Up! (strait, says Avarice) 'tis time to rise.
 Not yet: One Minute longer. *Up! (she cries)*

Th' Exchange, and Shops, are hardly open yet,
 No matter: Rise! But, after all, for what?
 D'ye ask? go, cut the Line, double the Cape,
 Traverse, from End to End, the spacious Deep,
 Search both the Indies, Bantam, and Japan:
 Fetch Sugars from Barbadoes, Wines from Spain,
 What need all this? I've Wealth enough in Store,
 I thank the Fates, nor care for adding more.
 You cannot have too much, this Point to gain,
 You must no Crime, no Perjury refrain,
 Hunger you must endure, Hardship, and Want;
 Amidst full Barns keep an eternal Lent,
 And tho' you're more than Buckingham has spent
 Or Cuddon got, like stingy Bethel save,*
 And grudge your self the Charges of a Grave,
 And the small Ransom of a single Groat,
 From Sword, or Halter, to redeem your Throat.
 And pray, why all this sparing? Don't you know?
 Only t'enrich a Spendthrift Heir, or so:
 Who shall, when you are timely dead, and gone,
 With his gilt Coach and Six, amuse the Town,
 Keep his gay Brace of Punks, and vainly give
 More for a Night, than You, to fine for Sheriff.

* Alderman Cuddon; Sheriff Bethel.

*But you lose time, the Wind and Vessel waits,
Quick, let's aboard! Hey, for the Downs, and Streights.*

Or, if all-powerful Money fail of Charms
To tempt the Wretch, and push him on to Harms:
With a strong Hand does fierce Ambition seize,
And drag him forth from soft Repose, and Ease:
Amidst ten thousand Dangers spur him on,
With Loss of Blood, and Limbs, to hunt Renown.
Who, for Reward of many a Wound, and Maim,
Is paid with nought, but wooden Legs, and Fame;
And the poor Comfort of a grinning Fate,
To stand recorded in the next Gazette.

*But hold (cries one) your paltry gibing Wit,
Or learn, henceforth, to aim it more aright:
If this be any; 'tis a glorious Fault,
Which, thro' all Ages, has been ever thought
The Hero's Virtue, and chief Excellence:
Pray, what was Alexander in your Sense?
A Fool belike. Yes, faith, Sir, much the same;
A crack-brain'd Huff, that set the World on Flame:
A Lunatick broke loose, who, in his Fit,
Fell foul on all, invaded all, he met:
Who, Lord of the whole Globe, yet, not content,
Lack'd Elbow-room, and seem'd too closely pent.*

12 *The Eighth SATIRE of*

What Madneſs was't, that, born to a fair Throne,
Where he might rule with Juſtice, and Renown,
Like a wild Robber, he ſhould chuſe to roam,
A pitied Wretch, with neither Houſe, nor Home,
And hurling War, and Slaughtering up and down,
Thro' the wide World, make his vaſt Folly known?
Happy, for ten good Reaſons, had it been,
If *Macedon* had had a *Bedlam* then:
That there, with Keepers, under cloſe Reſtraint,
He might have been, from frantick Miſchief, pent.

But that we mayn't in long Digreſſions now
Diſcourſe all *Reinolds**, on the *Paſſions* thro',
And ranging them in Method ſtiff, and grave,
Rhime on by Chapter, and by Paragraph;
Let's quit the preſent Topick of Diſpute,
For *More* and *Cudworth* to enlarge about;
And take a View of Man, in his beſt Light,
Wherein he ſeems to moſt Advantage ſet.

'Tis he alone, (you'll ſay) 'tis happy he,
That's fram'd by Nature for Society:
He only dwells in Towns, is only ſeen
With Manners, and Civility, to ſhine;
Does only Magiſtrates, and Rulers chuſe,
And live ſecur'd by Government, and Laws.

* *Dr. Reinolds* wrote a *Treatiſe upon the Paſſions*, 4^{to}.

'Tis

'Tis granted, Sir ; but yet, without all these,
 Without your boasted Laws, and Policies,
 Or Fear of Judges, or of Justices ;
 Whoever saw the *Wolves*, that he can say,
 Like more Inhuman Us, so bent on Prey,
 To rob their Fellow-*Wolves* upon the Way ?
 Whoever saw *Church* and *Fanatick-Bear*,
 Like savage Mankind, one another tear ?
 What Tyger e'er, aspiring to be Great,
 In Plots, and Factions, did embroil the State ?
 Or when was't heard upon the *Libyan* Plains,
 Where the stern Monarch of the Desert reigns,
 That *Whig* and *Tory-Lions*, in wild Jars,
 Madly engag'd for Choice of Sheriffs and May'rs ?
 The fiercest Creatures we, in Nature, find,
 Respect the Figure still in the same kind ;
 To others rough, to these, they gentle be,
 And live from Noise, from Feuds, and Actions, free.

No *Eagle* does upon his Peerage sue,
 And strive some meaner *Eagle* to undo :
 No *Fox* was e'er suborn'd by Spite, or Hire,
 Against his Brother *Fox* his Life to swear :
 Nor any *Hind*, for Impotence, at Rut,
 Did e'er the *Stag*, into the *Arches* * put ;

* One of the Courts in *Doctors-Commons*.

†

Where

Where a grave Dean, the weighty Case might state,
 What makes, in Law, a carnal-job complete:
 They fear no dreadful *Quo Warranto* Writ,
 To shake their ancient Privilege, and Right:
 No Courts of Sessions, or Assize, are there,
 No *Common-Pleas*, *King's-Bench*, or *Chancery-Bar*:
 But happier they, by Nature's Charter free,
 Secure, and safe, in mutual Peace agree,
 And know no other Law, but Equity.

'Tis Man, 'tis Man alone, that worst of Brutes,
 Who first brought up the Trade of cutting Throats,
 Did Honour, first, that barbarous Term devise,
 Unknown to all the gentler Savages;
 As 'twere not thought enough to've fetch'd from Hell,
 Powder, and Guns, with all the Arts, to kill,
 Farther to plague the World, he must ingross
 Huge Codes, and bulky Pandects, of the Laws,
 With Doctors Glosses, to perplex the Cause,
 Where darken'd Equity is kept from Light,
 Under vast Reams of Nonsense buried quite.
 Gently, good Sir! (cry you) why all this Rant,
 Man has his Freaks, and Passions, that, we grant;
 He has his Frailties, and Blind-sides who doubts?
 But his least Virtues balance all his Faults.

Pray,

Pray, was it not this bold, this Thinking Man,
That measur'd Heav'n, and taught the Stars to scan,
Whose boundless Wit, with soaring Wings durst fly,
Beyond the flaming Borders of the Sky;

Turn'd Nature o'er, and, with a piercing View,
Each Cranny search'd, and look'd her thro' and thro',
Which of the Brutes have Universities,
When was it heard, that they e'er took Degrees,
Or were Professors of the Faculties?

By Law, or Physick, were they ever known
To merit Velvets, or a scarlet Gown?

No, questionless; nor did we ever read,
Of Quacks, with them that were Licentiates, made

By Patent, to profess the pois'ning Trade:

No Doctors in the Desk, there, hold Dispute

About Black-pudding, while the wondring Rout

Listen to hear the knotty Truth made out:

Nor Virtuosoës teach deep Mysteries

Of Arts, for pumping Air, and smothering Flies.

But not to urge the Matter farther now,

Nor search it to the Depth, what 'tis to know,

And, whether we know any thing, or no:

Pray,

Answers

Answer me only this, what Man is there
 In this vile, thankless Age, wherein we are,
 Who does, by Sense, and Learning, Value bear?
 Would'st thou get Honour, and a fair Estate,
 And have the Looks, and Favours, of the Great?
 Cries an old Father to his blooming Son,
 Take the right Course, be rul'd by me, 'tis done.
 Leave mouldy Authors to the reading Fools,
 The poring Crowds, in Colleges, and Schools:
 How much is threescore Nobles? Twenty Pound.
 Well said, my Son, the Answer's most profound:
 Go, thou know'st all that's requisite to know;
 What Wealth on thee, what Honours haste to flow!
 In these high Sciences thy self employ,
 Instead of Plato, take thy Hodder*, Boy.
 Learn there the Art to audit an Account,
 To what the King's Revenue does amount:
 How much the Customs and Excise bring in,
 And what the Managers, each Year, purloin.
 Get a Case-harden'd Conscience, Irish Proof,
 Which nought of Pity, Sense, or Shame can move:
 Turn Algerine, Barbarian, Turk, or Jew,
 Unjust, inhuman, treacherous, base, untrue,

* The Author of a Book of Arithmetick.

Ne'er stick at Wrong; hang Widows Sighs and Tears,
 The Cant of Priests to frighten Usurers,
 Boggle at nothing to increase thy Store,
 Not Orphans Spoils, nor Plunder of the Poor:
 And scorning paltry Rules of Honesty,
 By surer Methods raise thy Fortune high.

When Shoals of Poets, Pedants, Orators,
 Doctors, Divines, Astrologers, and Lawyers,
 Authors of every Sort, and every Size,
 To thee their Works and Labours shall address,
 With pompous Lines their Dedications fill,
 And learnedly, in Greek, and Latin, tell
 Lies to thy Face, that thou hast deep Insight,
 And art a mighty Judge of what they write.
 He, that is Rich, is every thing, that is,
 Without one Grain of Wisdom, he is wise,
 And knowing nought, knows all the Sciences:
 He's witty, gallant, virtuous, generous, stout,
 Well-born, well-bred, well-shap'd, well-drest, what not?
 Lov'd by the Great, and courted by the Fair,
 For none that e'er had Riches found Despair:
 Gold to the loathsom'st Object gives a Grace,
 And sets it off, and makes ev'n Bovey* please:

* An old, batter'd, Court-Fop, of those Times.

But

*But tatter'd Poverty they all despise,
Love stands aloof, and from the Scare-crow flies.*

Thus a stanch Miser, to his hopeful Brat,
Chalks out the Way, that leads to an Estate:
Whose Knowledge, oft, with utmost Stretch of Brain,
No higher than this vast Secret can attain,
Five and Four's Nine, take Two, and Seven remains.

Go, Doctor, after this, and rack your Brains,
Unravel *Scripture* with industrious Pains:
On musty *Fathers* waste your fruitless Hours,
Correct the Criticks, and Expositors:
Out-vie great *Stillingsfleet* in some vast *Tome*,
And there confound both *Bellarmino* and *Rome*;
Or glean the *Rabbies* of their learned Store,
To find what Father *Simon* has past o'er:
Then, at the last, some bulky Piece compile,
There, lay out all your Time, and Pains, and Skill;
And when 'tis done, and finish'd for the Press,
To some great Name the mighty Work address:
Who, for a full Reward of all your Toil,
Shall pay you with a Gracious Nod, or Smile:
Just Recompence of Life, too vainly spent;
An empty *Thank you Sir*, and Complement.

But,

But, if to higher Honours you pretend,
 Take the Advice and Counsel of a Friend;
 Here, quit the Desk, and throw your Scarlet by,
 And to some gainful Course your self apply.
 Go, practise, with some Banker, how to cheat,
 There's Choice in Town, enquire in *Lombard-street*.
 Let *Scot* and *Ockam* wrangle as they please,
 And thus, in short, with me, conclude the Case,
 A Doctor is no better than an Ass.

A Doctor, Sir? your self: pray have a care,
This is to push your Raillery too far.
But not to lose the time in trifling thus,
Beside the Point, come now more home, and close:
That Man has Reason, is beyond Debate,
Nor will your self, I think, deny me that:
And was not this fair Pilot given to steer,
His tot'ring Bark thro' Life's rough Ocean here?

All this I grant: but if, in Spite of it,
 The Wretch, on every Rock he sees, will split,
 To what great Purpose does his Reason serve,
 But to misguide his Course, and make him swerve?
 What boots it *H—d*,* when it says, Give o'er
 Thy scribbling Itch, and play the Fool no more,

* The Honourable *Edward Howard*.

If her vain Counsels, purpos'd to reclaim,
 Only avail to harden him in Shame?
 Lampoon'd, and hiss'd, and damn'd the thousandth time,
 Still he writes on, is obstinate in Rhime:
 His Verse, which he does every where recite,
 Puts all his Neighbours, and his Friends to flight;
 Scar'd by the rhiming Fiend, they haste away,
 Nor will his very Groom be hir'd to stay.

(The Ass, whom Nature Reason has deny'd,
 Content with Instinct for his surer Guide,
 Still follows that, and wiser does proceed:
 He ne'er aspires with his harsh braying Note,
 The Songsters of the Wood to challenge out:
 Nor, like this aukward Smatterer in Arts,
 Sets up himself for a vain Ass of Parts;
 Of Reason void, he sees, and gains his End,
 While Man, who does to that false Light pretend,
 Wildly gropes on, and in broad Day is blind,
 By Whimsy led, he does all things by Chance,
 And acts, in each, against all common Sense.
 Pleas'd, and displeas'd, with ev'ry thing at once,
 He knows not what he seeks, nor what he shuns:
 Unable to distinguish good, or bad,
 For nothing, he is gay, for nothing, sad:

At random loves, and loaths, avoids, pursues,
Enacts, repeals, makes, alters, does, undoes.
Did we, like him, e'er see the Dog, or Bear
Chimeras of their own devising Fear?
Frame needless Doubts, and for those Doubts forego
The Joys, which prompting Nature calls them to?
And with their Pleasures, awkwardly, at strife,
With scaring Faintoms, pall the Sweets of Life?
Tell me, grave Sir, did ever Man see Beast
So much below himself, and Sense debas'd,
To worship Man with superstitious Fear,
And fondly to his Idol, Temples rear?
Was he e'er seen with Pray'rs and Sacrifice,
Approach to him, as Ruler of the Skies,
To beg for Rain, or Sun-shine, on his Knees?
No, never: But a thousand times has Beast,
Seen Man beneath the meanest Brute debas'd,
Fall low to Wood; and Metal heretofore,
And madly his own Workmanship adore:
In Egypt oft has seen a Sot bow down,
And reverence some Deify'd Baboon:
Has often seen him, on the Banks of Nile,
Say Pray'rs to the Almighty Crocodile:
And now each Day, in ev'ry Street abroad,
Sees prostrate Fools adore a Breaden-God.

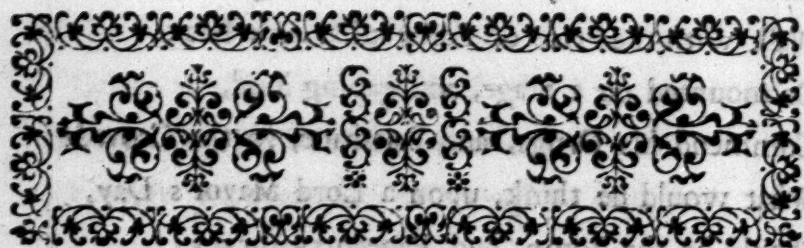
But

*But why (say you) these spiteful Instances
 Of Egypt, and its gross Idolatries?
 Of Rome, and hers, as much ridiculous?
 What are these lewd Buffooneries to us?
 How gather you from such wild Proofs as these,
 That Man, a Doctor, is beneath an Ass!
 An Ass! that heavy, stupid, lumpish Beast,
 The Sport, and Mocking-stock of all the rest?
 Whom they all spurn, and whom they all despise,
 Whose very Name, all Satire, does comprise?*

An Ass, Sir? Yes: Pray, what should make us laugh?
 Now he, unjustly, is our Jeer, and Scoff.
 But, if one Day, he should Occasion find,
 Upon our Follies, to express his Mind;
 If Heav'n, as once of Old, to check proud Man,
 By Miracle, should give him Speech again;
 What would he say, d'ye think, could he speak out,
 Nay, Sir, betwixt us Two, what would he not?

What would he say, were he condemn'd to stand,
 For one long Hour, in Fleetstreet, or the Strand,
 To cast his Eyes upon the motly Throng,
 The two leg'd Herd, that daily pass along;
 To see their old Disguises, Furs and Gowns,
 Their Cassocks, Cloaks, Lawn-sleeves, and Pantaloons?

What would he say to see a Velvet Quack
Walk with the Price of Forty kill'd on's Back:
Or mounted on a Stage, and gaping loud,
Commend his Drugs, and Ratsbane, to the Crowd?
What would he think, upon a Lord Mayor's Day,
Should he the Pomp, and Pageantry survey;
Or view the Judges, and their solemn Train,
March, with grave Decency, to kill a Man?
What would he think of us, should he appear
In Term, among the Crowds, at *Westminster*,
And there, the hellish Din, and Jargon hear,
Where *Jefferies* and his Pack with deep mouth'd Notes
Drown *Billingsgate*, and all its Oyster-Boats?
There see the Judges, Serjeants, Barristers,
Attorneys, Counsellors, Solicitors,
Criers, and Clerks, and all the savage Crew,
Which wretched Man, at his own Charge, undo?
If, after Prospect of all this, the Ais
Should find the Voice he had in *Esop's* Days;
Then, Doctor, then, casting his Eyes around
On Human Fools, which ev'ry where abound,
Content with Thistles, from all Envy free,
And shaking his grave Head, no doubt, he'd cry,
Good faith, Man is a Beast, as much as we.



THE THIRTEENTH
 SATIRE
 OF
 JUVENAL
 IMITATED.



ARGUMENT.

The POET comforts a Friend, that is overmuch concern'd for the Loss of a considerable Sum of Money, of which he has lately been cheated by a Person, to whom he intrusted the same. This he does by shewing, that nothing comes to pass in the World, without Divine Providence, and that wicked Men, (however they seem to escape its Punishment here) yet suffer abundantly in the Torments of an evil Conscience. And, by the Way, takes Occasion to lash the Degeneracy, and Villany of the present Times.

There

 Here is not one base Act, which Men commit,
But carries this ill Sting along with it,
That to the Author it creates Regret:

And this is some Revenge, at least, that he
Can ne'er acquit himself of Villainy,
Tho' a brib'd Judge, and Jury, set him free.

All People, Sir, abhor, (as 'tis but just)
Your faithless Friend, who lately broke his Trust,
And curse the treach'rous Deed: But Thanks to Fate,
That has not bless'd you with so small Estate,
But that, with Patience, you may bear the Cross,
And need not sink under so mean a Loss.
Besides, your Case, for less Concern does call,
Because 'tis what does usually befall;
Ten thousand such, might be alledg'd, with Ease,
Out of the common Crowd of Instances.

Then cease for Shame, immoderate Regret,
And don't your Manhood, and your Sense, forget:
'Tis Womanish, and silly, to lay forth
More cost in Grief, than a Misfortune's worth.
You scarce can bear a puny trifling Ill,
It goes so deep, pray Heav'n! it does not kill:

B

And

26 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

And all this Trouble, and this vain ado,
 Because a Friend (forsooth) has prov'd untrue.
 Shame o' your Beard! can this so much amaze?
 Were you not born in good King *Jemmy's* Days?
 And are not you, at length, yet wiser grown,
 When threescore Winters on your Head have shewn?

Almighty Wisdom, gives in Holy Writ,
 Wholsom Advice to all, that follow it:
 And those, that will not its great Counsels hear,
 May learn, from meer Experience, how to bear
 (Without vain Strugling) Fortune's Yoke, and how
 They ought, her rudest Shocks, to undergo.
 There's not a Day, so solemn, thro' the Year,
 Not one red Letter, in the Calendar,
 But we, of some new Crime discover'd, hear.
 Theft, Murder, Treason, Perjury, what not?
 Money by cheating, padding, pois'ning got.
 Nor is it strange; so few, are now, the Good,
 That fewer scarce were left at *Noah's* Flood:
 Should *Sodom's* Angel here in Fire descend,
 Our Nation wants ten Men to save the Land.
 Fate has reserv'd us for the very Lees
 Of Time, where Ill, admits of no Degrees:

An Age so bad, old Poets ne'er could frame,
Nor find a *Metal* * out to give't a Name.
This your Experience knows, and yet for all,
On Faith of God, and Man, aloud you call,
Louder, than on Queen *Bess's* Day, the Rout
For *Antichrist*, burnt in Effigie, shout:
But, tell me, Sir, tell me, grey-headed Boy,
Do you not know, what Lech'ry Men enjoy
In stolen Goods? For God's sake, don't you see
How they all laugh, at your Simplicity,
When gravely you forewarn of Perjury?
Preach up a God, and Hell, vain empty Names,
Exploded now for idle thread-bare Shams,
Devis'd by Priests, and by none else believ'd,
E'er since great *Hobbes* † the World has undeceiv'd?

This might have past, with the plain simple Race
Of our Forefathers, in King *Arthur's* Days:
E'er mingling with corrupted foreign Seed,
We learnt their Vice, and spoil'd our native Breed.
E'er yet bless'd *Albion*, high in ancient Fame,
With her first Innocence, resign'd her Name.
Fair dealing then, and downright Honesty,
And plighted Faith were good Security:

* Alluding to *Ovid's* four Ages of the World, viz. The *Golden Age*, The *Silver Age*, the *Brass Age*, and The *Iron Age*.

† See his *Leviathan*.

28 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

No vast Ingrossments, for Estates, were made,
 Nor Deeds, large as the Lands, which they convey'd:
 To bind a Trust, there lack'd no formal Ties
 Of Paper, Wax, and Seals, and Witnesses,
 Nor ready Coin, but sterling Promises:
 Each took the other's Word, and that would go
 For current then, and more, than Oaths do now:
 None had Recourse to *Chanc'ry* for Defence,
 Where you forego your Right with less Expence:
 Nor Traps were yet set up for Perjurers,
 That catch Men by the Heads, and whip off Ears.
 Then Knave, and Villain, things unheard of were,
 Scarce in a Century did one appear,
 And he, more gaz'd at, than a Blazing-star.
 If a young Stripling put not off his Hat,
 In high Respect, to every Beard he met,
 Tho' a Lord's Son, and Heir, 'twas held a Crime,
 That scarce deserv'd its Clergy, in that time:
 So venerable then was four Years odds,
 And grey old Heads, were reverenc'd as Gods.

Now, if a Friend, once in an Age, prove just,
 If he miraculously keep his Trust,
 And, without Force of Law, deliver all
 That's due, both Interest, and Principal;

* *Id est, The Benefit of the Clergy, in Criminal Cases.*

Prodi-

Prodigious Wonder! fit for *Stow* to tell,
 And stand recorded in his Chronicle;
 A thing less memorable, would require
 As great a Monument, as *London Fire*.
 A Man of Faith, and Uprightness, is grown
 So strange a Creature, both in Court, and Town,
 That he, with Elephants, may well be shown.
 A Monster, more uncommon than a Whale
 At *Bridge*, the last great Comet, or the Hail,
 Than *Thames's* double Tide, or should he run
 With Streams of Milk, or Blood, to *Gravesend* down.
 You're troubled, that you've lost five hundred Pound
 By treacherous Fraud: Another may be found,
 Has lost a thousand: And another yet,
 Double to that; perhaps his whole Estate.

Little do Folks the heav'nly Powers mind,
 If they but scape the Knowledge of Mankind:
 Observe, with how demure, and grave a Look
 The Rascal lays his Hand upon the Book:
 Then, with a praying Face, and lifted Eye,
 Claps on his Lips, and seals the Perjury:
 If you persist his Innocence to doubt,
 And boggle in Belief; he'll strait rap out

30 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

Oaths by the Volley, each of which would make
Pale Atheists start, and trembling Bullies quake;
And more than would a whole Ship's Crew maintain
To the *East-Indies* hence, and back again.

*As God shall pardon me, Sir, I am free
Of what you charge me with: let me ne'er see
His Face in Heaven else: May these Hands rot,
These Eyes drop out, if I e'er had a Groat
Of yours, or if they ever touch'd, or saw't.*

Thus he'll run on, two Hours in length, till he
Spin out a Curse, long as the Litany:
Till Heav'n has scarce a Judgment left in Store
For him to wish, deserve, or suffer more.

There are, who disavow all Providence,
And think the World is only steer'd by Chance:
Make God, at best, an idle Looker-on,
A lazy Monarch, lolling in his Throne:
Who, his Affairs, does neither mind, nor know,
But leaves them all at random here below:
And such, at ev'ry Foot, themselves will damn,
And Oaths, no more than common Breath, esteem:
No Shame, nor Loss of Ears, can frighten these,
Were ev'ry Street a Grove of Pillories.

Others there be, that own a God, and fear
His Vengeance to ensue, and yet forswear:

Thus

Thus to himself, says one, Let Heav'n decree
 What Doom soe'er its Pleasure will of me:
 Strike me with Blindness, Palsies, Leprosies,
 Plague, Pox, Consumption, all the Maladies
 Of both the Spittles*; so I get my Prize
 And hold it sure; I'll suffer these, and more;
 All Plagues are light, to that of being Poor.
 There's not a begging Cripple in the Streets
 (Unless he, with his Limbs, has lost his Wits,
 And is grown fit for Bedlam) but no doubt,
 To have his Wealth, would have the Rich-Man's Gout.
 Grant Heaven's Vengeance heavy be; what tho?
 The heaviest things move slowest still we know:
 And, if it punish all, that guilty be,
 'Twill be an Age before it come to me:
 God too is merciful, as well as just;
 Therefore, I'll rather his Forgiveness trust,
 Than live despis'd, and poor, as thus I must:
 I'll try, and hope, he's more a Gentleman
 Than for such trivial things as these, to damn.
 Besides, for the same Fact, we've often known
 One || mount the Cart, another mount the Throne:

* Hospitals for the Poor. || Perkin Warbeck, executed
 for his Pretences to the Crown in the Reign of K. Hen. VII.

32 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

*And foulest Deeds, attended with Success;
No longer are reputed Wickedness,
Disguis'd with Virtue's Livery, and Dress.*

With these weak Arguments they fortify,
And harden up themselves in Villainy:
The Rascal now dares call you to account,
And in what Court you please, join Issue on't:
Next Term, he'll bring the Action to be try'd,
And twenty Witnesses to swear on's side:
And, if that Justice to his Cause be found,
Expects a Verdict of five hundred Pound.
Thus he, who boldly dares the Guilt out-face,
For Innocent shall with the Rabble pass:
While you, with Impudence, and Sham run down,
Are only thought the Knave by all the Town.

Mean time, poor you at Heav'n exclaim, and rail,
Louder than *Jeffries* at the Bar does bawl:
*Is there a Pow'r above? and does he hear?
And can he tamely Thunderbolts forbear?
To what vain End do we with Pray'rs adore?
And, on our bended Knees, his Aid implore:
Where is his Rule, if no Respect be had,
Of Innocence, or Guilt, of Good, or Bad?*

And

And who, henceforth, will any Credit show
To what his lying Priests teach here below?
If this be Providence*; for aught I see,
Bless'd Saint, Vaninus! I shall follow thee:
Little's the odds 'twixt such a God, and that,
Which Atheist Lewis us'd to wear in's Hat.

Thus you blaspheme, and rave: But pray, Sir, try
What Comforts, my weak Reason, can apply,
Who never yet read *Plutarch*, hardly saw,
And am but meanly vers'd in *Seneca*.
In Cases dangerous, and hard of Cure,
We have Recourse to *Scarborough*, or *Lower*:
But if they don't so desperate appear,
We trust to meaner Doctor's Skill, and Care.

If there were never in the World before
So foul a Deed; I'm dumb, not one Word more:
O' God's Name, then, let both your Sluices flow,
And all th'Extravagance of Sorrow show;
And tear your Hair, and thump your mournful Breast,
As if your dearest First-born were deceas'd.
'Tis granted, that a greater Grief attends
Departed Guineas, than departed Friends:

* *Vaninus*, a famous Atheist, wrote a Treatise against Providence, intitled, *Aeterna Providentia Amphitheatrum*; for which he was burnt in France, Anno 1619

34 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

None ever counterfeits upon this Score,
Nor need he do't; the Thought of being Poor
Will serve alone, to make the Eyes run o'er.

Lost Gold is griev'd with true unfeigned Tears,
More true, than Sorrow of expecting Heirs,
At their dead Father's Funerals, tho' here
The Back, and Hands, no pompous Mourning, wear.

But if the like Complaints be daily found
At *Westminster*, and in all Courts abound;
If Bonds, and Obligations, can't prevail,
But Men deny their very Hand and Seal,
Sign'd with the Arms of the whole Pedigree
Of their dead Ancestors, to vouch the Lie;
If *Temple-Walks*, and *Smithfield* never fail
Of plying Rogues, that set their Souls to sale
To the first Passenger, that bids a Price,
And make their Livelihood of Perjuries;
For God's sake, why are you so delicate,
And think it hard to share the common Fate?
And why must you alone be Fav'rite thought
Of Heav'n, and we, for Reprobates, cast out?

The Wrong you bear, is hardly worth Regard,
Much less your just Resentment, if compar'd

With

With greater Outrages to others done,
Which daily happen, and alarm the Town:
Compare the Villains, who cut Throats for Bread,
Or Houses fire, of late, a gainful Trade,
By which our City was in Ashes laid:
Compare the sacrilegious Burglary,
From which no Place can Sanctuary be,
That rifles Churches of Communion-Plate,
Which good King *Edward's* Days did Dedicate:
Think, who durst steal St. *Alban's* Font of Brasses,
That christen'd half the Royal *Scottish* Race:
Who stole the Chalices at *Chichester*,
In which themselves, receiv'd, the Day before?
Or that bold daring Hand, of fresh Renown,
Who, scorning common Booty, stole a Crown*:
Compare too, if you please, the horrid Plot,
With all the Perjuries, to make it out,
Or make it nothing, for these last three Years;
Add to it *Thynne's* and *Godfrey's* Murderers:
And if these seem but slight, and trivial things,
Add those, that have, and would have murder'd Kings.
And yet how little's this of Villainy
To what our Judges oft, in one Day, try?

* *Bloud.*

36 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

This, to convince you, do but travel down,
When the next Circuit comes, with *Pemberton*,
Or any of the Twelve, and there but mind,
How many Rogues there are of Human Kind,
And let me hear you, when you're back again,
Say, you are wrong'd, and, if you dare, complain.

None wonder, who in *Essex*-Hundreds live,
Or *Sheppy* Island, to have Agues rise :
Nor would you think it much in *Africa*,
If you great Lips, and short, flat Noses saw:
Because 'tis so by Nature of each place;
And, therefore there, for no strange things, they pass,
In Lands, where Pigmies are, to see a Crane
(As Kites do Chickens here) sweep up a Man,
In Armour clad, with us would make a Show,
And serve to entertain, at *Bartholmew* :
Yet there it goes, for no great Prodigy,
Where the whole Nation is but one Foot high:
Then why, fond Man, should you so much admire,
Since Knave is of our Growth, and common here?

But must such Perjury escape (say you)
And shall it ever thus unpunish'd go?
Grant, he were dragg'd to Jail this very Hour,
To starve, and rot; suppose it in your Pow'r

To rack, and torture him all kind of Ways,
To hang, or burn, or kill him, as you please;
(And what would your Revenge it self have more?)
Yet this, all this, would not your Cash restore:
And where would be the Comfort, where the Good,
If you could wash your Hands in's reaking Blood?
But, Oh, Revenge more sweet than Life! 'Tis true,
So the unthinking say, and the mad Crew
Of hec't'ring Blades, who for slight Cause, or none,
At every Turn, are into Passion blown:
Whom the least Trifles, with Revenge, inspire,
And at each Spark, like Gunpowder, take fire;
These, unprovok'd, kill the next Man they meet,
For being so saucy, as to walk the Street;
And, at the Summons of each tiny Drab,
Cry, *Damnme! Satisfaction!* draw, and stab.

Not so of Old, the mild good *Socrates*,
(Who shew'd how high, without the Help of Grace,
Well-cultivated Nature might be wrought)
He a more noble way of Suff'ring taught,
And, tho' the Guiltless drank the pois'nous Dose,
Ne'er wish'd a Drop to his accusing Foes.
Not so our great, good *Martyr'd King*, of late
(Could we his blest Example imitate)

Who

38 *The Thirteenth SATIRE of*

Who, tho' the great'st of mortal Sufferers,
Yet, kind to his rebellious Murderers,
Forgave, and blest'd them with his dying Pray'rs.

Thus we, by sound Divinity, and Sense,
May purge our Minds, and weed all Errors thence :
These lead us into Right, nor shall we need
Other, than them, thro' Life, to be our Guide.
Revenge is but a Frailty, incident
To craz'd, and sickly Minds, the poor Content
Of little Souls, unable to surmount
An Injury, too weak to bear Affront :
And this you may infer, because we find,
'Tis most in poor unthinking Woman-kind,
Who wreak their feeble Spite on all they can,
And are more kin to Brute, than braver Man.

But, why should you imagine, Sir, that those
Escape unpunish'd, who still feel the Throws,
And Pangs, of a rack'd Soul, and (which is worse
Than all the Pains, which can the Body curse)
The secret Gnawings of unseen Remorse ?
Believe't, they suffer greater Punishment
Than Rome's Inquisitors could e'er invent,
Nor all the Tortures, Racks, and Cruelties,
Which ancient Persecutors could devise,

Nor

Nor all, that *Fox's* his bloody Records tell,
Can match what *Bradshaw*, and *Ravilliac* feel,
Who, in their Breasts, carry about their Hell.

I've read this Story, but I know not where,
Whether in *Hackwell*, or *Beard's Theatre* *:

A certain Spartan, whom a Friend; like you,
Had trusted with a hundred Pound or two;
Went to the Oracle, to know if he,
With Safety, might the Sum, in Trust, deny.

'Twas answer'd, No, that if he durst forswear,
He should e'er long for's Knavery pay dear:

Hence Fear, not Honesty, made him refund;
Yet, to his Cost, the Sentence true he found:

Himself, his Children, all his Family,
The most remote of his whole Pedigree,
Perish'd (as there 'tis told) in Misery.

Now, to apply: if such be the sad End
Of Perjury, tho' but in Thought design'd,
Think, Sir, what Fate awaits your treach'rous Friend,
Who has not only thought, but done to you
All this, and more; think, what he suffers now,
And think, what ev'ry Villain suffers else,
That dares, like him, be faithless, base, and false.

* Mr. *Beard* wrote a Book, entitled, *The Theatre of God's Judgments*, &c.

Pale Horror, ghastly Fear, and black Despair
 Pursue his Steps, and Dog him wheresoe'er
 He goes, and if from his loath'd self he fly,
 To herd, like wounded Deer, in Company,
 These strait creep in, and pall his Mirth, and Joy.
 The choicest Dainties, ev'n by *Lumley* dress'd,
 Afford no Relish to his sickly Taste,
 Insipid all, as *Damocles's* Feast.*
 Ev'n Wine, the greatest Blessing of Mankind,
 The best Support of the dejected Mind,
 Apply'd to his dull Spirits, warms no more
 Than, to his Corps, it could past Life restore.
 Darknes he fears, nor dares he trust his Bed
 Without a Candle watching by his side:
 And if the wakeful Troubles of his Breast,
 To his toss'd Limbs, allow one Moment's Rest,
 Straitways, the Groans of Ghosts, and hideous Screams
 Of tortur'd Spirits, haunt his frightful Dreams:
 Strait then returns to his tormented Mind,
 His perjur'd Act, his injur'd God, and Friend:
 Strait he imagins you before his Eyes,
 Ghastly of Shape, and of prodig'ous Size,

* A flattering Courtier to *Dionysius* the Tyrant, who being invited by that Prince to an Entertainment, perceiv'd a naked Sword hanging over him by a single Thread, upon which he interceded for Pardon, and became more humble for the Future.

With glaring Eyes, cleft Foot, and monstrous Tail,
And bigger than the Giants at *Gu'-hall*,
Stalking with horrid Strider across the Room,
And Guards of Fiend to drag him to his Doom;
Hereat he falls in dreadful Agonies,
And dead, cold Sweats, his trembling Members seize:
Then starting wakes, and with a dismal Cry,
Calls to his Aid his frightened Family;
There owns the Crime, and vows upon his Knees
The sacred Pledge, next Morning, to release.

These are the Men, whom the least Terrors daunt,
Who, at the Sight of their own Shadows, faint;
These, if it chance to Lighten, are agast,
And quake for Fear, lest every Flash should blast:
These swoon away at the first Thunder-clap,
As if 'twere not, what usually does hap,
The casual Cracking of a Cloud, but sent,
By angry Heaven, for their Punishment:
And if, unhurt, they scape the Tempest now,
Still dread the greater Vengeance to ensue:
These the least Symptoms of a Fever fright,
Water high-colour'd, want of Rest at Night,
Or a disorder'd Pulse strait makes them shrink,
And presently, for Fear, ready to sink

Into

Into their Graves: Their time, they think, is come,
 And Heav'n, in Judgment, now has sent their Doom.
 Nor dare they, tho' in Whisper, waft a Pray'r,
 Lest it, by chance, should reach th' Almighty's Ear,
 And wake his sleeping Vengeance, which, before,
 So long has their Impieties forbore.

These are the Thoughts which guilty Wretches
 haunt,

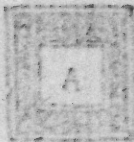
Yet enter'd, they still grow more impudent:
 After a Crime, perhaps, they now and then
 Feel Pangs and Struglings of Remorse within,
 But strait return to their old Course agen:
 They, who have once thrown Shame, and Consci-
 ence by,

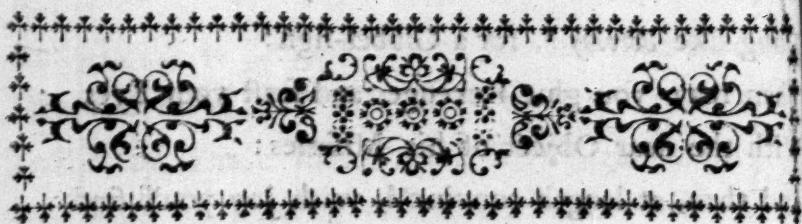
Ne'er after, make a Stop at Villainy:
 Hurried along, down the vast Steep they go,
 And find, tis all a Precipice below.

Ev'n this perfidious Friend of yours, no doubt,
 Will not, with single wickedness, give out;
 Have Patience but a while, you'll shortly see
 His Hand held up at Bar for Felony:
 You'll see the sentenc'd Wretch, for Punishment,
 To *Scilly Isles*, or the *Caribes* sent:

Or (if I may his surer Fate divine)
Hung like *Borosky* *, for a Gibbet-sign:
Then may you glut Revenge, and feast your Eyes
With the dear Object of his Miseries:
And then, at length convinc'd, with Joy you'll find
That the just God is neither Deaf, nor Blind.

* Executed for the Murder of *Thomas Thynne* Esq;





DAVID'S LAMENTATION

For the DEATH of

SAUL and JONATHAN.

Written in September 1677.

O D E.

I.



H wretched *Israel*! once blest, and happy State,
The Darling of the Stars, and Heaven's Care,
Then all the bord'ring World thy Vassals were

And Thou, at once, their Envy, and their Fear,
How soon art Thou (alas!) by the sad Turn of Fate

Become

Become abandon'd and forlorn?

How art Thou now become their Pity, and their Scorn?

Thy Lustre all is vanish'd, all thy Glory fled,

Thy Sun, himself, set, in a Blood-red,

Too sure Prognostick! which does ill portend

Approaching Storms, on thy unhappy Land,

Left naked, and defenceless now, to each invading Hand,

A fatal Battel, lately fought,

Has all these Mis'ries, and Misfortunes, brought,

Has thy quick Ruin, and Destruction, wrought:

There fell we, by a mighty Overthrow,

A Prey to an enrag'd, relentless Foe,

The Toil and Labour of their weary Cruelty,

Till they, no more could kill, and we, no longer die:

Vast Slaughter all around th'enlarged Mountain swells,

And num'rous Deaths increase its former Hills.

II.

In *Gath*, let not the mournful News be known,

Nor publish'd in the Streets of *Ascalon*;

May Fame itself be quite struck dumb!

Oh! may it never to *Philistia* come,

Nor any live to bear the cursed Tidings home!

Left

Lest the proud Enemies new Trophies raise,
And loudly triumph in our fresh Disgrace:
No captive *Israelite*, their pompous Joy adorn,
Nor, in sad Bondage, his lost Country mourn:
No Spoils of ours be in their Temples hung,
No Hymns, to *Ashdod's* Idol, sung,
Nor thankful Sacrifice, on his glad Altars, burn.
Kind Heav'n forbid! lest the base Heathen Slaves blaspheme
Thy sacred, and unutterable Name,
And, above thine, extol their *Dagon's* Fame.
Lest the vile *Fish's* Worship spread abroad,
Who fell a prostrate Victim once before our con-
qu'ring God:
And You, who the great Deeds of Kings and King-
doms write,
Who all their Actions to succeeding Age transmit,
Conceal the blushing Story, ah! conceal
Our Nation's Loss, and our dread Monarch's Fall:
Conceal the Journal of this bloody Day,
When both, by the ill Play of Fate, were thrown away:
Nor let our wretched Infamy, and Fortune's Crime,
Be ever mention'd in the Registers of future Time.

III.

For ever, *Gilboa*, be curst thy hated Name,
Th' eternal Monument of our Disgrace, and Shame!
For ever curst be that unhappy Scene,
Where Slaughter, Blood, and Death did lately reign!
No Clouds, henceforth, upon thy barren Top appear,
But what may make thee Mourning wear:
Let them ne'er shake their dewy Fleeces there,
But only once a Year,
On the sad Anniverse, drop a rememb'ring Tear:
No Flocks of Off'rings on thy Hills be known,
Which may, by Sacrifice, our Guilt, and thine, atone:
Nor Sheep, nor any of the gentler kind, hereafter stay
On thee, but Bears, and Wolves, and Beasts of Prey,
Or Men, more savage, wild, and fierce, than they;
A Desert may'st thou prove, and lonely wast,
Like that, our sinful, stubborn Fathers past,
Where they the Penance trod, for all, they there trans-
grest:
Too dearly wast thou drench'd with precious Blood
Of many a *Jewish* Worthy, spilt of late,
Who suffer'd there, by an ignoble Fate,
And purchas'd foul Dishonour at too high a Rate:

Great

Great *Souls* ran there, amongst the common Flood,
 His Royal Self, mixt with the baser Crowd:
 He, whom the Heav'n's high and open Suffrage chose,
 The Bulwark of our Nation to oppose

The Pow'r and Malice of our Foes;
 Ev'n He, on whom the sacred Oil was shed,
 Whose mystick Drops enlarg'd his hallow'd Head,
 Lies now (Oh Fate, impartial still to Kings!)
 Hud'led, and undistinguish'd, in the Heap of mean
 things.

IV.

Lo! there, the mighty Warriour lies,
 With all his Laurels, all his Victories,
 To rav'nous Fowls, or worse, to his proud Foes,
 Prize:
 How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whose gen'rous
 Aid,
 A conqu'ring Army to distressed *Jabesh* led,
 At whose Approach, *Ammon*'s proud Tyrant fled:
 How chang'd from that great *Saul*! whom we saw
 bring
 From vanquish'd *Amalek*, their captive Spoils, and King;

When

When unbid Pity made him *Agag* spare:

Ah Pity! more than Cruelty, found guilty there:

Oft has he made these conquer'd Enemies bow,

By whom himself lies conquer'd now:

At *Micmash*, his great Might they felt, and knew,

The same they felt, at *Dammin* too:

Well I remember, when from *Helah's* Plain

He came in Triumph, met by a num'rous Crowd

Who with glad Shouts proclaim'd their Joy aloud;

A Dance of beauteous Virgins led the solemn Train,

And sung, and prais'd the Man, *That had his Thousands*

slain.

Seir, Moab, Zobah, felt him, and where'er

He did his glorious Standards bear,

Officious Vict'ry follow'd in the Rear:

Success attended still his brandish'd Sword,

And, like the Grave, the glutt'nous Blade devour'd:

Slaughter, upon its Point, in Triumph fate,

And scatter'd Death, as quick, and wide as Fate.

V.

Nor less in high Repute, and Worth, was his great Son,

Sole Heir of all his Valour, and Renown,

Heir too (if cruel Fate had suffer'd) of his Throne:

C

The

50 David's *Lamentation* for the

The matchless *Jonathan* 'twas, whom loud-tongu'd
Fame,

Amongst her chiefest Heroes, joys to name,
E'er since the wond'rous Deeds at *Seneth* done,
Where He, Himself and Host, o'ercame a War alone:
The trembling Enemies fled, they try'd to fly,
But fix'd Amazement stopt, and made them die.
Great Archer He, to whom our dreaded Skill we owe,
Dreaded by all, who *Israel's* warlike Prowess know;
As many Shafts, as his full Quiver held,
So many Fates he drew, so many kill'd:
Quick, and unerring they, as darted Eye-beams
flew,
As if he gave 'em Sight, and Swiftnefs too.
Death took her Aim from his, and by't her Arrows
threw.

VI.

Both excellent they were, both equally ally'd
On Nature, and on Valour's side:

Great *Saul*, who scorn'd a Rival in Renown,
Yet envy'd not the Fame of's greater Son,
By Him endur'd to be surpass'd alone:

He.

Death of Saul and Jonathan.

51

He, gallant Prince, did his whole Father shew,
And fast, as He could set, the well-writ Copies drew,
And blush'd, that Duty bid him not out-go:
Together, they did Both the Paths to Glory trace,
Together, hunted in the noble Chace,
Together, finish'd their united Race:
There only did they prove unfortunate,
Never, till then, unblest'd by Fate,
Yet, there they ceas'd not to be great;
Fearless they, met, and brav'd their threaten'd Fall,
And fought when Heav'n revolted, Fortune durst rebel.
When publick Safety, and their Country's Care
Requir'd their Aid, and call'd them to the Toils of War;
As Parent-Eagles, summon'd by their Infants Cries,
Whom some rude Hands would make a Prize
Hasteto Relief, and, with their Wings, out-fly their
Eyes;
So swift did they their speedy Succour bear,
So swift the bold Aggressors seize,
So swift attack, so swift pursue, the vanquish'd Enemies:
The vanquish'd Enemies, with all the Wings of Fear,
Mov'd not so quick as they,
Scarce could their Souls fly fast enough away.

52 David's Lamentation for the

Bolder than Lions, they thick Dangers met,
Thro' Fields with armed Troops, and pointed Har-
vests set,

Nothing could tame their Rage, or quench their gene-
rous Heat :

Like those, they march'd undaunted, and like those,
Secure of Wounds, and all that durst oppose,
So to Resisters fierce, so gentle to their prostrate Foes.

VII.

Mourn, wretched *Israel*, muornthy Monarch's Fall,
And all thy plenteous Stock of Sorrow call,
T' attend his pompous Funeral:

Mourn each, who in this Loss an Int'rest shares,
Lavish your Grief, exhaust it all in Tears:

You *Hebrew* Virgins too,
Who once in lofty Strains did his glad Triumphs sing,
Bring all your artful Notes, and skilful Measures now,
Each charming Air of Breath, and String,
Bring all to grace the Obsequies of your dead King,
And high, as then your Joy, let now your Sorrow flow.

Saul, your great *Saul* is dead,
Who you with Nature's choicest Dainties fed,

Who

Who you, with Nature's gayest Wardrobe clad,
 By whom you all her Pride, and all her Pleasures had:
 For you, the precious Worm, his Bowels spun,
 For you, the *Tyrian*-Fish did Purple run;
 For you the blest *Arabia's* Spices grew,
 And *Eastern* Quarries harden'd Pearly Dew;
 The Sun himself turn'd Labourer for you:
 For you, he hatch'd his golden Births alone,
 Wherewith you were array'd, whereby you him out-
 shone,
 All this, and more, you did to *Saul's* great Conduct owe,
 All this you lost in his unhappy Overthrow.

VIII.

Oh Death! how vast an Harvest hast thou reap'd of
 late!

Never before hadst thou so great,
 Ne'er drunk'st before so deep of *Jewish* Blood,
 Ne'er since th' embattled Hosts at *Gibeah* stood;
 When Three whole Days took up the Work of Fate,
 When a large Tribe enter'd, at once, thy Bill,
 And threescore thousand Victims to thy Fury fell.

Upon the fatal Mountain's Head,
 Lo! how the mighty Chiefs lie dead:
 There my beloved *Jonathan* was slain,
 The best of Princes, and the best of Men;
 Cold Death hangs on his Cheeks, like an untimely Frost,
 On early Fruit, there sits, and smiles, a sullen Boast,
 And yet looks pale at the great Captive she has ta'ne.
 My *Jonathan* is dead! (Oh dreadful Word of Fame!
 Oh Grief! that I can speak't, and not become the same!)
 He's dead, and with Him all our blooming Hopes are
 gone,

And many a Wonder, which He must have done,
 And many a Conquest, which He must have won,
 They're all to the dark Grave, and Silence fled,
 And never now, in Story, shall be read,

And never now shall take their Date,
 Snatcht hence by the preventing Hand of envious Fate.

IX.

Ah worthy Prince! would I, for Thee, had dy'd!
 Ah, would I had thy fatal Place supply'd!
 I'd then repaid a Life, which to thy Gift I owe,
 Repaid a Crown, which Friendship taught Thee to forego:
 Both Debts I ne'er can cancel now:

Oh,

Death of Saul and Jonathan.

55

Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
For sure we had the same, 'twas very thine,
Dearer than Light, or Life, or Fame,
Or Crowns, or any thing, that I can wish, or think, or
name:

Brother thou wast, but wast my Friend before,
And that new Title then could add no more:
Mine more than Blood, Alliance, Nature's self could
make,

Than I, or Fame itself can speak:

Not yearning Mothers, when first Throws they feel,
To their young Babes, in Looks, a softer Passion tell:

Not artless, undissembling Maids express,

In their last dying Sighs, such Tendernefs:

Not thy fair Sister, whom strict Duty bids me wear

First in my Breast, whom holy Vows make mine,

Tho' all the Virtues of a loyal Wife she bear,

Could boast an Union so near,

Could boast a Love so firm, so lasting, so Divine.

So pure is that, which we in Angels find,

To Mortals here, in Heav'n to their own Kind:

So pure, but not more great must that blest Friendship
 prove

(Could, ah! could I, to that wish'd Place, and Thee re-
 move)

Which shall for ever join our mingled Souls above.

X.

Ah wretched *Israël!* ah unhappy State!

Expos'd to all the Bolts of angry Fate!

Expos'd to all thy Enemies revengeful Hate;

Who is there left their Fury to withstand?

What Champions now to guard thy helpless Land?

Who is there left in list'd Fields to head

Thy valiant Youth, and lead them on to Victory?

Alas! thy valiant Youth are dead,

And all thy brave Commanders too:

Lo! how the Glut, and Riot of the Grave thus lie,

And none survive the fatal Overthrow,

To right their injur'd Ghosts upon the barb'rous Foe!

Rest, ye blest'd Shades, in everlasting Peace.

Who fell your Country's bloody Sacrifice:

For ever sacred be your Memories,

And Oh! may e'er long, some Avenger rise

Death of Saul and Jonathan.

57

To wipe off Heav'n's and your Disgrace:

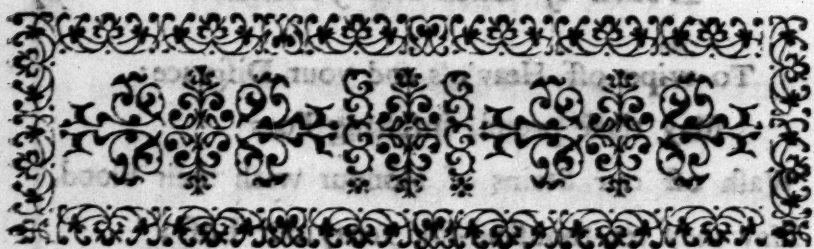
May these proud, insulting Foes

Wash off our Stains of Honour with their Blood.

May they ten-thousand-fold repay our Loss;

For ev'ry Life, a Myriad, every Drop, a Flood.





THE

O D E

OF

ARISTOTLE in ATHENÆUS
Upon HONOUR
PARAPHRASED.



I.



HONOUR! Thou greatest Blessing in the Gift of
Heaven,

Which only art to its chief Darlings given:

Cheaply with Blood, and Dangers, art thou sought,
Nor canst, at any rate, be over-bought.

†

Thou,

Thou, shining Honour, art the noblest Chace
Of all the brayer Part of Human Race:
Thou only art worth living for below,
And only worth our dying too.
For Thee, bright Goddess, for thy charming sake,
Does Greece such wond'rous Actions undertake,
For Thee no Toils, nor Hardships, she foregoes,
And Death, amidst ten thousand ghastly Terrors, woos.
So pow'rfully dost Thou the Mind inspire,
And kindlest there so generous a Fire,
As makes thy zealous Votaries
All things, but Thee, despise:
Makes them the Love of Thee prefer
Before th'Enchantments of bewitching Gold,
Before th'Embraces of a Parent's Arms,
Before soft Ease, and Love's enticing Charms,
And all that Men on Earth, most valuable hold.

II.

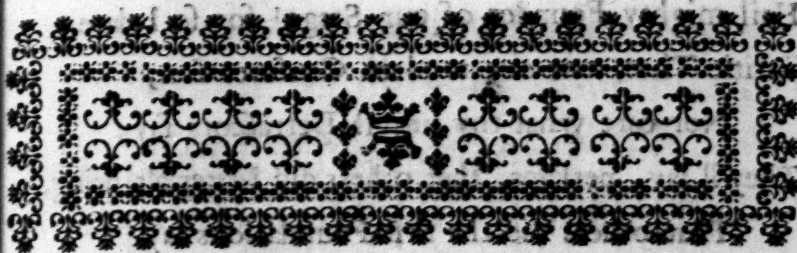
For Thee, the Heav'n-born Hercules,
And Leda's faithful Twins, in Birth no less,
So many mighty Labours underwent,
And by their God-like Deeds proclaim'd their high De-
scend.

By Thee they reach'd the blest abode,
 The worthy Prize, for which in Glory's Paths they trod.
 By Thee great *Ajax*, and the greater Son
 Of *Peleus*, were exalted to Renown:
 Envied by the Immortals did they go,
 Laden with Triumph, to the Shades below.

For Thee, and Thy dear sake,
 Did the young *Hermias*, Worthy of *Atarna*, lately stake
 His Life, in Battel, to the Chance of Fate,
 And bravely lost, what he so boldly set:
 Yet lost he not his glorious Aim,
 But, by short Death, purchas'd eternal Fame:
 The grateful Muses shall embalm his Memory,

And never let it die:
 They shall his great Exploits rehearse,
 And consecrate the Hero in Immortal Verse.





UPON THE
WORKS
 OF
BENJONSON.

Written in 1678.

O D E.

I.



Great Thou! whom 'tis a Crime almost to dare
 to praise,

Whose firm, establish'd, and unshaken Glories
 stand,

And proudly their own Fame command,
 Above our Pow'r to lessen, or to raise,
 And all, but the few Heirs of thy brave Genius, and
 thy Bays;

†

Hail

Hail mighty Founder of our Stage! for so I dare
 Entitle Thee, nor any modern Censures fear,
 Nor care what thy unjust Detractors say;
 They'll say, perhaps, that others did Materials bring,
 That others did the first Foundations lay,
 And glorious 'twas (we grant) but to begin,
 But Thou alone couldst finish the Design,
 All the fair Model, and the Workmanship was Thine:
 Some bold Advent'urers might have been before,
 Who durst the unknown World explore,
 By them it was survey'd at distant View,
 And here and there a *Cape*, and *Line* they drew,
 Which only serv'd as Hints, and Marks to Thee,
 Who wast reserv'd to make the full Discovery:
Art's-Compass to thy painful Search we owe,
 Whereby thou went'st so far, and we may after go,
 By that we may *Wit's* vast, and trackless *Ocean* try,
 Content no longer, as before,
 Dully to coast along the *Shore*,
 But steer a Course more unconfin'd, and free,
 Beyond the narrow Bounds, that pent Antiquity.

II.

Never, till Thee, the Theatre possessest
 A Prince, with equal Pow'r, and Greatness blest,
 No Government, or Laws it had,
 To strengthen and establish it,
 Till thy great Hand the Scepter sway'd,
 But groan'd under a wretched Anarchy of Wit:
 Unform'd, and void, was then its Poesy,
 Only some pre-existing Matter we
 Perhaps could see,
 That might foretel what was to be,
 A rude, and undigested Lump it lay,
 Like the old *Chaos*, e'er the Birth of Light, and Day,
 Till thy brave Genius, like a new Creator, came,
 And undertook the mighty Frame;
 No shuffled Atoms did the well-built Work compose,
 It from no lucky Hit of blund'ring Chance arose
 (As some, of his great Fabrick, idly dream)
 But wise, all-seeing Judgment, did contrive
 And knowing Art, its Graces, give:
 No sooner did thy Soul with active Force and Fire
 The dull, and heavy Mass inspire,

But

But strait throughout it, let us see
 Proportion, Order, Harmony,
 And ev'ry Part did to the whole agree,
 And strait appear'd a beauteous, new-made World of
 Poetry.

III.

Let dull, and ignorant Pretenders, Art condemn
 (Those only Foes to Art, and Art to them)
 The meer Fanaticks, and Enthusiasts in Poetry
 (For Schismaticks in That, as in Religion be)
 Who make't all Revelation, Trance, and Dream,
 Let them despise her Laws, and think
 That Rules and Forms the Spirit stint:
 Thine was no mad, unruly Frenzy of the Brain,
 Which justly might deserve the Chain,
 'Twas brisk, and mettled, but a manag'd Rage,
 Sprightly, as vig'rous Youth, and Cool, as temp'rate Age:
 Free like thy Will, it did all Force disdain,
 But suffer'd Reason's loose, and easy Rein,
 By that it suffer'd to be led,
 Which did not curb Poetick Liberty, but guide:

Fancy,

Fancy, that wild and haggard Faculty,
Untam'd in most, and let at random fly,
Was wisely govern'd, and reclaim'd by Thee,
Restraint, and Discipline, was made t'endure,
And by thy calm and milder Judgment brought to lure;
Yet when 'twas at some nobler Quarry sent,
With bold, and tow'ring Wings, it upward went,
Not lessen'd at the greatest Height,
Not turn'd by the most giddy Flights of dazling Wit.

IV.

Nature, and Art, together met, and joyn'd,
Made up the Character of thy great Mind.
That like a bright and glorious Sphere,
Appear'd, with num'rous Stars embellish'd o'er,
And much of Light to Thee, and much of Influence bore,
This was the strong Intelligence, whose Pow'r,
Turn'd it about, and did th' unerring Motions steer:
Concurring both like vital Seed, and Heat,
The noble Births they jointly did beget,
And hard 'twas to be thought,
Which most of Force to the great Generation brought;

So mingling Elements compose our Body's frame,
Fire, Water, Earth, and Air,
Alike their just Proportions share,
Each, undistinguish'd, still remains the same,
Yet can't we say that's either here, or there,
But All, we know not how, are scatter'd every where.
Sober, and grave, was still the Garb thy Muse put on,
No taudry, careless, flattern Dress,
Nor starch'd, and formal, with Affectedness,
Nor the cast Mode, and Fashion of the Court, and Town;
But neat, agreeable, and jaunty 'twas,
Well fitted, it sat close in ev'ry Place,
And all became, with an uncommon Air, and Grace:
Rich, costly, and substantial was the Stuff,
Not barely smooth, nor yet too coarsly rough:
No Refuse, ill-patch'd Shreads o'th' Schools,
The motly Wear of Read, and Learned Fools,
No *French* Commodity, which now so much does take,
And our own better Manufacture spoil,
Nor was it aught of foreign Soil;
But staple all, and all of *English* Growth, and Make:

What Flow'rs soe'er, of Art, it had, were found
 No tinsel, slight Embroideries,
 But all appear'd either the native Ground,
 Or twisted, wrought, and interwoven with the Piece.

VI.

Plain Humour, shewn with her whole various Face,
 Not mask'd with any antick Drefs,
 Nor scrud in forc'd ridiculous Grimace
 (The gaping Rabble's dull Delight,
 And more the Actor's, than the Poet's Wit)
 Such did she enter on thy Stage,
 And such was represented to the wond'ring Age:
 Well wast Thou skill'd, and read, in Human Kind,
 In ev'ry wild, fantastick Passion of his Mind,
 Didst into all his hidden Inclinations dive,
 What each from Nature does receive,
 Or Age, or Sex, or Quality, or Country, give:
 What Custom too, that mighty Sorceress,
 Whose pow'rful Witchcraft does transform
 Enchanted Man to several monstrous Images,
 Makes this an odd, and freakish *Monkey* turn,

And

And that a grave, and solemn *As* appear,
 And all a thousand beastly Shapes of Folly wear:
 Whate'er Caprice, or Whimsy, leads awry
 Perverted, and seduc'd Mortality,
 Or does incline, and byass it
 From what's Discreet, and Wise, and Right, and Good,
 and Fit;
 All in thy faithful Glafs were so exprefs'd,
 As if they were Reflections of thy Breast,
 As if they had been stamp'd on thy own Mind,
 And Thou the Universal vast Idea of Mankind.

VII.

Never didst Thou with the same Dish repeated cloy,
 Tho' every Dish, well Cook'd by Thee,
 Contain'd a plentiful Variety
 To all that could sound, relishing Palates be,
 Each Regale with new Delicacies did invite,
 Courted the Taste, and rais'd the Appetite:
 Whate'er fresh dainty Fops, in Season, were
 To garnish, and set out thy Bill of Fare,
 Those, never found to fail, throughout the Year,

(For seldom that ill-natur'd Planet rules,
That plagues a Poet with a Dearth of Fools)
What thy strict Observation e'er survey'd,
From the fine, luscious Spark of high, and courtly
Breed,
Down to the dull, insipid Cit,
Made Thy pleas'd Audience, Entertainment fit,
Serv'd up with all the grateful Poignancies of Wit.

VIII.

Most Plays are writ like Almanacks, of late,
And serve one only Year, one only State;
Another makes them useless, stale, and out of date;
But Thine were wisely calculated, fit
For each Meridian, every Clime of Wit,
For all succeeding Time, and after-Age,
And all Mankind might thy vast Audience sit,
And the whole World be justly made thy Stage:
Still they shall Taking be, and ever New,
Still keep in Vogue in Spite of all the damning Crew;
Till the last Scene of his great Theatre,
Clos'd, and shut down,
The num'rous Actors all retire,
And the grand Play of Human Life be done.

IX. Be-

IX.

Beshrew those envious Tongues, who seek to blast thy
Bays,

Who Spots in thy bright Fame would find, or raise,
And say it only shines with borrow'd Rays;
Rich in thy self, to whose unbounded Store
Exhausted Nature could vouchsafe no more,
Thou couldst alone th' Empire of the Stage maintain,
Couldst all its Grandeur, and its Port sustain,
Nor needest other Subsidies to pay,
Needest no Tax on Foreign, or thy Native Country lay,
To bear the Charges of thy purchas'd Fame,
But thy own Stock could raise the same,
Thy sole Revenue all the vast Expence defray:
Yet, like some mighty Conqueror, in Poetry,
Design'd, by Fate, of Choice to be
Founder of its universal Monarchy,
Boldly thou didst the learned World invade,
Whilst all around thy pow'rful Genius sway'd,
Soon vanquish'd Rome, and Greece, were made submit,
Both, were thy humble Tributaries made,
And Thou return'dst in Triumph with her Captive Wit.

X.

Unjust, and more ill-natur'd those,
Thy spiteful, and malicious Foes,
Who on thy happiest Talent fix a Lie,
And call that Slowness, which was Care, and Industry.
Let me (with Pride so to be guilty thought)
Share all thy wish'd Reproach, and share thy Shame,
If Diligence be deem'd a Fault,
If to be faultless must deserve their Blame:
Judge of thy self alone (for none there were,
Could be so just, or could be so severe)
Thou thy own Works didst strictly try
By known, and unconfested Rules of Poetry,
And gav'st thy Sentence still impartially:
With Rigour thou arraign'st each guilty Line,
And spar'dst no criminal Sense, because 'twas thine:
Unbrib'd with Labour, Love, or Self-conceit,
(For never, or too seldom, we,
Objects too near us, our own Blemishes can see)
Thou didst no small Delinquencies acquit,
But saw'st them to Correction all submit,
Saw'st Execution done, on all convicted Crimes of Wit.

Some

XI.

Some curious Painter, taught, by Art, to dare
 (For they, with Poets, in that Title, share)
 When he would undertake a glorious Frame;
 Of lasting Worth, and fadeless as his Fame;
 Long he contrives, and weighs the bold Design,
 Long holds his doubting Hand e'er He begin,
 And justly, then, proportions every Stroke, and Line,
 And oft he brings it to Review,
 And oft He does deface, and dashes oft anew,
 And mixes Oils to make the flitting Colours dure,
 To keep 'em from the Tarnish of injuriout Time
 secure;
 Finish'd, at length, in all, that Care, and Skill can do,
 The matchless Piece is set to publick View,
 And all, surpriz'd, about it, wond'ring stand,
 And tho' no Name be found below,
 Yet strait discern th' inimitable Hand,
 And strait they cry, 'tis *Titian*, or 'tis *Angelo*:
 So thy brave Soul, that scorn'd all Cheap, and easy Ways,
 And trod no common Road to Praise,

Would

Would not with rash, and speedy Negligence proceed
 (For whoe'er saw Perfection grow in Haste?
 Or That soon done, which must for ever last?)
 But gently did advance with wary Heed,
 And shew'd that Mastery is most in Justness read:
 (Nought ever issu'd from thy teeming Breast,
 But what had gone full Time) could write exactly best,
 And stand the sharpest Censure, and defy the rigid'st Task.

XII.

'Twas thus th' Almighty Poet (if we dare
 Our weak, and meaner Acts, with his compare)
 When He, the World's fair Poem did of old design,
 That Work, which now must boast no longer Date than
 thine;

Tho' 'twas in Him alike to will, and do,
 Tho' the same Word that spoke, could make it too,
 Yet would he not such quick, and hasty Methods use,
 Nor did an Instant (which it might) the great Effect
 produce,
 But when th' All-wise himself in Council sat,
 Vouchsaf'd to think and be deliberate,

When Heav'n consider'd, and th'Eternal Wit, and Sense,
Seem'd to take Time, and Care, and Pains,

It shew'd that some uncommon Birth,
That something, worthy of a God, was coming forth;
Nought uncorrect there was, nought faulty there,
No Point amiss did in the large volum'nous Piece appear,
And when the glorious Author All survey'd,
Survey'd whate'er his mighty Labours made,
Well-pleas'd he was to find
All answer'd the great Model, and Idea, of his Mind:
Pleas'd at Himself, He in high Wonder stood,
And much, his Pow'r, and much, his Wisdom, did ap-
plaud,
To see, how All was Perfect, All transcendent Good.

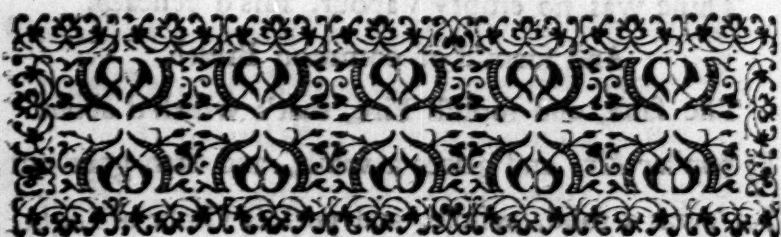
XIII.

Let meaner Spirits stoop to low, precarious Fame,
Content on gross, and coarse Applause, to live,
And what the dull, and senseless Rabble give:
Thou didst it still with noble Scorn contemn,
Nor would'st that wretched Alms receive,
The poor Subsistence of some bankrupt, sordid Name:

Thine was no empty Vapour, rais'd beneath,
 And form'd of common Breath,
 The false, and foolish Fire, that's whisk'd about
 By pop'lar Air, and glares a while, and then goes out;
 But 'twas a solid, whole, and perfect Globe of Light,
 That shone all over, was all over bright,
 And dar'd all sullyng Clouds, and fear'd no darkning Night;
 Like the gay Monarch of the Stars, and Sky,
 Who wherefoe'er he does display
 His Sovereign Lustre, and Majestick Ray,
 Strait all the less, and petty Glories nigh
 Vanish, and shrink away.

O'erwhelm'd, and swallow'd by the greater Blaze of Day;
 With such a strong, and awful, and victorious Beam
 Appear'd, and ever shall appear, thy Fame,
 View'd, and ador'd by all th' undoubted Race of Wit,
 Who only can endure to look on it.

The rest o'ercome with too much Light,
 With too much Brightness dazled, or extinguish'd quite:
 Restless, and uncontroul'd, it now shall pass
 As wide a Course about the World as He,
 And when his long-repeated Travels cease,
 Begin a new, and vaster Race,
 And still tread round the endless Circle of Eternity.



THE NINTH
 O D E
 Of the third Book of
 H O R A C E
 I M I T A T E D.

A Dialogue betwixt the Poet and *Lydia*.

Donet gratus eram tibi, &c.

I.

Hor.



Hile you for me alone had Charms,
 And none more welcome fill'd your Arms
 Proud with content, I slighted Crowns,
 And pitied Monarchs on their Thrones.

Th Lydia.

II.

Lyd. While you thought *Lydia* only fair,
And lov'd no other Nymph but her,
Lydia was happier in your Love,
Than the bless'd Virgins are above.

III.

Hor. Now *Cloe's* charming Voice, and Art,
Have gain'd the Conquest of my Heart:
For whom, ye Fates, I'd wish to die,
If mine, the Nymph's dear Life might buy.

IV.

Lyd. *Thyrsis* by me has done the same,
The Youth burns me with mutual Flame:
For whom a double Death I'd bear;
Would Fate my dearest *Thyrsis* spare.

78 *The ninth ODE of HORACE.*

V.

Hor. But say, fair Nymph, if I once more
Become your Captive, as before:
Say, I throw off my *Cloe's* Chain,
And take you to my Breast again.

IV.

Lyd. Why then, tho' he more bright appear,
More constant, than a fixed Star;
Tho' you, than Wind, more fickle be,
And rougher, than the stormy Sea,
By Heav'n, and all its Pow'rs, I vow,
I'd gladly live, and die, with you.





UPON A
L A D Y,

*Who, by the overturning of a Coach, had her
Coats behind flung up, and what was
under, shewn to the View of the Company.*



Out of VOITURE.



I.



*Hyllis, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave,
This happy Moment dates your Reign;
No Force of Human Pow'r can save*

My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:

But when my Conquest you design'd;
Pardon, bright Nymph, if I declare,
It was unjust, and too severe,
Thus to attack me from Behind.

II.

Against the Charms, your Eyes impart,
With Care I had secur'd my Heart;
On all the Wonders of your Face,
Could safely, and unwounded, gaze:
But now, entirely to enthrall
My Breast, you have expos'd to View,
Another, more resistless, Foe,
From which I had no Guard at all.

III.

'At first Assault, constrain'd to yield,
My vanquish'd Heart resign'd the Field;
My Freedom, to the Conqueror,
Became a Prey that very Hour:

The subtle Traitor, who, unspied,
Had lurk'd till now, in close Disguise,
Lay, all his Life, in Ambush hid,
At last, to kill me by Surprise.

IV.

A sudden Heat my Breast inspir'd,
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning, sent
From that new dawning Firmament
Thro' every Vein my Spirits fir'd:
My Heart, before averse to Love,
No longer could a Rebel prove;
When, on the Grass, you did display
Your radiant B U M to my survey.
And shamed the Lustre of the Day.

V.

The Sun, in Heav'n, abash'd to see
A thing more gay, more bright than He,
Struck with Disgrace, as well he might,
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light:

His Beams he now thought useless grown,
 That better were by yours supplied,
 But having once seen your Back-side,
 For Shame, he durst not shew his own.

VI

Forfaking ev'ry Wood, and Grove,
 The *Sylvans*, ravish'd at the Sight,
 In pressing Crowds, about you strove,
 Gazing, and lost in Wonder quite:
 Fond *Zephyr*, seeing your rich Store
 Of Beauty, undescried before,
 Enamour'd of each lovely Grace,
 Before his own dear *Flora's* Face,
 Could not forbear to kiss the Place.

VII

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Rose,
 In Blushes did her Shame disclose:
 Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,
 And shrunk, for Fear, into their Beds:

The amorous *Narcissus** too,
Reclaim'd of fond Self-love by you,
His former vain Desire cashier'd,
And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

VIII.

When this bright Object greets our Sight,
All others lose their Lustre quite:
Your Eyes that shoot such pointed Rays,
And all the Beauties of your Face,
Like dwindling Stars, that fly away
At the Approach of brighter Day,
No more Regard, or Value bear,
But when its Glories disappear.

IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,
Which justly give me cause to Fear;
Put that, which most begets Despair,
It has no Sense of Love at all:

* See *Ovid's Metamorph.* Book III.

More hard than Adamant it is,
 They say, that no Impression takes,
 It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,
 And rarely, very rarely, speaks.

X.

Yet I must lov't, and own my Flame,
 Which, to the World, I thus rehearse,
 Throughout the spacious Coasts of Fame
 To stand recorded in my Verse:
 No other Subject, or Design,
 Henceforth shall be my Muse's Theme,
 But with just Praises to proclaim
 The fairest ARSE, that e'er was seen.

XL

In Pity, gentle *Phyllis*, hide
 The dazzling Beams of your Back-side;
 For should they shine unclouded long,
All Human-Kind would be undone.

Not the bright Goddeffes on high,
That reign above the starry Sky,
Should they turn up to open View,
All their immortal Tails, can shew
An *A--H--le* so divine as you.



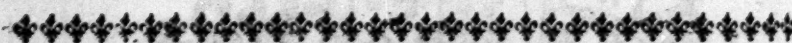
CATULLUS



CATULLUS

EPIG. VII.

IMITATED.

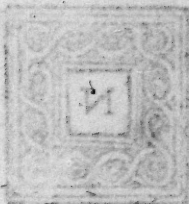


Queris quot mihi Basiationes, &c.



AY, *Lesbia*, never ask me this,
 How many Kisses will suffice?
 Faith, 'tis a Question hard to tell,
 Exceeding hard; for you as well
 May ask, what Sums of Gold suffice
 The greedy Miser's boundless Wish:

Think, what Drops the Ocean store,
 With all the Sands, that make its Shore:
 Think, what Spangles deck the Skies,
 When Heav'n looks with all its Eyes:
 Or think, how many Atoms came
 To compose this mighty Frame:
 Let all these the Counters be,
 To tell how oft I'm kiss'd by Thee:
 Till no malicious Spy can guess
 To what vast Height the Scores arise;
 Till weak Arithmetick grow scant,
 And Numbers, for the Reck'ning want:
 All these will hardly be enough
 For me, stark staring mad with Love.



SOME



SOME
ELEGIES
 OUT OF
OVID'S AMOURS.
 IMITATED.

BOOK II. ELEGY IV.

That he loves Women of all Sorts and Sizes.

Non ego mendosos ausim defendere mores; &c.



NOT I, I never vainly durst pretend,
 My Follies, and my Frailties to defend:
 I own my Frailties, if 't avail to own,
 While, like a graceless Wretch, I still go on:
 I hate my self, but yet, in Spite of Fate,
Am fain to be that loathed thing I hate:

In

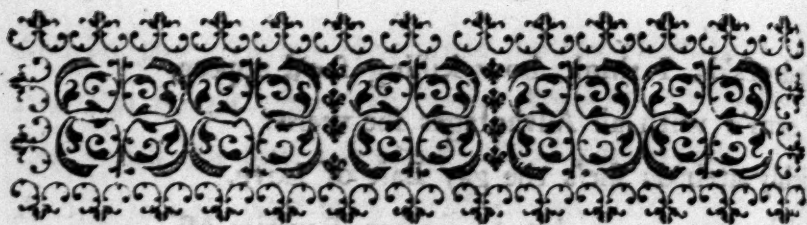
In vain I would shake off this Load of Love,
Too hard to bear, yet harder to remove:
I want the Strength, my fierce Desires to stem,
Hurried away by the impetuous Stream.
'Tis not one Face alone subdues my Heart,
But each wears Charms, and ev'ry Eye a Dart:
And wherefoe'er I cast my Looks abroad,
In ev'ry Place, I find Temptations strow'd,
The Modest kills me with her down-cast Eyes,
And Love his Ambush lays in that Disguise.
The Brisk allures me with her Gaity,
And shews how active, she in Bed, will be:
If Coy, like cloyster'd Virgin, she appears,
She but dissembles, what she most desires:
If she be vers'd in Arts, and deeply Read,
I long to get a learned Maidenhead:
Or if Untaught, and Ignorant she be,
She takes me then with her Simplicity:
One likes my Verses, and commends each Line,
And swears, that *Comley's* are but dull to mine:
Her, in mere Gratitude, I must approve,
For who, but would his kind Applauder love?
Another damns my Poetry, and me,
And plays the Critick most judiciously:

And

And she too fires my Heart, and she too charms,
 And I'm agog to have her in my Arms.
 One, with her soft and wanton Trip does please,
 And, prints in ev'ry Step she sets, a Grace:
 Another, walks with stiff, ungainly Tread;
 But she may learn more Pleasantness abed,
 This sweetly sings; her Voice does Love inspire,
 And ev'ry Breath kindles, and blows the Fire:
 Who can forbear to kiss those Lips, whose Sound
 The ravish'd Ears does with such Softness wound?
 That sweetly plays: and while her Fingers move,
 While o'er the bounding Strings their Touches rove,
 My Heart leaps too, and ev'ry Pulse beats Love:
 What Reason is so pow'rful to withstand
 The magick Force of that resistless Hand?
 Another dances to a Miracle,
 And moves her num'rous Limbs with graceful Skill:
 And She, or else the Devil's in't, must charm,
 A Touch of her would Bed-rid Hermits warm.
 If tall; I guess what plenteous Game she'll yield,
 Where Pleasure ranges o'er so wide a Field:
 If low; she's pretty: both alike, invite,
 The Dwarf, and Giant, both my Wishes fit.

Undress'd; I think, how killing she'd appear,
 If arm'd with all Advantages she were:
 Richly attir'd; she's the gay Bait of Love,
 And knows, with Art, to set her Beauties off.
 I like the Fair, I like the Red-Hair'd one,
 And I can find Attractions in the Brown:
 If curling Jet adorn her snowy Neck,
 The beauteous *Lada* is reported Black:
 If curling Gold; *Aurora's* painted so:
 All Sorts of Histories my Love does know.
 I like the Young, with all her blooming Charms,
 And Age itself is welcome to my Arms:
 There uncropt Beauty in its slow Assails,
 Experience here, and riper Sense, prevails.
 In fine, whatever of the Sex are known
 To stock this spacious, and well-furnish'd Town;
 Whatever any single Man can find
 Agreeable of all the num'rous kind;
 At all, alike, my haggard Love does fly,
 And each is Game, and each a Miss for me.





OVID's AMOURS,
BOOK II. ELEGY V.

To his MISTRESS that Jilted him.

Nullus amor tanti est; (abeas, pharetrate Cupido) &c.



AY, then the Devil take all Love! if I
So oft, for its damn'd Sake, must wish to die
What can I wish for but to die, when you,
Dear faithless Thing, I find, could prove
untrue?

Why am I curs'd with Life? why am I fain
For Thee, false Jilt, to bear eternal Pain?
'Tis not thy Letters, which thy Crimes reveal,
Nor secret Presents, which thy Falshood tell:

Would God! my just Suspitions wanted Cause,
 That they might prove less fatal to my Ease:
 Would God! less Colour for thy Guilt there were,
 But that (alas!) too much of Proof does bear:
 Bless'd he, who, what he loves, can justify,
 To whom, his Mistress can the Fact deny,
 And boldly give his Jealousy the Lie.
 Cruel the Man, and uncompassionate,
 And too indulgent to his own Regret,
 Who seeks to have her Guilt too manifest,
 And, with the murd'ring Secret, stabs his rest.
 I saw, when little you suspected me,
 When Sleep, you thought, gave Opportunity,
 Your Crimes, I saw, and these unhappy Eyes,
 Of all your hidden Stealths were Witnesses:
 I saw, in Signs, your mutual Wishes read,
 And Nods, the Message of your Hearts, convey'd:
 I saw the conscious Board, which writ all o'er
 With Scrawls of Wine, Love's Mystick-Cypher bore:
 Your Glances were not mute, but each betray'd,
 And, with your Fingers, Dialogues were made:
 I understood the Language out of Hand,
 (For what's too hard for Love to understand?)

Full well I understood for what Intent
 All this dumb Talk, and silent Hints were meant;
 And now the Guests were from the Table fled,
 And all the Company retir'd to Bed:
 I saw you then, with wanton Kisses greet,
 Your Tongues (I saw) did in your Kisses meet:
 Not such as Sisters, to their Brothers, give,
 But Lovers, from their Mistresses, receive:
 Such as the God of War, and Paphian Queen
 Did, in the Height of their Embraces, join.
Patience, ye Gods! (cried I) what is't I see?
Unfaithful! why this Treachery to me?
How dare You let another, in my Sight,
Invalidate my native Property, and Right?
He must not, shall not do't: By Love, I swear,
I'll seize the bold, usurping Ravisher:
You are my Free-hold, and the Fates design,
That You should be unalienably mine:
These Favours All, to me, inappropriate are:
How comes another then to trespass here?
 This, and much more, I said, by Rage inspir'd,
 While conscious Shame, her Cheeks, with Blushes fir'd:
 Such lovely Stains the Face of Heav'n adorn,
 When Light's full Blushes paint the bashful Morn:

So on the Bush the flaming Rose does glow,
When mingled with the Lillies neighb'ring Snow:
This, or some other Colour, much like these,
The Semblance, then, of her Complexion was:
And while her Looks that sweet Disorder, wore,
Chance added Beauties undisclos'd before:
Upon the Ground she cast her jetty Eyes,
Her Eyes shot fiercer Darts in that Disguise:
Her Face a sad and mournful Air express'd,
Her Face, more lovely, seem'd in Sadness dress'd:
Urg'd by Revenge, I hardly could forbear,
Her braided Locks, and tender Cheeks, to tear:
Yet I no sooner had her Face survey'd,
But strait the Tempest of my Rage was laid:
A Look of her, did my Resentments charm,
A Look of her, did all their Force disarm:
And I, that fierce, outrageous thing, ere-while,
Grew calm, as Infants, when, in Sleep, they smile:
And now a Kiss am humbly-fain to crave,
And beg no worse, than she my Rival, gave:
She smil'd, and strait a Throng of Kisses prest,
The worst of which, should ~~you~~ himself but taste,
The brandish'd Thunder from his Hand would wrest:

Well-

Well-pleas'd I was, and yet tormented too,
 For Fear my envied Rival felt them so:
 Better they seem'd, by far, than I e'er taught,
 And, she in them, shew'd something new, methought:
 Fond, jealous I, my self the Pleasure grutch,
 And they displeas'd, because they pleas'd too much:
 When, in my Mouth, I felt her darting Tongue,
 My wounded Thoughts it with Suspicion stung:
 Nor is it this alone afflicts my Mind,
 More Reasons for Complaint remain behind:
 I grieve not only, that she Kisses gave,
 Tho' That affords me Cause enough to grieve:
 Such never could be taught her but in Bed,
 And Heav'n knows what Reward her Teacher had!





OVID'S AMOURS.
BOOK II. ELEGY X.

TO a FRIEND,
Acquainting him, that he is in Love with
Two at one time.

Tu mihi, tu certè, (memini) Græcine, negabas, &c.

I'VE heard, my Friend, and heard it said by You

1 No Man, at once, could ever well Love Two:

But I was much deceiv'd upon that Score,

For single I, at once, love One, and more:

Two, at one time, reign jointly in my Breast,

Both handsome are, both charming, both well-dress'd,

And hang me, if I know, which takes me best:

This fairer is than That, and That than This,

That more than This, and This than That, does please:

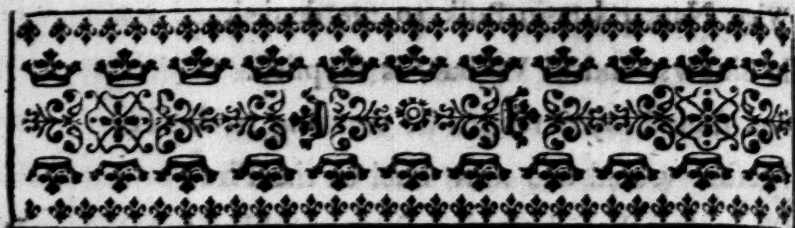
E

Toft

Tost, like a Ship, by diff'rent Gusts of Love,
 Now to this Point, and now to that I move.
 Why, Love, why dost thou double thus my Pains?
 Was't not enough to bear one Tyrant's Chains?
 Why, Goddess, dost thou vainly lavish more
 On one that was Top-full of Love before?
 Yet thus I'd rather love, than not at all,
 May that ill Curse my Enemies befall:
 May my worst Foe be damn'd to love of none,
 Be damn'd to Continence, and lie alone:
 Let Love's Alarms each Night disturb my Rest,
 And drowsy Sleep never approach my Breast,
 Or straitway thence be by new Pleasure chas'd.
 Let Pleasures, in Succession, keep my Sense
 Ever awake, or ever in a Trance:
 Let me lie melting in my Fair-One's Arms,
 Riot in Bliss, and surfeit on her Charms:
 Let her undo me there without Controul,
 Drain Nature quite, suck out my very Soul:
 And, if by One, I can't enough be drawn,
 Give me Another, clap more Leeches on.
 The Gods have made me of the Sporting-kind,
 And for the Feat my pliant Limbs design'd:

What Nature has in Bulk to me denied,
 In Sinews, and in Vigour, is supplied:
 And should my Strength be wanting to Desire,
 Pleasure would add new Fuel to the Fire:
 Oft in soft Battels have I spent the Night,
 Yet rose next Morning, vigr'ous for the Fight,
 Fresh, as the Day, and active, as the Light.
 No Maid, that ever, under me, took Pay,
 From my Embrace went, unoblig'd, away.
 Bless'd he, who in Love's Service yields his Breath,
 Grant me, ye Gods, so sweet, so wish'd a Death!
 In bloody Fields let Soldiers meet their Fate,
 To purchase dear-bought Honour at the Rate:
 Let greedy Merchants trust the faithless Main;
 And shipwrack Life, and Soul, for sordid Gain:
 Dying, let me expire in Gasps of Lust,
 And in a Gush of Joy give up the Ghost:
 Then some kind, pitying Friend, shall say of me,
So did he Live, and so deserv'd to Die.





A
FRAGMENT
OF
PETRONIUS
PARAPHRASED.



Fœda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas, &c.



Hate Fruition—— now 'tis past,
'Tis all but Nastiness at best;
The homeliest Thing, that Man can do,
Besides, 'tis short, and fleeting too:

A Squirt of slippery Delight,
That with a Moment takes its Flight,

A full-

A FRAGMENT of Petronius. 101

A fulsome Bliss, that soon does cloy,
And make us loath what we enjoy.
Then let us not too eager run,
By Passion, blindly, hurried on,
Like Beasts, who nothing better know,
Than what meer Lust incites them to:
For when in Floods of Love we're drench'd,
The Flames are by Enjoyment quench'd:
But thus, let's thus together lie,
And Kiss out, long Eternity:
Here we dread no conscious Spies,
No Blushes stain our guiltless Joys:
Here no Faintness dulls Desires,
And Pleasure never flags, nor tires:
This has pleas'd, and pleases now,
And for Ages will do so:
Enjoyment here, is never done,
But fresh, and always but begun,



DE

The C U P.

 Ake me a Bowl, a mighty Bowl,
Large, as my Capacious Soul,
Vast, as my Thirst is; let it have
Depth enough to be my Grave;

I mean

I mean the Grave of all my Care,
For I intend to bury't there,
Let it of Silver fashion'd be,
Worthy of Wine, worthy of Me;
Worthy to adorn the Spheres,
As that bright Cup amongst the Stars:
That Cup, which Heav'n deign'd a Place,
Next the Sun, its greatest Grace.
Kind Cup! that to the Stars did go,
To light poor Drunkards here below:
Let mine be so, and give me Light,
That I may drink, and revel by't:
Yet draw no Shapes of Armour there,
No Cask, nor Shield, no Sword, nor Spear,
Nor Wars of *Thebes*, nor Wars of *Troy*,
Nor any other Martial-Toy:
For what do I vain Armour prize,
Who mind not such rough Exercise,
But gentler Sieges, softer Wars,
Fights, that cause no Wounds, or Scars?
I'll have no Battels on my Plate,
Lest Sight of them should Brawls create,
Lest that provoke to Quarrels too,
Which Wine it self enough can do,

104 *An ODE of ANACREON.*

Draw me no Constellations there,
 No Ram, nor Bull, nor Dog, nor Bear,
 Nor any of that monstrous Fry
 Of Animals, which stock the Sky:
 For what are Stars to my Design,
 Stars, which I, when drunk, out-shine,
 Out-shone by ev'ry Drop of Wine?
 I lack no Pole-star on the Brink,
 To guide, in the wide Sea of Drink,
 But would for ever there be tost;
 And wish no Haven, seek no Coast,
 Yet, gentle Artist, if thou'lt try
 Thy Skill, then draw me (let me see)
 Draw me first a spreading Vine,
 Make its Arms the Bowl entwine,
 With kind Embraces, such as I
 Twist about my loving She.
 Let its Boughs o'er-spread above
 Scenes of Drinking, Scenes of Love:
 Draw next the Patron of that Tree,
 Draw *Bacchus*, and soft *Cupid* by;
 Draw them both in topeing Shapes,
 Their Temples crown'd with cluster'd Grapes:

An ODE of ANACREON. 105

Make them lean against the Cup,
As 'twere, to keep their Figures up:
And when their reeling Forms I view,
I'll think them drunk, and be so too:
The Gods shall my Examples be,
The Gods, thus Drunk in Effigy.



E 5

A N



A N
 ALLUSION
 TO
 MARTIAL.

BOOK I. EPIG. CXVIII.



S oft, Sir *Tradewell*, as we meet,
 You're sure to ask me, in the Street,
 When you shall send your Boy to me,
 To fetch my Book of Poetry,
 And promise you'll but read it o'er,
 And faithfully the Loan restore:

But

An ALLUSION to MARTIAL. 107

But let me tell you as a Friend,
You need not take the Pains to send:
'Tis a long Way to where I dwell,
At farther End of *Clarkenwell*:
There, in a Garret, near the Sky,
Above five Pair of Stairs I lie.
But, if you'd have, what you pretend,
You may procure it nearer Hand:
In *Cornhill*, where you often go,
Hard by th' *Exchange*, there is, you know,
A Shop of Rhime, where you may see
The Posts all clad in Poetry,
There *Hindmarsh* lives, of high Renown,
The noted'st *TORRY* in the Town:
Where, if you please, enquire for me,
And he, or's Prentice, presently,
From the next Shelf, will reach you down
The Piece, well bound, for half a Crown:
The Price is much too dear, you cry,
To give for both the Book, and I,
Yes, doubtless, for such Vanities,
We know, Sir, you are too too wise.





THE
D R E A M.

Written *March* 10. 1677.

Ate, as I on my Bed reposing lay,
 And, in soft Sleep, forgot the Toils of Day,
 My self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd to Rest,
 And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,
 Quiet and calm, as was the silent Night,
 Whose Stillness, did to that blest Sleep, invite;
 I dreamt, and strait this Visionary-Scene
 Did, with Delight, my Fancy entertain.

I saw,

I saw, methought, a lonely Privacy,
 Remote, alike, from Man's, and Heaven's Eye,
 Girt with the Covert of a shady Grove,
 Dark, as my Thoughts, and secret, as my Love:
 Hard by, a Stream did with that Softness creep,
 As 'twere by its own Murmurs hush'd asleep;
 On its green Bank, under a spreading Tree,
 At once a pleasant, shelt'ring Canopy,
 There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* sat,
 Nor envy'd Monarchs in our safe Retreat:
 So, heretofore, were the first Lovers laid
 On the same Turf, of which themselves were made;
 A while, I did her charming Glories view,
 Which to their former Conquests, added new;
 A while, my wanton Hand was pleas'd to rove
 Thro' all the hidden Labyrinths of Love;
 Ten thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd,
 Which She with interfering Kisses mix'd,
 Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,
 When they give up their Souls too with the Breath.
 'Love, by these Freedoms, first became more bold,
 At length unruly, and too fierce to hold:

See then (said I) and pity, charming Fair,
Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear
Th' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near:
You must, and you alone, these Storms appease,
And lay those Spirits, which your Charms could raise;
Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our Flame,
Come let's——and unawares I went to name
The Thing, but stopt, and blush'd, methought, in
Dream.

At first, she did the rude Address disown,
And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,
But yielding Glances, and consenting Eyes
Prov'd the soft Traitors to her forc'd Disguise;
And soon her Looks, with Anger rough e're while,
Sunk in the Dimples of a calmer Smile;
Then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,
And printed melting Kisses as she spoke:
Too strong, Philander, is thy pow'rful Art
To take a feeble Maid's ill-guarded Heart:
Too long I've struggled with my Bliss in vain,
Too long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,
Loath to consent, yet loather to deny,
At once I court, and shun Felicity:

The DREAM.

111

I cannot, will not yield; — and yet I must;
Left to my own Desires I prove unjust:
Sweet Ravisher! what Love commands thee, do;
Tho' I'm displeas'd, I shall forgive thee too,
Too well thou know'st; — and there my Hand she press'd,
And said no more, but blush'd, and smil'd the rest.

Ravish'd at the new Grant, fierce, eager I
Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey;
With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd,
Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem to yield:
Unwilling to o'ercome, she faintly strove,
One Hand pull'd to, what t'other did remove:
So feeble are the Struglings, and so weak
In Sleep we seem, and only Sleep to make:
Forbear! (she said) *ah, gentle Youth, forbear!*
(And still she hug'd, and clasp'd me still more near)
Ah! will you, will you force my Ruin so?
Ah! do not, do not, do not; — let me go.

What follow'd was above the Pow'r of Verse,
Above the Reach of Fancy to rehearse:
Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,
When they in Vision antedate their Bliss;

Not

Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so blest'd,
 When holy Trances first inspire his Breast,
 And the God enters there, to be a Guest.

Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,
 Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,
 Might I each Night, such sweet Enjoyments find,
 I'd Wink for ever, be for ever Blind.





S A T I R E
TOUCHING
N O B I L I T Y.

Out of Monsieur BOILEAU.



IS granted, that Nobility in Man,
Is no wild, flutt'ring Notion of the Brain,
Where he, descended of an Ancient Race,
Which a long Train of num'rous Worthies grace,

By

By Virtue's Rules guiding his steady Course,
Traces the Steps of his bright Ancestors.

But yet I can't endure an haughty Ass,
Debauch'd with Luxury, and slothful Ease,
Who, besides empty Titles of high Birth,
Has no Pretence to any Thing of Worth,
Shou'd proudly wear the Fame, which others sought,
And boast of Honour, which himself ne'er got.

I grant, the Acts, which his Forefathers did
Have furnish'd Matter for old *Hollinshead*,
For which their 'scutcheon, by the *Conqueror* grac'd
Still bears a *Lyon Rampant* for his Crest:
But what does this vain Mass of Glory boot
To be the Branch of such a noble Root,
If he, of all the Heroes of his Line
Which in the Register of Story shine,
Can offer nothing to the World's Regard,
But mouldy Parchments, which the Worms have spar'd?
If sprung, as he pretends, of noble Race,
He does his own Original disgrace,
And, swoln with selfish Vanity and Pride,
To Greatness has no other Claim beside,
But squanders Life, and sleeps away his Days,
Dissolv'd in Sloth, and steep'd in sensual Ease?

Mean while to see how much the Arrogant,
Boasts the false Lustre of his high Descent,
You'd fancy him Comptroller of the Sky,
And fram'd by Heav'n of other Clay than I.

Tell me, great Hero, you, that would be thought
So much above the mean, and humble Rout,

Of all the Creatures, which do Men esteem?

And which would you yourself the noblest deem?

Put Case of Horse: No doubt, you'll answer strait,

The Racer, which has oft'nest won the Plate:

Who, full of Mettle, and of sprightly Fire,

Is never distanc'd in the swift Career:

Him all the Rivals of *New-market* dread,

And Crowds of Vent'urers stake upon his Head:

But if the Breed of *Dragon**, often cast,

Degenerate, and prove a Jade at last;

Nothing of Honour, or Respect (we see)

Is had of his high Birth, and Pedigree:

But, maugre all his great Progenitors,

The worthless Brute is banish'd from the Course,

Condemn'd for Life to ply the dirty Road,

To drag some Cart, or bear some Carrier's Load.

Then how can you with any Sense expect

That I should be so silly to respect

* The Name of a famous *Race-Horse* of that Time.

The Ghost of Honour, perish'd long ago,
That's quite extinct, and lives no more, in you?
Such gaudy Trifles with the Fools may pass,
Caught with mere Show, and vain Appearances:
Virtue's the certain Mark, by Heav'n design'd,
That's always stamp'd upon a noble Mind:
If you from such illustrious Worthies came,
By copying them, your high Extract proclaim;
Shew us those gen'rous Heats of Gallantry,
Which Ages past did in those Worthies see;
That Zeal for Honour, and that brave Disdain,
Which scorn'd to do an Action base, or mean:
Do you apply your Interest aright,
Not to oppress the Poor with wrongful Might?
Would you make Conscience to pervert the Laws,
Tho' brib'd to do't, or urg'd by your own Cause?
Dare you, when justly call'd, expend your Blood
In Service for your King's, and Country's Good?
Can you, in open Field, in Armour sleep,
And there meet Danger in the ghastliest Shape?

By such illustrious Marks as these, I find,
You're truly issu'd of a noble Kind:
Then, fetch your Line from *Albanaet*, or *Knute*,
Or if these are too fresh, from older *Brute*:

At Leisure search all History to find
Some great and glorious Warriour to your Mind;
Take *Cæsar*, *Alexander*, which you please,
To be the mighty Founder of your Race:
In vain the World your Parentage bely,
That was, or should have been, your Pedigree.

But if you could, with Ease, derive your Kin
From *Hercules* himself, in a right Line;
If yet there nothing in your Actions be,
Worthy the Name of your high Progeny;
All these great Ancestors, which you disgrace,
Against you are a Cloud of Witnesses:
And all the Lustre of their tarnish'd Fame
Serves but to light, and manifest your Shame:
In vain, you urge the Merit of your Race,
And boast that Blood, which you your self debase.
In vain, you borrow, to adorn your Name,
The Spoils, and Plunder, of another's Fame;
If, where I look'd for something Great, and Brave,
I meet with nothing but a Fool, or Knave,
A Traitor, Villain, Sycophant, or Slave,
A freakish Madam, fit to be confin'd,
Whom *Bedlam* only, can to Order bind,

Or

Or (to speak all at once) a barren Limb,
And rotten Branch of an Illustrious Stem.

But I am too severe, perhaps, you'll think,
And mix too much of Satire with my Ink:
We speak to Men of Birth, and Honour here,
And those nice Subjects must be touch'd with Care:
Cry Mercy, Sirs! Your Race, we grant, is known;
But how far backwards can you trace it down?
You answer: For at least a thousand Year,
And some odd hundreds, you can make't appear:
'Tis much: But yet, in short, the Proofs are clear:
All Books with your Fore-fathers Titles shine,
Whose Names have scap'd the gen'ral Wreck of Time:
But who is there so bold, that dares engage
His Honour, that in this long Tract of Age
No, one of all his Ancestors deceas'd,
Had e'er the Fate to find a Bride unchaste?
That they have all along *Lucretia's* been,
And nothing e'er of spurious Blood crept in,
To mingle, and defile the sacred Line?

Curs'd be the Day, when first this Vanity
Did primitive Simplicity destroy,
In the blest'd State of Infant-Time, unknown,
When Glory sprung from Innocence alone:

Each, from his Merit only, Title drew,
And that, alone, made Kings, and Nobles too :
Then, scorning borrow'd Helps to prop his Name,
The Hero from himself deriv'd his Fame:
But Merit, by degenerate Time, at last,
Saw Vice ennobled, and her self debas'd :
And haughty Pride, false, pompous Titles feign'd,
T'amuse the World, and lord it o'er Mankind :
Thence the vast Herd of Earls, and Barons came,
For Virtue, each brought nothing, but a Name :
Soon after, Man, fruitful in Vanities,
Did Blazoning, and Armory devise,
Founded a College for the Herald's Art,
And made a Language of their Terms apart,
Compos'd of frightful Words, of *Chief*, and *Base*,
Of *Chevron*, *Saltier*, *Canton*, *Bend*, and *Fess*,
And whatsoe'er of hideous Jargon else
Mad *Guillim*, and his barbarous Volume fills.

Then farther the wild Folly to pursue,
Plain, down-right Honour, out of Fashion grew :
But to keep up its Dignity, and Birth,
Expence, and Luxury, must set it forth :
It must inhabit stately Palaces,
Distinguish Servants by their Liveries,

And

And carrying vast Retinues up and down,
The Duke, and Earl, be by their Pages known.

Thus Honour, to support it self, is brought
To its last Shift, and thence the Art has got,
Of borrowing ev'ry where, and paying nought:
'Tis now thought mean, and much beneath a Lord
To be an honest Man, and keep his Word;
Who, by his Peerage, and Protection safe,
Can plead the Privilege to be a Knave:
While daily, Crowds of starving Creditors
Are forc'd to dance Attendance at his Doors:
Till he, at length, with all his mortgag'd Lands
Are forfeited into the Banker's Hands:
Then, to redress his Wants, the Bankrupt-Peer
To some rich trading Sot, turns Pensioner:
And the next News, you're sure to hear that he
Is nobly wed into the Company:
Where, for a Portion of ill gotten Gold,
Himself, and all his Ancestors, are sold:
And thus repairs his broken Family
At the Expence of his own Infamy.

For if you want Estate to set it forth,
In vain you boast the Splendor of your Birth:

Your priz'd Gentility, for Madness goes,
 And each, your Kindred shuns, and disavows:
 But He, that's Rich, is prais'd at his full Rate,
 And tho' he once cry'd *Small-coal* in the Street,
 Tho' he, nor one of his, e'er mention'd were,
 But in the Parish-Book, or Register,
*Dugdale**, by Help of Chronicle, shall trace
 An Hundred Barons of his Ancient Race.

* Sir William Dugdale wrote a Book, intitled, *The Baronage of England*, in Two Volumes Folio.





A

S A T I R E

Addressed to a FRIEND, that is about to leave the University, and come abroad in the World.



If you're so out of Love with Happiness,
To quit a College-Life, and learned Ease;
Convince me first, and some good Reasons give
What Methods, and Designs, you'll take to live:
For such Resolves are needful in the Case,
Before you tread the World's mysterious Maze:

Without

Without the Premises, in vain you'll try
To live by Systems of Philosophy:

Your *Aristotle*, '*Cartes*, and *Le Grand*,
And *Euclid* too, in little stead will stand.

How many Men of choice, and noted Parts,
Well fraught with Learning, Languages, and Arts,
Designing high Preferment, in their Mind,
And little doubting good Success to find,
With vast, and tow'ring Thoughts, have flock'd to
Town,

But, to their Cost, soon found themselves undone,
Now to repent, and starve at Leisure, left,
Of Misery's last Comfort, Hope, bereft?

*These fail'd for Want of good Advice, you cry,
Because, at first, they fix'd on no Employ:*

Well then, let's draw the Prospect, end the Scene
To all Advantage possibly we can:

The World lies now before you, let me hear,
What Course your Judgment counsels you to steer:

Always consider, that your whole Estate,
And all your Fortune, lies beneath your Hat:

Were you the Son of some rich Usurer,
That starv'd, and damn'd himself to make his Heir,

Left nought to do, but to interr the Sot,
And spend, with Ease, what he, with Pains, had got;
'Twere easy to advise how you might live,
Nor would there need Instruction then to give:
But you, that boast of no Inheritance,
Save that small Stock, which lies within your Brains,
Learning must be your Trade, and therefore weigh,
With Heed, how you your Game the best may play;
Bethink your self a while, and then propose
What Way of Life is fit't for you to chuse,
If you for Orders, and a Gown design,
Consider only this, dear Friend of mine,
The Church is grown so overstock'd of late,
That if you walk abroad, you'll hardly meet
More Porters now, than Parsons, in the Street.
At ev'ry Corner they are forc'd to ply
For Jobbs of hawking Divinity:
And half the Number of the Sacred Herd
Are fain to strole, and wander unprefer'd:
If this, or Thoughts of such a weighty Charge
Make you resolve to keep your self at large:
For Want of better Opportunity,
A School must your next Sanctuary be:

Go, wed some Grammar-Bridewell, and a Wife,
 And there beat *Greek*, and *Latin*, for your Life:
 With Birchen Scepter, there command at Will,
 Greater than *Busby's* self, or Doctor *Gill*:
 But who would be to the vile Drudg'ry bound
 Where there so small Encouragement is found?
 Where you, for Recompence of all your Pains,
 Shall hardly reach a common Fidler's Gains?
 For when you've toil'd, and labour'd all you can,
 To dung, and cultivate a barren Brain:
 A Dancing-Master shall be better paid,
 Tho' he instructs the Heels, and you the Head:
 To such Indulgence, are kind Parents grown,
 That nought costs less in breeding, than a Son:
 Nor is it hard to find a Father now,
 Shall more, upon a Setting-Dog, allow:
 And, with a freer Hand, reward the Care
 Of training up his Spaniel, than his Heir.
 Some think themselves exalted to the Sky,
 If they light in some noble Family:
 Diet, an Horse, and thirty Pounds a Year,
 Besides th' Advantage of his Lordship's Ear,
 The Credit of the Business, and the State,
 Are Things, that, in a Youngster's Sense, sound Great.

Little the unexperienc'd Wretch does know,
 What Slavery he oft must undergo:
 Who tho' in filken Scarf, and Cassock dress,
 Wears but a gayer Livery at best;
 When Dinner calls, the Implement must wait,
 With Holy-Words, to consecrate the Meat:
 But hold it for a Favour seldom known,
 If he be deign'd the Honour, to sit down.
 Soon as the Tarts appear, Sir *Crape*, withdraw!
 Those Dainties are not for a Spiritual Maw:
 Observe your Distance, and be sure to stand
 Hard by the Cistern, with your Cap in Hand:
 There, for Diversion, you may pick your Teeth,
 Till the kind Voider, comes for your Relief:
 For meer Board-wages, such their Freedom sell,
 Slaves to an Hour, and Vassals to a Bell:
 And if th' Enjoyment of one Day be stole,
 They are but Pris'ners, out upon Parole:
 Always the Marks of Slavery remain,
 And they, tho' loose, still drag about their Chain.

And where's the mighty Prospect, after all,
 A Chaplainship serv'd up, and seven Years Thrall-
 The menial Thing, perhaps, for a Reward
 Is to some slender Benefice preferr'd,

With

With this Proviso bound, that he must wed
My Lady's Antiquated-Waiting-Maid,
In Dressing only skill'd, and Marmelade.

Let others, who such Meannesses can brook,
Strike Countenance to ev'ry Great Man's Look:

Let those that have a Mind, turn Slaves to eat,
And live contented by another's Plate:

I rate my Freedom higher, nor will I
For Food, and Rayment, truck my Liberty.

But, if I must to my last Shifts be put,
To fill a Bladder, and twelve Yards of Gut;

Rather, with counterfeited wooden Leg,

And my right Arm ty'd up, I'll chuse to beg:

I'll rather chuse to starve at large, than be

The gawdiest Vassal to Dependency.

'Twas ever been the Top of my Desires,
The utmost Height to which my Wish aspires,
That Heav'n would bless me with a small Estate,

Where I might find a close, obscure Retreat;

There, free from Noise, and all ambitious Ends,

Enjoy a few choice Books, and fewer Friends,

Lord of my self, accountable to none,

But to my Conscience, and my God alone:

There live unthought of, and unheard of, die,

And grudge Mankind my very Memory.

But since the Blessing is (I find) too great

For me to wish for, or expect of Fate:

Yet, maugre all the Spite of Destiny,

My Thoughts, and Actions, are, and shall be free,

A certain Author *, very grave, and sage,

This Story tells: no matter, what the Page.

One time, as they walk'd forth, e'er Break of Day,

The Wolf, and Dog, encounter'd on the Way:

Famish'd the one, meager, and lean of Plight,

As a cast Poet, who for Bread does write:

The other fat, and plump, as Prebend, was,

Pamper'd with Luxury, and holy Ease.

Thus met, with Complements, too long to tell,

Of being glad to see each other well:

How now, Sir Towzer? (said the Wolf) I pray,

Whence comes it that you look so sleek, and gay?

While I, who do as well (I'm sure) deserve,

For want of Likelihood, am like to starve?

Troth Sir, (replied the Dog) 'thas been my Fate,

I thank the friendly Stars, to hap, of late,

* *Esop.*

On a kind Master, to whose Care I owe
 All this good Flesh, wherewith you see me now:
 From his rich Voider, ev'ry Day I'm fed
 With Bones of Fowls, and Crusts of finest Bread:
 With Fricassée, Ragoust, and whatsoe'er,
 Of costly Kickshaws, now in Fashion are,
 And more Variety of Boil'd, and Roast,
 Than any Lord Mayor's Waiter e'er could boast.
 Then, Sir, 'tis hardly credible to tell,
 How I'm respected, and belov'd by all:
 I'm the Delight of the whole Family,
 Not darling Shock's more Favourite than I:
 I never sleep abroad, to Air expos'd,
 But in my warm Apartment am inclos'd:
 There, on fresh Bed of Straw, with Canopy
 Of Hutch above, like Dog of State, I lie.
 Besides, when with high Fare, and Nature fir'd,
 To generous Sports of Youth I am inspir'd,
 All the proud Shees are soft to my Embrace
 From Bitch of Quality, to Turn-spit Race:
 Each Day I try new Mistresses and Loves,
 Nor envy Sov'reign-Dogs in their Alcoves.

Thus happy I, of All, enjoy the best,
 No mortal Cur on Earth yet half so blest:
 And farther to enhance the Happiness,
 All this I get by Idleness, and Ease.

Troth! (saïd the Wolf) I envy your Estate,
 Would to the Gods it were but my good Fate,
 That I might happily admitted be
 A Member of your blest Society!
 I would with Faithfulness discharge my Place
 In any thing, that I might serve his Grace:
 But, think you, Sir, it would be feasible,
 And that my Application might prevail?

Do but endeavour, Sir, you need not doubt;
 I make no question but to bring't about:
 Only rely on me, and rest secure,
 I'll serve you to the utmost of my Pow'r;
 As I'm a Dog of Honour, Sir: — but this
 I only take the Freedom to advise,
 That you'd a little lay your Roughness by,
 And learn to practise Complaisance, like I.

For that let me alone: I'll have a Care,
 And top my Part, I warrant, to a Hair:
 There's not a Courtier of them all shall vie,
 For Fawning, and for Suppleness, with me.

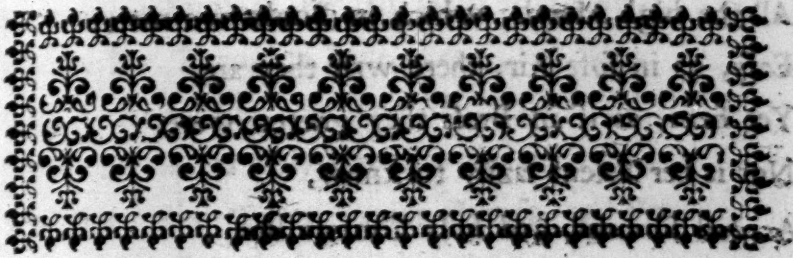
And thus resolv'd, at last, the Travellers,
Towards the House, together shape their Course:
The Dog, who Breeding well did understand,
In walking, gives his Guest the Upper-hand:
And as they walk along, they all the while
With Mirth, and pleasant Raillery, beguile
The tedious Time, and Way, till Day drew near,
And Light came on, by which did soon appear
The Mastiff's Neck, to View, all worn, and bare.

This, when his Comrade spy'd, *What means* (said he)
This Circle bare, which round your Neck I see?
If I may be so bold! — Sir, you must know,
That I, at first, was rough, and fierce, like you,
Of Nature curst, and often apt to bite
Strangers, and else, whoever came in Sight:
For this I was ty'd up, and underwent
The Whip sometimes, and such light Chastisement:
Till I, at length, by Discipline, grew tame,
Gentle, and tractable, as now I am:
'Twas by this short, and slight Severity
I gain'd these Marks and Badges, which you see:
But what are they? Allons Monsieur! let's go.
Not one Step farther: Sir, excuse me now.

*Much Joy t'ye of your envy'd blest'd Estate:
 will not buy Preferment at that Rate:
 O' God's Name, take your Golden Chains for me:
 Faith, I'd not be a King, not to be free:
 Sir Dog, your humble Servant, so Godbw'y.*



SOME



SOME

VERSES

Written in September 1676.



Presenting a Book to COSMELIA.



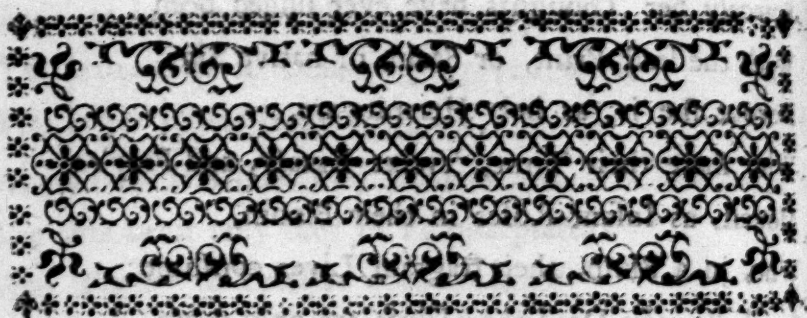
O, humble Gift, go to that matchless Saint,
 Of whom thou only wast a Copy meant:
 And all that's read in thee, more richly find
 Compos'd in the fair Volume of her Mind,

I

That

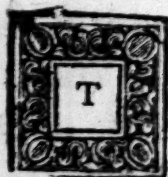
That living System, where are fully writ
All the high Morals, which in Books we meet:
Easy, as in soft Air, there writ they are,
Yet firm, as if in Brass they graven were.
Nor is her Talent lazily to know,
As dull Divines, and holy Canters do;
She acts what only they in Pulpits prate,
And Theory to Practice does translate:
Not her own Actions more obey her Will,
Than That obeys strict Virtue's Dictates still:
Yet does not Virtue from her Duty flow,
But she is Good, because she will be so:
Her Virtue scorns at a low Pitch to fly,
'Tis all free Choice, nought of Necessity:
By such soft Rules are Saints above confin'd,
Such is the Tie, which them to Good does bind.
The scatter'd Glories of her happy Sex,
In her bright Soul, as in their Center, mix:
And all that they possess but by Retail,
She hers by just Monopoly can call;
Whose sole Example does more Virtues shew,
Than Schoolmen ever taught, or ever knew,
No Act did e'er within her Practice fall,
Which for th' Atonement of a Blush could call:

No Word of hers e'er grated any Ear,
 But what a Saint at her last Gasp might hear,
 Scarcely her Thoughts have ever sullied been
 With the least Print, or Stain, of native Sin:
 Devout she is, as holy Hermits are,
 Who share their Time, 'twixt Extasy, and Pray'r:
 Modest, as Infant-Roses in their Bloom,
 Who, in a Blush, their fragrant Lives consume:
 So chaste, the Dead themselves are only more,
 Who lie divourc'd from Objects, and from Pow'r;
 So pure, could Virtue in a Shape appear,
 'Twould chuse to have no other Form, but Her:
 So much a Saint, I scarce dare call her so,
 For Fear to wrong her with a Name too low:
 Such the Seraphick Brightness of her Mind,
 I hardly can believe her Woman-kind:
 But think some nobler Being does appear,
 Which, to instruct the World, has left the Sphere,
 And condescends to wear a Body here.
 Or, if she mortal be, and meant to show
 The greater Art, by being form'd below;
 Sure Heav'n preserv'd Her, by the Fall uncurst,
 To tell how good the Sex was made at first.



THE

PARTING.



OO happy had I been indeed, if Fate
 Had made it Lasting, as she made it Great;
 But 'twas the Plot of unkind Destiny,
 To lift me to, then snatch me from my Joy:

She

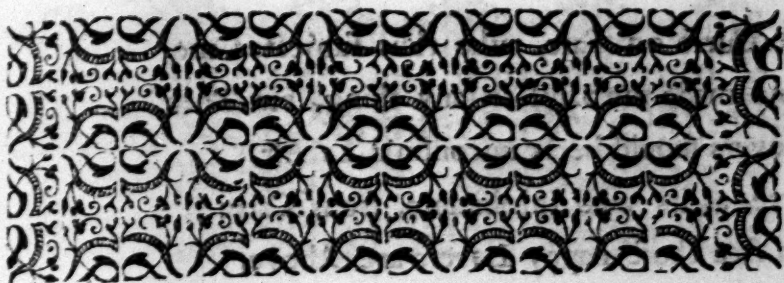
She rais'd my Hopes, and brought them just in View,
And then, in Spight, the charming Scene withdrew,
So, He, of Old, the *Promis'd-Land* survey'd,
Which he might only see, but never tread:
So, Heav'n, was by that damned *Caitiff* seen,
He saw't, but with a mighty Gulf between,
He saw't, to be more wretched, and despair agen:
Not Souls of dying Sinners, when they go,
Assur'd of endless Miseries below,
Their Bodies more unwillingly desert,
Than I from You, and all my Joys did part.
As some young Merchant, whom his Sire unkind
Resigns to ev'ry faithless Wave, and Wind;
If the kind Mistress of his Vows appear,
And come to bless his Voyage with a Pray'r,
Such Sighs he vents, as may the Gale increase,
Such Floods of Tears, as may the Billows raise:
And when, at length, the lurching Vessel flies,
And severs first his Lips, and then his Eyes;
Long he looks back, to see what he adores,
And, while he may, views the beloved Shores,
Such just Concern, I at your Parting had,
With such sad Eyes your turning Face survey'd:

Reviewing.

Reviewing, they pursu'd you, out of Sight,
 Then sought to trace You by left Tracks of Light:
 And when they could not Looks to you convey,
 Tow'rd the lov'd Place, they took Delight to stray,
 And aim'd uncertain Glances still, — that Way.



Complaining



Complaining of

A B S E N C E.



EN Days (if I forget not) wasted are

(A Year, in any Lover's Kalendar)

Since I was forc'd to part, and bid adieu
To all my Joy, and Happinefs in You:

And still by the same Hindrance am detain'd,

Which me at first from your lov'd Sight constrain'd:

Oft I resolve to meet my Bliss, and then

My Tether stops, and pulls me back agen:

So, when our rais'd Thoughts to Heav'n aspire,

Earth stifles them, and choaks the good Desire.

Curse on that Man, who Bus'ness first design'd,

And by't enthrall'd a free-born Lover's Mind!

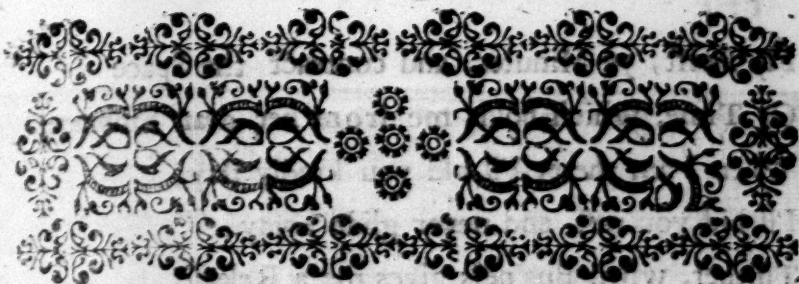
A Cur

140 *Complaining of* ABSENCE.

A Curse on Fate, who thus subjected me,
 And made me Slave to any thing, but Thee!
 Lovers should be as unconfin'd as Air,
 Free, as its wild Inhabitants, from Care:
 So free those happy Lovers are Above,
 Exempt from all Concerns, but those of Love:
 But I, poor Lover-Militant, below,
 The Cares, and Troubles of dull Life must know;
 Must toil for That, which does on Others wait,
 And undergo the Drudgery of Fate:
 Yet I'll no more to Her a Vassal be,
 Thou now shalt make, and rule, my Destiny:
 Hence troublesome Fatigues! all Bus'ness hence!
 This very Hour my Freedom shall commence:
 Too long that Jilt has thy proud Rival been,
 And made me by neglectful Absence sin,
 But I'll no more obey its Tyranny,
 Nor That, nor Fate it self, shall hinder me,
 Henceforth from seeing, and enjoying Thee.



Promising



Promising a

V I S I T.



Sooner may Art, and easier far, divide
The soft embracing Waters of the Tide,
Which with united Friendship still rejoyne
Than part my Eyes, my Arms, or Lips, from
thine:

Sooner it may Time's headlong Motion force,
In which it marches with unalter'd Course,
Or sever this, from the succeeding Day,
Than from thy happy Presence force my Stay.
Not the touch'd Needle (Emblem of my Soul)
With greater Rev'rence trembles to its Pole,
Nor Flames, with surer Instinct, upwards go,
Than mine, and all their Motives, tend to You.

Fly

Fly swift, ye Minutes, and contract the Space
Of Time, which holds me from her dear Embrace:
When I am there, I'll bid you kindly stay,
I'll bid you rest, and never glide away.

Thither, when Bus'ness gives me a Release,
To lose my Cares in soft, and gentle Ease,
I'll come, and all Arrears of Kindness pay,
And live o'er my whole Absence in one Day.

Not Souls, releas'd from human Bodies, move,
With quicker Haste, to meet their Bliss Above;
Than I, when freed from Clogs, that bind me now,
Eager to seize my Happiness, will go.

Should a fierce Angel, arm'd with Thunder, stand,
And threaten Vengeance, with his brandish'd Hand,
To stop the Entrance to my Paradise;
I'll venture, and his slighted Bolts despise.

Swift as the Wings of Fear, shall be my Love,
And me, to Her, with equal Speed remove!
Swift as the Motions of the Eye, or Mind,
I'll thither fly, and leave slow Thought behind.



THE CARELESS
GOOD FELLOW.

Written *March* 9. 1680.

S O N G.

I.



Pox of this fooling, and plotting of late,
What pother, and stir, has it kept in
the State;

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspici-
ons and Fears,

Let them scuffle, and jar, and go to by the Ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle in State.

II. What

II.

What Coxcombs were those who would barter their Ease,
 And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer, and Mass?
 At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
 Had they been but true Subjects to Drink, and their King;
 A Friend, and a Bottle is all my Design;
 He has no Room for Treason, that's Top-full of Wine.

III.

I mind not the Members, and Makers of Laws,
 Let them sit, or prorogue, as his Majesty please:
 Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
 At my Lodging, when Dead, so Alive I have Wine:
 Yet oft, in my Drink, I can hardly forbear
 To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

IV.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
 About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State;

We've a good King already : and he deserves Laughter,
That will trouble his Head with Who shall come after:
Come, here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all Care, and all Trouble, as We.

V.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollander* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt *Sidney*, and *Monfieur D' Avaux*?
What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casal* be sold,
If the Conqueror take it by Storming, or Gold?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the Place that I mind.
And when the Fleet's coming, I pray for a Wind.

VI.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own;
Let him fight and be Damn'd, and make Matches and Treat
To afford the News-mongers, and Coffee-house Chat:
He's but a Brave-Wretch, while I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than He.

VII.

Come He, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot, and Stake; I care not a Groat;
Never think that in *Smithfield*, I, Porters will Heat:
No, I swear, Mr. *Fox**, pray excuse me for That.

I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet, and Halter,
This is the Profession that never will alter,

* Mr. *John Fox*, Author of *The Book of Martyrs*.



A SATIRE



A

S A T I R E.

*The Person of SPENSER is brought in,
dissuading the Author from the Study of
POETRY, and shewing how little it is
esteemed and encouraged in this present Age.*



Ne Night, as I was pondering of late
On all the Mis'ries of my hapless Fate,
Cursing my Rhiming-Stars, raving in vain
At all the Pow'rs, which over Poets reign,

In came a ghastly Shape, all pale, and thin,
 As some poor Sinner, who, by Priest, had been
 Under a long-Lent's-Penance, starv'd and whip'd,
 Or par-boil'd-Lecher, late from Hot-house crept:
 Famish'd his Looks appear'd, his Eyes sunk in,
 Like Morning Gown about him, hung his Skin,
 A Wreath of Laurel on his Head he wore,
 A Book, inscrib'd, the *Fairy-Queen*, he bore.

By this I knew him, rose, and bow'd, and said,
Hail, rev'rend Ghost; all hail, most sacred Shade!
Why this great Visit? why vouchsaf'd to Me,
The meanest of thy British-Progeny?
Com'st Thou, in my uncall'd, unhallow'd Muse,
Some of thy mighty Spirit to infuse;
If so; lay on thy Hands, Ordain me fit
For the high Cure, and Ministry of Wit:
Let me (I beg) thy great Instructions claim,
Teach me to tread the glorious Paths of Fame.
Teach me (for none does better know, than Thou)
How, like thy self, I may Immortal grow.

Thus did I speak, and spoke it in a Strain,
 Above my common Rate, and usual Vein;
 As if inspir'd by Presence of the Bard,
 Who, with a Frown, thus to Reply, was heard,

In Stile of Satire, such wherein of old
He the fam'd Tale of *Mother Hubbard* told.

I come, fond Ideot, e'er it be too late,
Kindly to warn Thee of thy wretched Fate:
Take heed betimes, repent, and learn of me,
To shun the dang'rous Rocks of Poetry:
Had I the Choice of Flesh and Blood again,
To act once more in Life's tumultuous Scene;
I'd be a Porter, or a Scavenger,

A Groom, or any thing, but Poet here:
Hast Thou observ'd some Hawker of the Town,
Who thro' the Streets with dismal Scream and Tone,
Cries Matches, Small-coal, Brooms, Old Shoes and Boots,
Socks, Sermons, Ballads, Lies, Gazettes, and Votes?
So, unrecorded, to the Grave I'd go,
And nothing but the Register tell, who:

Rather that poor unheard of Wretch I'd be,
Than the most glorious Name in Poetry,
With all its boasted Immortality:

Rather than He, who sung on *Phrygia's* Shore,
The *Grecian* Bullies, fighting for a Whore:
Or He of *Thebes*, whom Fame so much extols
For praising Jockies, and *New-market-Fools*.

So many now, and bad, the Scriblers be,
 'Tis Scandal to be of the Company :
 The foul Disease is so prevailing grown,
 So much the Fashion of the Court and Town,
 That scarce a Man well-bred, in either's deem'd :
 But who has Kill'd, been Clapt, and often Rhim'd :
 The Fools are troubled with the Flux of Brains,
 And each, on Paper, squirts his filthy Sense :
 A Leash of Sonnets, and of dull Lampoon
 Set up an Author, who forthwith is grown
 A Man of Parts, of Rhiming, and Renown :
 Ev'n that vile *Wretch*, who in lewd Verse each Year
 Describes the Pageants, and my good *Lord-May'r*,
 Whose Works must serve the next Election-Day
 For making Squibs, and under Pies to lay,
 Yet counts himself of the inspir'd Train,
 And dares, in Thought, the sacred Name profane.

*But is it nought (thou'lt say) in Front to stand,
 With Laurel crown'd, by White or Loggan's Hand?
 Is it not great and glorious to be known,
 Mark'd out, and gaz'd at, thro' the wond'ring Town,
 By all the Rabble passing up and down?
 So Oates and Bedloe have been pointed at,
 And ev'ry busy Coxcomb of the State :*

The meanest Felons, who thro' *Holborn* go,
 More Eyes, and Looks, than Twenty Poets draw :
 If this be all, go, have thy posted Name
 Fix'd up with Bills of Quack, and publick Sham;
 To be the Stop of gaping Prentices,
 And read by reeling Drunkards, when they pifs;
 Or else to lie expos'd on trading Stall,
 While the bilk'd Owner hires Gazettes to tell,
 Mongst Spaniels lost, that Author does not sell.

Perhaps, fond Fool, thou sooth'st thy self in Dream,
 With Hopes of purchasing a lasting Name:
 Thou think'st, perhaps, thy Trifles shall remain,
 Like sacred *Cowley*, or immortal *Ben* :
 But who of all the bold Adventurers,
 Who now drive on the Trade of Fame in Verse
 Can be insur'd in this unfaithful Sea,
 Where there so many lost, and shipwrack'd be?
 How many Poems writ in ancient Time,
 Which thy Fore-fathers had in great Esteem,
 Which in the crowded Shops bore any Rate,
 And sold like News-Books, and Affairs of State;
 Have grown contemptible, and slighted since,
 As *Pordage*, *Flecknoe* *, or the *British-Prince* || ?

* *Samuel Pordage*, and *Richard Flecknoe*, two wretched Dramatick-writers. || A stupid Poem written by the Honourable *Edward Howard*, Esq;

Quarles, Chapman, Heywood, Withers had Applause,
 And *Wild*, and *Ogilby* in former Days;
 Put now are Damn'd to wrapping Druggs and Wares,
 And curst by all their broken Stationers:
 And so may'st Thou perchance pass up and down,
 And please a while th' admiring Court, and Town,
 Who after shalt in *Duck-lane* Shops be thrown,
 To mould with *Silvester*, and *Shirley* there,
 And truck for Pots of Ale next *Sturbridge* Fair,
 Then who'll not laugh to see th' immortal Name
 To vile *Mundungus* made a Martyr flame?
 And all thy deathless Monuments of Wit,
 Wipe Porters-Tails, or mount in Paper-Kites,

But grant thy Poetry should find Success,
 And (which is rare) the squeamish Criticks please,
 Admit it read, and prais'd, and courted be
 By this nice Age, and all Posterity;
 If thou expectest aught but empty Fame;
 Condemn thy Hopes and Labours to the Flame:
 The Rich have now learn'd only to admire,
 He, who to greater Favours does aspire,
 Is mercenary thought, and writes for hire:
 Would'st thou to raise thine, and thy Countrey's Fame,
 Chuse some old *English* Hero for thy Theme,

Bold *Arthur*, or great *Edward's* greater Son,
 Or our Fifth-*Harry*, matchless in Renown,
 Make *Agincourt*, and *Cressy-Fields* outvie
 The fam'd *Lavinian-Shores*, and Walls of *Troy*;
 What *Scipio*, what *Mecenas*, would'st thou find,
 What *Sidney* now, to thy great Project kind?
 Bless me! how great his Genius! how each Line
 Is big with Sense! how glorious a Design
 Does thro' the whole, and each Proportion shine!
 How lofty all his Thoughts, and how Inspir'd!
 Pity, such wond'rous Thoughts, are not preferr'd:
 Cries a gay wealthy Sot, who would not bail,
 For bare five Pounds, the Author out of Jail,
 Should he starve there, and rot; who if a Brief
 Came out, the needy Poet's to relieve,
 To the whole Tribe would scarce a Tester give.
 But fifty Guineas for a Whore and Clap;
 The Peer's well us'd, and comes off wond'rous cheap:
 A Poet would be Dear, and out o'th' way,
 Should he expect above a Coachman's Pay:
 For This, will any Dedicate, and Lie,
 And daub the gaudy Afs with Flattery?
 For This, will any prostitute his Sense
 To Coxcombs, void of Bounty as of Brains?

Yet such is the hard Fate of Writers now,
 They're forc'd, for Alms, to each great Name to Bow;
 Fawn, like her Lap-dog, on her tawdry Grace,
 Commend her Beauty, and bely her Glass,
 By which she ev'ry Morning primes her Face:
 Sneak to his Honour, call him Witty, Brave,
 And Just; tho' a known Coward, Fool, or Knave,
 And praise his Lineage, and Nobility,
 Whose Arms, at first, came from the Company*.

'Tis so, 'twas ever so, since heretofore
 The blind old *Bard* ||, with Dog and Bell before,
 Was fain to sing for Bread from Door to Door:
 The needy Muses all turn'd Gipsies then,
 And, of the Begging-Trade, e'er since have been:
 Should mighty *Sappho* in these Days revive,
 And hope upon her Stock of Wit to live;
 She must to *Creswell's* † trudge to mend her Gains,
 And let her Tail to Hire, as well as Brains.
 What Poet ever fin'd for Sheriff? or who,
 By Wit and Sense, did ever Lord-May'rs grow?

My own hard Usage here I need not press
 Where you have ev'ry Day before your Face.
 Plenty of fresh resembling Instances:

* *Id est*. The Son of some Citizen.
Creswell, a famous Bawd.

|| *Homer*.

† *Mother*

Great *Cowley's* Muse the same ill Treatment had,
 Whose Verse shall live for ever to upbraid
 Th' ungrateful World, that left such Worth unpaid.
Waller himself may thank Inheritance,
 For what he else had never got by Sense.
 On *Butler* who can think without just Rage,
 The Glory, and the Scandal of the Age?
 Fair stood his Hopes, when first he came to Town;
 Met, ev'ry where, with Welcomes of Renown,
 Courted, caress'd by all, with Wonder read,
 And Promises of Princely Favour fed:
 But what Reward for all had he at last,
 After a Life in dull Expectance pass'd?
 The Wretch, at summing up his mispent Days,
 Found nothing left, but Poverty, and Praise?
 Of all his Gains, by Verse, he could not save
 Enough to purchase Flannel, and a Grave:
 Reduc'd to Want, he, in due time, fell sick,
 Was fain to die, and be Interr'd on Tick:
 And well might bless the Fever that was sent,
 To rid him hence, and ^{his} worse Fate prevent.
 You've seen what Fortune other Poets share;
 View next the Factors of the Theatre:

That constant Mart, which all the Year does hold,
 Where staple Wit is barter'd, bought, and sold;
 Here trading Scriblers for their Maintenance,
 And Livelihood, trust to a Lott'ry-chance:
 But who his Parts would in the Service spend,
 Where all his Hopes on Vulgar Breath depend?
 Where ev'ry Sot, for paying half a Crown,
 Has the Prerogative to cry him down;
 Sedley indeed may be content with Fame*,
 Nor care, should an ill-judging Audience Damn:
 But Settle, and the Rest, that write for Pence,
 Whose whole Estate's an Ounce, or two, of Brains,
 Should a thin House on the Third-Day appear,
 Must starve, or live in Tatters all the Year.
 And what can we expect that's Brave and Great,
 From a poor needy Wretch, that writes to Eat?
 Who the Success of the next Play must wait
 For Lodging, Food, and Cloaths, and whose chief Care
 Is how to sponge for the next Meal, and where?
 Hadst thou of old, when Athens flourish'd, liv'd,
 When all the learned Arts in Glory thriv'd,
 When mighty *Sophocles* the Stage did sway,
 And Poets by the State were held in pay;

* He wrote *The Mulberry-Garden* and *Bellamira*, Comedies. *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, and, *The Death of Marc Antony*, Tragedies.

'Twere

'Twere worth thy Pains to cultivate thy Muse,
And daily Wonders then it might produce;
But who would now write Hackney to a Stage,
That's only thought the Nuisance of the Age?

Go, after this, and beat thy wretched Brains,
And toil to bring in thankless Ideots Means:
Turn o'er dull *Horace*, and the Classick Fools,
To poach for Sense, and hunt for idle Rules:

Be free of Tickets, and the Play-houses,
To make some tawdry Actress there thy Prize,
And spend thy Third-Day's Gains 'twixt her Clapt
Thighs,

All Trades, and all Professions here abound,
And yet Encouragement for all, is found:
Here a vile Emp'rick, who by Licence kills,
Who, ev'ry Week, helps to increase the Bills,
Wears Velvet, keeps his Coach, and Whore beside,
For what, less Villains, must to Tyburn ride.

There a dull Trading Sot, in Wealth o'ergrown
By thriving Knavery, can call his own
A dozen Manors, and if Fate still bless,
Expects, as many Counties, to possess.

Punks,

Punks, Panders, Bawds, all their due Pensions gain,
 And ev'ry Day the great Mens Bounty drain :
 Lavish Expence on Wit, has never yet
 Been tax'd amongst the Grievances of State.

The *Turky, Guinea, India*, Gainers be,
 And all but the Poetick Company :
 Each Place of Traffick, *Bantam, Smyrna, Zant,*
Greenland, Virginia, Sevil, Alicaut,
 And *France*, that sends us Dildoes, Lace, and Wine,
 Vast Profit all, and large Returns bring in :

Parnassus only is that barren Coast,
 Where the whole Voyage, and Adventure's lost.

Then be Advis'd, the slighted Muse forsake,
 And *Coke*, and *Dalton* for thy Study take :
 For Fees each Term sweat in the crowded Hall,
 And there for Charters, and crack'd Titles bawl :
 Where *Maynard* thrives, and Pockets more each Year
 Than forty Laureats of the Theater.

Or else to Orders, and the Church betake
 Thy self, and That thy future Refuge make :
 There fawn on some proud Patron to engage
 Th' Advowson of cast Punk, and Parsonage :
 Or sooth the Court, and preach up Kingly-Right,
 To gain a Prebend or a Miter by't.

n fine, turn Pettifogger, Canonist,
Civilian, Pedant, Mountebank, or Priest,
Soldier, or Merchant, Fidler, Painter, Fencer,
Jack-pudding, Juggler, Player, or Rope-dancer :
Preach, Plead, Cure, Fight, Game, Pimp, Beg, Cheat,
or Thieve ;

Be All but Poet, and there's Way to live.

But why do I in vain my Counsel spend
On one whom there's so little hope to mend?
Where I, perhaps, as fruitlessly exhort,
As Lenten-Doctors, when they preach at Court;
Not enter'd Punks from Lust they once have try'd,
Not Fops, and Women, from Conceit, and Pride,
Not Bawds from Impudence, Cowards from Fear,
Nor fear'd unfeeling Sinners past Despair,
Are half so hard, and stubborn to reduce,
As a poor Wretch, when once possess'd with Muse.

If therefore, what I've said, cannot avail,
Nor from the Rhiming Folly Thee recal,
But Spite of all, thou wilt be obstinate,
And run thy self upon avoidless Fate;
May'st thou go on, unpitied, till thou be
Brought to the Parish-Bridge, and Beggary,

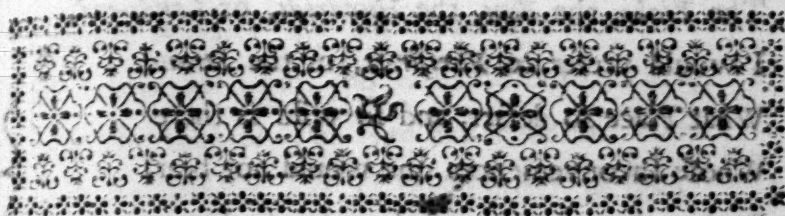
*

Till urg'd by Want, like broken Scriblers, Thou
 Turn Poet to a Booth, a *Smithfield* Show,
 And write Heroick Verse to *Barthol'mew*.

Then slighted by the very Nursery,

May'st Thou at last be forc'd to starve, like Me.





A

SATIRE,

In Imitation of the Third SATIRE of

JUVENAL.

Written May, 1682.

The POET brings in a Friend of His, giving him an Account why he Removes from London to Live in the Country.



H O' much concern'd to leave my dear old
Friend,

I must however his Design commend
Of fixing in the Country: for were I

As free to chuse my Residence, as He;

The

The *Peake*, the *Fens*, the *Hundreds*, or *Lands-end*,
 I would prefer to *Fleetstreet*, or the *Strand*.
 What Place so desart, and so wild is there
 Whose Inconveniences one would not bear;
 Rather than the Alarms of midnight Fire,
 The Falls of Houses, Knavery of Cits,
 The Plots of Factions, and the Noise of Wits,
 And Thousand other Plagues, which up and down
 Each Day and Hour infest the cursed Town?

As Fate wou'd have it, on th' appointed Day
 Of parting hence, I met him on the Way,
 Hard by *Mile-end*, the Place so fam'd of late,
 In Prose, and Verse for the great *Factions-Treat*;
 Here we stood still, and after Complements
 Of course, and wishing his good Journey hence
 I ask'd what sudden Causes made him fly
 The once lov'd Town, and his dear Company:
 When, on the hated Prospect looking back,
 Thus, with just Rage, the good old *Timon* spake.

Since Virtue here in no Repute is had,
 Since Worth is scorn'd, Learning and Sense unpaid,
 And Knavery the only thriving Trade;
 Finding my slender Fortune ev'ry Day
 Dwindle, and waste insensibly away,

I, like a losing Gamester, thus retreat,
To manage wifelier my last Stake of Fate:
While I have Strength, and want no Staff to prop
My tott'ring Limbs, e'er Age has made me stoop
Beneath its Weight, e'er all my Thread be spun,
And Life has yet in Store some Sands to run,
'Tis my Resolve to quit the nauseous Town.

Let thriving *Morecraft* chuse his dwelling there,
Rich with the Spoils of some young Spend-thrift Heir:
Let the Plot-mongers stay behind, whose Art
Can Truth to Sham, and Sham to Truth convert:
Whoever has an House to build, or set
His Wife, his Conscience, or his Oath to let:
Whoever has, or hopes for Offices,
A Navy, Guard, or Custom-house's Place:
Let sharpening Courtiers stay, who there are great
By putting the false Dice on King, and State.
Where they, who once were Grooms, and Foot-boys
known,
Are now to fair Estates, and Honours grown;
Nor need we envy them, or wonder much
At their fantastick Greatness, since they're such,
Whom Fortune oft, in her capricious Freaks,
Is pleas'd to raise from Kennels, and the Jakes,

To Wealth, and Dignity above the rest,
When she is frolick, and dispos'd to jest.

I live in *London*? What should I do there?

I cannot lie, nor flatter, nor forswear:

I can't commend a Book, or Piece of Wit,
(Tho' a Lord were the Author) dully writ:

I'm no Sir *Sydrophel* *, to read the Stars,

And cast Nativities for longing Heirs,

When Fathers shall drop off: no *Gadbury*

To tell the Minute when the King shall Die,

And you know what,—come in: nor can I steer,

And tack about my Conscience, whensoever,

To a new Point, I see Religion veer.

Let others pimp to Courtier's Lchery,

I'll draw no City-Cuckold's Curse on me:

Nor would I do it, tho' to be made great,

And rais'd to be chief Minister of State.

Therefore, I think it fit to rid the Town

Of one, that is an useless Member grown.

Besides, who has Pretence to Favour now,

But he, who hidden Villainy does know,

Whose Breast does with some burning Secret glow?

By none thou shalt preferr'd, or valu'd be,

That trusts thee with an honest Secrecy:

* See, *Hudibras*.

He only, may to great Mens Friendship reach,
 Who Great Men, when he pleases, can Impeach,
 Let others thus aspire to Dignity;
 For me, I'd not their envy'd Grandeur buy
 For all th' *Exchange* is worth, that *Pauls* will cost,
 Or was of late in the *Scotch-Voyage* lost.

What would it boot, if I, to gain my End,
 Forego my Quiet, and my Ease of Mind,
 Still fear'd, at last betray'd, by my dear Friend?

Another Cause, which I must boldly own,
 And not the least, for which I quit the Town,
 Is to behold it made a Common-shore,
 Where *France* does all her Filth, and Ordure pour:

What Spark of true-old-*English*-Rage can bear
 Those, who were Slaves at Home, to Lord it Here?

We've all our Fashion, Language, Complements,
 Our Musick, Dances, Curing, Cooking thence:
 And we shall have their Pois'ning* too e'er long,
 If still in the Improvement we go on.

What would'st thou say, great *Harry*, should'st thou view
 Thy gaudy, flutt'ring Race of *English* now,
 Their tawdry Cloaths, Pulvilio's, Effences,
 Their *Chedreux* Peruques, and those Vanities,
 Which Thou, and They of Old, did so despise?

* Alluding to the Poisoning of the Duchesse of Orleans.

What

What would'st thou say to see th' infected Town
With the foul Spawn of Foreigners o'er-run?
Hither from *Paris*, and all Parts they come,
The Spue, and Vomit of their Jayls at home;
To Court they flock, and to St. *James's* Square,
And wriggle into great Men's Service there:
Foot-boys, at first, till they, from wiping Shoes,
Grow, by Degrees, the Master of the House:
Ready of Wit, harden'd of Impudence,
Able, with Ease, to put down either *Hans*,
Both the King's Player, and King's Evidence:
Flippant of Talk, and voluble of Tongue,
With Words at Will, no Lawyer better hung:
Softer than flattering Court-Paralite,
Or City-Trader, when he means to cheat,
No Calling, or Profession comes amiss:
A needy *Monsieur* can be what he please,
Groom, Page, Valet, Quack, Operator, Fencer,
Perfumer, Pimp, Jack-pudding, Jugler, Dancer:
Give but the Word, the Cur will fetch and bring,
Come over to the *Emperor*, or *King*:
Or, if you please, fly o'er the Pyramid,
Which *Johnston* and the rest in vain have try'd.

Can I have Patience, and endure to see
The paltry Foreign Wretch take Place of me,
Whom the same Wind, and Vessel, brought ashore,
That brought prohib'ted Goods, and Dildoes o'er?
Then, pray, what mighty Privilege is there
For me, that at my Birth drew *English* Air?
And where's the Benefit to have my Veins
Run *British* Blood, if there's no Difference
Twixt Me, and Him, the Statute Freedom gave
And made a Subject of a true-born Slave?

But nothing shocks, and is more loath'd by me,
Than the vile Rascal's fulsom Flattery:
By Help of this false magnifying Glass,
A Louse, or Flea, shall for a Camel pass:
Produce an hideous Wight, more ugly far
Than those ill Shapes, which in old Hangings are,
He'll make him strait a *Beau Garçon* appear:
Commend his Voice, and Singing, tho' he Bray
Worse than Sir *Martin Marr-all* in the Play*:
And if he Rhime, shall praise for Standard Wit,
More scurvy Sense than *Prynne* or *Vickers* writ.

And here's the Mischief, tho' we say the same,
He is believ'd, and we are thought to sham:

* Wrote by Mr. Dryden.

Do you but smile, immediately the Beast
 Laughs out aloud, tho' he ne'er heard the Jest;
 Pretend you're sad, he's presently in Tears,
 Yet grieves no more than Marble, when it wears
 Sorrow in Metaphor: But speak of Heat;
 O God! how sultry 'tis! he'll cry; and sweat
 In Depth of Winter: strait, if you complain
 Of Cold; the Weather-glass is sunk again:
 Then he'll call for his Frize-Campaign, and swear,
 'Tis beyond *Eighty*, he's in *Greenland* here;
 Thus he shifts Scenes, and oft'ner in a Day
 Can change his Fate, than Actors at a Play;
 There's nought so mean can 'scape the flatt'ring Sot,
 Not his Lord's Snuff-box, nor his Powder-spot:
 If he but spit, or pick his Teeth; he'll cry,
How ev'ry thing becomes you! let me die,
Your Lordship does it most judiciously:
 And swear, 'tis fashionable, if he sneeze,
 Extreemly taking, and it needs must please.

Besides, there's nothing sacred, nothing free
 From the hot Satyr's rampant Lechery:
 Nor Wife, nor Virgin-Daughter can escape,
 Scarce thou thy self, or Son avoid a Rape:

All must go pad-lock'd: if nought else there be,
 Suspect thy very Stable's Chastity.
 By this the Vermin into Secrets creep,
 Thus, Families in Awe they strive to keep,
 What Living, for an Englishman, is there,
 Where such as these get Head, and domineer,
 Whose Use, and Custom 'tis, never to share
 A Friend, but love to Reign, without Dispute,
 Without a Rival, Full and Absolute?

Soon as the Insect gets his *Honour's* Ear,
 And fly-blows some of's pois'nous Malice there,
 Strait I'm turn'd off, kick'd out of Doors, discarded,
 And all my former Service dis-regarded.

But leaving these *Messieurs*, for Fear that I
 Be thought of the *Silk-Weavers* Mutiny,
 From the loath'd Subject let us hasten on,
 To mention other Grievances in Town:
 And farther, what Respect at all is had
 Of poor Men here? and how's their Service paid,
 Tho' they be ne'er so diligent to wait,
 To sneak, and dance Attendance on the Great?
 No Mark of Favour is to be obtain'd
 By one, that sues, and brings an empty Hand:

And all his Merit is but made a Sport,
Unless he glut some Cormorant at Court.

'Tis now a common thing, and usual here,
To see the Son of some rich Usurer
Take Place of Nobles, keep his first-rate Whore,
And for a Vaulting-Bout, or two, give more
Than a Guard-Captain's Pay: mean while the Breed
Of Peers reduc'd to Poverty, and Need,
Are fain to trudge to the *Bank-side*, and there
Take up with Porter's Leavings, Suburb-Ware,
There spend that Blood, which their great Ancestor
So nobly shed at *Cressy* heretofore,
At Brothel-Fights, in some foul Common-shore.

Produce an Evidence, tho' just he be,
As righteous *Job*, or *Abraham*, or *He*,
Whom Heaven, when whole Nature shipwrack'd was,
Thought worth the saving, of all human Race;
Or *t'other*, who the flaming Deluge scap'd,
When *Sodom's* Lechers Angels would have rape'd;
How rich he is, must the first Question be,
Next, for his Manners, and Integrity:
They'll ask, *what Equipage he keeps, and what*
He's reckon'd worth, in Money, and Estate,

*Whether, for Sheriff, he has been known to fine,
And with how many Dishes he does dine?*

For look what Cash a Person has in Store,
Just so much Credit has he, and no more:
Should I upon a thousand Bibles swear,
And call each Saint throughout the Kalendar,
To vouch my Oath, it won't be taken here;
The Poor, slight Heav'n, and Thunderbolts (they think)
And Heav'n itself does at such Trifles wink.

Besides, what Store of gibing Scoffs are thrown
On one, that's poor, and meanly clad, in Town;
If his Apparel seem but overworn,
His Stockings out at Heels, his Breeches torn?
One, takes Occasion his ript Shoe to flout,
And swears 'thas been at Prison-Gates hung out:
Another, shrewdly jeers his coarse Cravat,
Because himself wears *Point*: A Third, his Hat,
And most unmercifully shews his Wit,
If it be old, and does not cock aright:
Nothing, in Poverty, is so ill borne,
As its exposing Men to grinning Scorn,
To be, by taudry Coxcombs, piss'd upon,
And made the jesting Stock of each Buffoon.

Turn out there, Friend! (cries one at Church) the Pew
Is not for such mean scoundrel Curs, as you:

'Tis for your Betters kept: Belike, some Sot,
That knew no Father, was on Bulks begot:
But now is rais'd to an Estate, and Pride,
By having the kind Proverb on his side:
Let Gripe, and Cheatwell take their Places there,
And Dast, the Scriv'ners dull and sparkish Heir,
That wears Three ruin'd Orphans on his Back:
Mean while you in the Alley stand, and sneak:
And you therewith must rest contented, since
Almighty Wealth does put such Difference.

What Citizen, a Son-in-law will take,
Bred ne'er so well, that can't a Joynter make?
What Man of Sense, that's poor, e'er summon'd is
Amongst the Common-Council to advise?
At Vestry-Consults, when he does appear,
For chusing of some Parish-Officer,
Or making Leather-Buckets for the Choir?

'Tis hard for any Man to Rise, that feels
His Virtue clog'd with Poverty at Heels:
But harder 'tis, by much, in London, where
A sorry Lodging, coarse, and slender Fare,
Fire, Water, Breathing, ev'ry thing is dear:

Yet such as these an earthen Dish disdain,
With which their Ancestors, in *Edgar's* Reign,
Were serv'd, and thought it no Disgrace to dine,
Tho' they were rich, had Store of Leather-Coin.
Low as their Fortune is, yet they despise

A Man that walks the Streets in homely Frize:
To speak the Truth, great Part of *England* now,
In their own Cloth, will scarce vouchsafe to go:
Only the Statute's Penalty to save,
Some few, perhaps, wear Woollen in the Grave.

Here all go daily drest, altho' it be
Above their Means, their Rank, and Quality:
The most, in borrow'd Gallantry, are clad,
For which the Tradesman's Books are still unpaid:

This Fault is common in the meaner Sort,
That they must needs affect to bear the Port
Of Gentlemen, tho' they want Income for't.

Sir, to be short, in this expensive Town
There's nothing, without Money, to be done:
What will you give to be admitted there,
And brought to Speech of some Court-Minister?
What will you give to have the Quarter-Face,
The Squint, and Nodding, and Go-by of's Grace?

His Porter, Groom, and Steward, must have Fees,
And you may see the *Tombs*, the *Tow'r* for less:
Hard Fate of Suitors! who must pay, and pray
To Livery-slaves, yet oft go scorn'd away.

Whoe'er at *Barnet*, or *St. Albans* fears
To have his Lodging drop about his Ears,
Unless a sudden Hurricane befall,
Or such a Wind as blew old *Noll* to Hell?
Here we build slight, what scarce out-lasts the Lease,
Without the Help of Props, and Buttresses:
And Houses, now-a-days, as much require
To be insur'd from Falling, as from Fire.
There Buildings are substantial, tho' less neat,
And kept with Care, both Wind, and Water tight:
There you in safe Security are blest,
And nought, but Conscience, to disturb your Rest.
I am for Living, where no Fires affright,
No Bells rung backward break my Sleep at Night:
I scarce lie down, and draw my Curtains here,
But strait I'm rous'd by the next House on Fire:
Pale, and half dead with Fear, my self I raise,
And find my Room all over in a Blaze;

of the Third of JUVENAL. 175

By this 'thas seiz'd on the third Stairs, and I
Can now discern no other Remedy,
But leaping out at Window, to get free:
For if the Mischief from the Cellar came,
Be sure the Garret is the last, takes Flame.

The Moveables of *Pordage* were a Bed
For him, and's Wife; a Pis-pot by its side,
A Looking Glass upon the Cupboard's Head,
A Comb-case, Candlestick, and Pewter-spoon,
For Want of Plate, with Desk to write upon:
A Box without a Lid serv'd to contain
Few Authors, which made up his *Vatican*:
And there his own Immortal Works were laid,
On which the barb'rous Mice for Hunger pray'd:
Pordage had nothing, all the World does know;
And yet should he have lost this Nothing too,
No one the wretched Bard would have supply'd
With Lodging, House-room, or a Crust of Bread.

But if the Fire burn down some Great Man's House
All strait are interested in the Loss:
The Court is strait in Mourning, sure enough,
The Act, Commencement, and the Term put off:
Then we Mischances of the Town lament,
And Fasts are kept, like Judgments, to prevent.

Out comes a Brief immediately with Speed
To gather Charity, as far as Tweed.
Nay, while 'tis Burning, some will send him in
Timber, and Stone, to build his House agen :
Others choice Furniture : Here some rare Piece
Of *Rubens*, or *Vandyke* presented is :
There a rich Suit of *Mortlack*-Tapestry,
A Bed of *Damask*, or Embroidery :
One gives a fine *Scritoire*, or Cabinet,
Another, a huge massy Dish of Plate,
Or Bag of Gold ; thus he, at length, gets more
By kind Misfortune, than he had before :
And all suspect it for a laid Design,
As if he did himself the Fire begin.
Could you but be advis'd to leave the Town,
And from dear Plays, and drinking-Friends be drawn,
An handsome Dwelling might be had in *Kent*,
Surrey, or *Essex*, at a cheaper Rent,
Than what you're forc'd to give for one half Year
To lie, like Lumber, in a Garret here :
A Garden there, and Well, that needs no Rope,
Engine, or Pains to crane its Waters up :
Water is there, thro' Nature's Pipes convey'd,
For which, no Custom, nor Excise is paid :

Had I the smallest Spot of Ground, which scarce
Would summer half a dozen Grasshoppers,
Not larger than my Grave, tho' hence remote,
Far as St. Michael's-Mount *, I would go to't,
Dwell there content, and thank the Fates to boot.

Here, Want of Rest a-nights, more People kills
Than all the College, and the Weekly-Bills:
Where none have Privilege to sleep, but those,
Whose Purfes can compound for their Repose:
In vain I go to Bed, or close my Eyes,
Methinks the Place, the middle Region is,
Where I lie down in Storms, in Thunder rise:
The restless Bells such Din in Steeples keep,
That scarce the Dead can in the Church-yards sleep:
Huzza's of Drunkards, Bell-mens midnight Rhimes,
The Noise of Shops, with Hawkers early Screams,
Besides the Brawls of Coach-men, when they meet,
And stop in Turnings of a narrow Street,
Such a loud Medley of Confusion make,
As drowfy Arche on the Bench would wake.

If you walk out in Bus'ness ne'er so great,
Ten thousand Stops you must expect to meet:
Thick Crowds in ev'ry Place you must charge thro'
And storm your Passage, wheresoe'er you go:

* In Cornwall.

While Tides of Followers behind you throng,
And pressing on your Heels, shove you along:
One, with a Board, or Rafter hits your Head,
Another, with his Elbow, bores your Side;
Some tread upon your Corns, perhaps in Sport,
Mean while your Legs are cas'd all o'er with Dirt.
Here, You the March of a slow Fun'ral wait,
Advancing to the Church with solemn State:
There, a Sedan, and Lacquies stop your Way,
That bears some Punk of Honour to the Play:
Now You some mighty Piece of Timber meet,
Which tott'ring, threatens Ruin to the Street:
Next, a huge *Portland* Stone, for building *Paul's*,
It self almost a Rock, on Carriage rowls:
Which, if it fall, would cause a Massacre,
And serve, at once, to Murder, and Inter.
If what I've said can't from the Town affright,
Consider other Dangers of the Night:
When Brickbats are from upper Stories thrown,
And emptied Chamber-pots come pouring down
From Garret Windows: You have Cause to bless
The gentle Stars, if You come off with Piss:
So many Fates attend, a Man had need,
Ne'er walk without a Surgeon by his side:

And he can hardly now discreet be thought,
That does not make his Will, e'er he go out.

If this you 'scape, twenty to one, You meet,
Some of the Drunken-Scowlers of the Street,
Flush'd with Success of warlike Deeds perform'd,
Of Constables subdu'd, and Brothels storm'd:
These, if a Quarrel, or a Fray be mist,
Are ill at Ease a-Nights, and want their Rest;
For Mischief is a Lechery to some,
And serves to make them sleep like *Laudanum*.
Yet heated, as they are, with Youth, and Wine,
If they discern a Train of Flambeaus shine,
If a Great Man with his gilt Coach appear,
And a strong Guard of Foot-boys in the Rear,
The Rascals sneak, and shrink their Heads for Fear.
Poor Me, who use no Light, to walk about,
Save what the Parish, or the Skies hang out,
They value not: 'Tis worth your while to hear
The Scuffle, if that be a Scuffle, where
Another gives the Blows, I only bear:
He bids me stand: Of Force I must give Way,
For 'twere a senseless Thing to disobey,
And struggle here, where I'd as good oppose
My self to *Preston* and his Mastiffs loose.

* Keeper of the *Bear-Garden*, in *Hockley-Hole* at that Time.

*Who's there? he cries, and takes you by the Throat,
Dog! are you dumb? Speak quickly, else my Foot
Shall march about your Buttocks: whence d'ye come?
From what Bulk-ridden Strumpet reeking home?
Saving your rev'rend Pimpship, where d'ye ply?
How may one have a Job of Lechery?
If you say any thing, or hold your Peace,
And silently go off, 'tis all a Case:
Still he lays on: nay well, if you scape so:
Perhaps he'll clap an Action on You too
Of Battery, nor need he fear to meet
A Jury to his Turn, shall do him Right,
And bring him in large Damage for a Shoe
Worn out, besides the Pains, in kicking You.
A Poor Man must expect nought of Redress,
But Patience: His best Remedy in such a Case
Is to be thankful for the Drubs, and beg
That they would mercifully spare one Leg,
Or Arm unbroke, and let him go away
With Teeth enough to eat his Meat next Day.*

Nor is this all, which you have Cause to fear,
Oft we encounter midnight Padders here:

When

When the *Exchanges*, and the Shops are close,
And the rich Tradesman in his Counting-house,
To view the Profits of the Day, withdraws.

Hither in Flocks from *Shooter's-Hill* they come,
To seek their Prize, and Booty nearer Home:

Your *Purse*! they cry; 'tis Madness to resist,
Or strive, with a cock'd Pistol at your Breast:

And these, each Day, so strong and num'rous grow,
The Town can scarce afford them Jayl-room now.

Happy the Times of the old *Heptarchy*,
E'er *London* knew so much of Villainy:

Then fatal Carts thro' *Holborn* seldom went,
And *Tyburn*, with few Pilgrims, was content:

A less, and single Prison, then would do,
And serv'd the City, and the Country too.

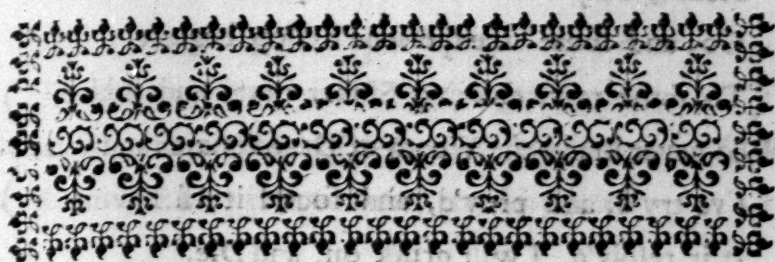
These are the Reasons, Sir, that drive me hence,
To which I might add more, would Time dispense,
To hold You longer, but the Sun draws low,
The Coach is just at Hand, and I must go:

Therefore, dear Sir, farewell; and when the Town,
From better Company, can spare You down,
To make the Country with your Presence blest,
Then visit your Old-Friend amongst the rest:

There

There I'll find Leisure to unlade my Mind
Of what Remarks I now must leave behind :
The Fruits of dear Experience, which, with these,
Improv'd, will serve for Hints, and Notices ;
And when you write again, may be of use
To furnish Satire for your daring Muse.





A

DITHYRAMBICK.

A Drunkard's Speech in A MASQUE.*



Written in *Aug.* 1677.



Ὁὐκ ἐστὶ Διθύραμβος ἀνὺ δ' ὅπως πίνῃ.

I.



ES, you are mighty wise, I warrant, mighty
wise!

With all your godly Tricks, and Artifice,
Who think to chouse Me of my dearand pleasant Vice.

* A Dramatick Entertainment.

I

Hence

Hence, holy Sham ! in vain's your fruitless Toil:
 Go, and some unexperienc'd Fop beguile,
 To some raw, ent'ring Sinner cant, and whine,
 Who never knew the Worth of Drunkenness and Wine }
 I've try'd, and prov'd, and found it All Divine:
 It is resolv'd, I will drink on, and Die,
 I'll not one Minute lose, not I,
 To hear your troublesome Divinity: }
 Fill Me a Top-full Glass, I'll drink it on the Knee,
 Confusion to the next that spoils good Company. }

II.

That Gulp was worth a Soul, like it, it went,
 And thoroughout new Life, and Vigour sent:
 I feel it warm, at once, my Head, and Heart,
 I feel it All in All, and All in ev'ry Part.
 Let the vile Slaves of Bus'ness toil, and strive,
 Who want the Leisure, or the Wit, to live;
 While we Life's tedious Journey softer make,
 And reap those Joys which we lack Sense to take.
 Thus live the Gods (if aught above our selves there be)
 They live so happy, so unconcern'd, and free:

Like us, they sit, and, with a careless Brow,
Laugh at the petty Jars of Human-Kind below:

Like us, they spend their Age in gentle Ease,
Like us, they drink; for what were all their Heav'n alas!
If sober, and compell'd to want that Happiness.

III.

Assist, almighty Wine, for Thou alone hast Pow'r,
And others I'll invoke no more,

Assist, while with just Praise I Thee adore;
Aided by Thee, I dare thy Worth rehearse,

In Flights above the common Pitch of grov'ling Verse.

Thou art the World's great Soul, that heav'nly Fire,
Which dost our dull half-kindled-Mass inspire.

We, nothing gallant, and above our selves, produce,
Till Thou dost finish Man, and reinfuse.

Thou art the only Source, of all, the World calls Great;

Thou didst the Poets first, and They, the Gods create:

To Thee their Rage, their Heat, their Flame they owe;

Thou must half share with Art, and Nature too.

They owe their Glory, and Renown to Thee;

Thou giv'st their Verse, and Them, Eternity.

Great *Alexander*, that big ft Word of Fame,
 That fills her Throat, and almost rends the same,
 Whose Valour found the World too strait a Stage
 For his wide Victories, and boundless Rage,
 Got not Repute by War alone, but Thee,
 He knew he ne'er could conquer by Sobriety,
 And Drank, as well as fought, for Universal-Monarchy.

IV.

Pox o' that lazy *Claret*! how it stays?
 Were it again to pass the Seas;
 'Twould sooner be in Cargo here,
 'Tis now a long *East-India* Voyage, half a Year.
 'Sdeath! here's a Minute lost, an Age, I mean,
 Slipt by, and ne'er to be retriev'd again.
 For Pity suffer not the precious Juice to Die,
 Let us prevent our own, and its Mortality:
 Like it, our Life with Standing and Sobriety is pall'd,
 And like it too, when dead, can never be recall'd.
 Push on the Glass, let it measure out each Hour,
 For ev'ry Sand an Health let's pour:
 Swift as the rousing Orbs above,
 And let it too as regularly move:

Swift as Heav'ns drunken Red-fac'd-Traveller, the Sun,
And never rest till his last Race be done,
Till Time it self be all run out, and We,
Have drunk our selves into Eternity.

V.

Six in a Hand begin! we'll drink it Twice apiece,
A Health to all that love, and honour Vice.
Six more, as oft, to the great Founder of the Vine.
(A God he was, I'm sure, or should have been)
The second Father of Mankind I meant,
He, when the angry Powr's a Deluge sent,
When for their Crimes our sinful Race was drown'd,
The only bold, and vent'rous Man was found,
Who durst be drunk agen, and with new Vice the World
replant.

The mighty Patriarch 'twas, of blessed Memory,
Who 'scap'd in the great Wreck of all Mortality,
And stock'd the Globe afresh with a brave drinking
Progeny.

In vain, would spiteful Nature us reclaim,
Who to small Drink our *Isle* thought fit to damn,

And

And let us out o'th' reach of Wine,
 In hope strait Bounds could our vast Thirst confine,
 He taught us first, with Ships, the Seas to roam,
 Taught us, from Foreign Lands, to fetch Supply.
 Rare Art! that makes all the wide World our Home,
 Makes ev'ry Realm pay Tribute to our Luxury.

VI.

Adieu, poor tott'ring Reason! tumble down!
 This Glas shall all thy proud, usurping Pow'rs drown,
 And Wit, on thy cast Ruins, shall erect a Throne:
 Adieu, thou fond Disturber of our Life!
 That check'st our Joys, with all our Pleasure art at Strife:
 I've something brisker now to govern Me,
 A more exalted, noble Faculty,
 Above thy Logick, and vain-boasted Pedantry,
 Inform Me, if you can, ye trading Sots, what 'tis,
 That guides th'unerring Deities:
 They no base Reason to their Actions bring,
 But move by some more high, more Heav'nly thing,
 And are without Deliberation wise:
 Ev'n such as this, at least, 'tis much the same,
 For which dull Schoolmen never yet could find a Name,

Call ye this Madness? damn that sober Fool,
(Twas sure some dull Philosopher, some Reas'ning Tool)
Who the reproachful Term did first devise,
And brought a Scandal on the best of Vice.
Go, ask me, what's the Rage young Prophets feel,
When they with holy Frenzy reel:
Drunk with the Spirits of infus'd Divinity,
They rave, and stagger, and are mad, like Me.

VII.

Oh, what an Ebb of Drink have We?
Bring, bring a Deluge, fill us up the Sea.
Let the vast Ocean be our mighty Cup;
We'll drink't, and all its Fishes too, like Loaches, up.
Bid the *Canary*-Fleet land here: we'll pay
The Freight, and Custom too defray:
Set ev'ry Man a Ship, and when the Store
Is empty'd; let them strait dispatch, and Sail for more:
'Tis gone: and now have-at the *Rhine*,
With all its petty Rivulets of Wine:
Th' *Empire's* Forces with the *Spanish* we'll combine,
We'll make their Drink too in Confederacy join.

Were

190 A DITHYRAMBICK, &c.

Were *France* the next: this round *Bordeau* shall swallow,
Champaign, *Langon*, and *Burgundy* shall follow.

Quick, let's forestal *Lorrain*;

We'll starve his Army, all their Quarters drain,
And, without Treaty, put an End to the Campaign.
Go, set the Universe o' Tilt, turn the Globe up,

Squeeze out the last, the slow unwilling Drop:
A Pox of empty Nature! since the World's drawn Dry,

'Tis time we quit Mortality,

'Tis time we now give out, and Die,

Left we are plagu'd with Dulness and Sobriety.

Beset with Link-boys, we'll in Triumph go,

A Troop of stagg'ring Ghosts, down to the Shades below:

Drunk we'll march off, and reel into the Tomb,

Nature's convenient, dark, Retiring-Room:

And there, from Noise remov'd, and all tumultuous Strife,

Sleep out the dull Fatigue, and long Debauch of Life.

Tries to go off, but tumbles down, and falls asleep, upon the Stage.

F I N I S.

REMAINS

OF

Mr. *JOHN OLDHAM.*

IN

VERSE and PROSE.

Re-printed in the Year M.DCC.XXII.

REMAINS

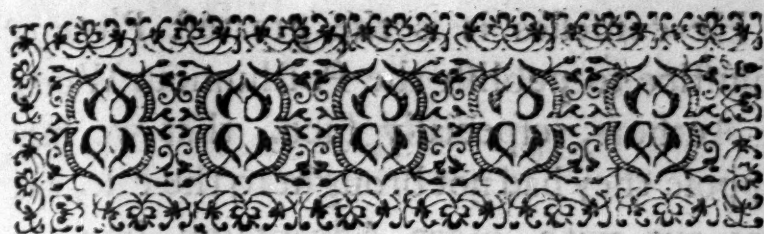
OF

MR. JOHN OLDHAM

IN

VERSE AND PROSE

Re-printed in the Year M.DCC.LXXV.



ADVERTISEMENT*.

 HE Author of these following Poems being Dead, the Publisher thought fit to acquaint the World, that the Reason why he expos'd them now in Print, was not so much for his own Interest, (tho' a Bookseller that disclaims Interest for a Pretence, will no more be Believed now-a-days, than a thorough pac'd Fanatick, that pretends he makes a Journey to *New England* purely for Conscience-fake) but for securing the Reputation of Mr. *Oldham*; which might otherwise have suffered from worse Hands, and out of a Desire he has to print the last Remains of his Friend since he had the good Fortune to publish his first Pieces.

* From Mr. *Hindmarsh* his Bookseller, *Ann.* 1683.

ADVERTISEMENT.

He confesses it is the greatest Piece of Injustice to publish the Posthumous Works of Authors, especially such, that we may suppose they had not brought to the File, and sent out with more Advantages into the World, had they not been prevented by untimely Death; and therefore assures you he had never presumed to print the following Miscellanies, had they not already been countenanced by Men of unquestionable Repute and Esteem.

He is not of the same Persuasion with several others of his own Profession, that never care how much they lessen the Reputation of the Poet, if they can but inhance the Value of the Book; that ransack the Studies of the Deceased, and print all that passed under the Author's Hand, from Fifteen to Forty, and upwards: And (as the incomparable Mr. Cowley has expressed it) *Think a rude Heap of ill-placed Stones, a better Monument, than a neat Tomb of Marble.*

VER.



V E R S E S

On the DEATH of

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

By several Hands.

A Pindaric Pastoral ODE.

I



Undoubtedly 'tis thy peculiar Fate,

Ah, miserable *Astragon*!

Thou art condemn'd alone

To bear the Burthen of a wretched Life,

Still in this howling Wilderness to roam,

While all thy Bosom-friends unkindly go,

And leave Thee to lament them here below.

Thy dear *Alexis* would not stay,

Joy of thy Life, and Pleasure of thine Eyes,

Dear *Alexis* went away,

With an invincible Surprize;

Th' Angelic-Youth early dislik'd this State,
 And chearfully submitted to his Fate,
 Never did Soul of a Celestial Birth

Inform a purer piece of Earth.

O that 'twere not in vain
 To wish, what's past might be retriev'd again!
 Thy Dotage, thy *Alexis*, then
 Had answer'd all thy Vows and Pray'rs,
 And Crown'd, with pregnant Joys, thy Silver Hair,
 Lov'd to this Day among the living Sons of Men.

II.

And Thou, my Friend, hast left me too,
Menalcas! poor *Menalcas!* even Thou,
 Of whom so loudly Fame has spoke
 In the Records of her Immortal Book;
 Whose disregarded Worth Ages to come
 Shall wail with Indignation o'er thy Tomb.
 Worthy wert Thou to live, as long as Vice
 Should need a Satire, that the frantick Age
 Might tremble at the Lash of thy Poetick-Rage.
 Th' untutor'd World in after-Times
 May live unceasur'd for their Crimes,

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 197

Freed from the Dreads of thy Reforming-Pen;

Turn'd to old *Chaos* once again.

Of all th' instructive Bards, whose more than *Theban* Lyre,

Could savage Souls, with manly Thoughts, inspire,

Menalcas worthy was to live,

Say You, his Fellow-Shepherds, that survive,

Tell me, you mournful Swains,

Has my ador'd *Menalcas* left behind,

In all these pensive Plains,

A gentler Shepherd with a braver Mind?

Which of you all did more Majestick Show,

Or wore the Garland on a sweeter Brow?

III.

But wayward *Astragon* resolves no more

The Loss of his *Menalcas* to deplore:

He's altogether blest;

Where no Clouds overwhelm his Breast,

No Midnight-Cares can break his Rest;

For all is Everlasting, chearful Dawn.

The Poet's Bliss, there shall he long possess,

Perfect Ease, and soft Recess;

The treach'rous World no more shall him deceive,
Of Hope, and Fortune, he has taken Leave:

And now, in mighty Triumph, does he Reign,

(His Head adorn'd with Beams of Light)

O'er the unthinking Rabble's Spite,

And the dull wealthy Fool's Disdain.

Thrice happy He, that dies the Muse's Friend,

He needs no Obelisk, no Pyramid

His sacred Dust to hide,

He needs not for his Mem'ry to provide;

For he might well foresee his Praise can never end.

THOMAS FLATMAN.





I N
 MEMORY
 OF THE
 AUTHOR.



Ake this short-summon'd, loose, unfinisht Verse
 Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Herse
 From my sick Thoughts, Thou canst no better
 crave,

Who scarce drag Life, and envy Thee thy Grave.

Me *Phœbus* always faintly did inspire,

And gave my narrow Breast more scanty Fire.

My *Hybla*-Muse through humble Meads sought Spoil,

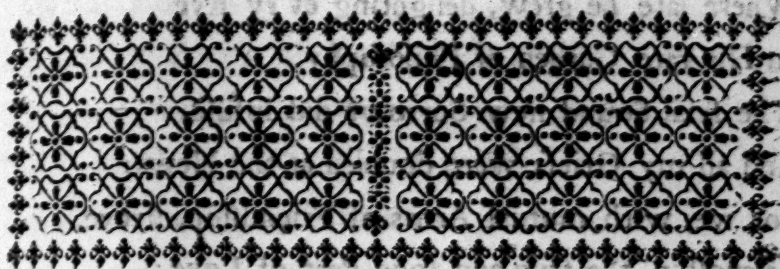
Collecting little Sweets with mighty Toil;

Yet when some Friend's just Fame did Theme afford,
 Her Voice amongst the tow'ring Swans was heard,
 In vain for such Attendants now I call,
 My Ink o'erflows with Spleen, my Blood with Gall;
 Yet, sweet *Alexis*, my Esteem of Thee
 Was equal to thy Worth, and Love for me.
 Death is thy Gain, —that Thought affects me most,
 I care not what th' ill-natur'd World has lost;
 For Wit with Thee expir'd: How shall I grieve,
 Who grudge th' ungrateful Age what Thou didst leave?
 The Tribute of their Verse let others send,
 And mourn the Poet gone, I mourn the Friend.
 Enjoy thy Fate —thy Predecessors come,
Cowley, and *Butler*, to conduct Thee home.
 Who would not (*Butler* cries) like me engage
 New Worlds of Wit to serve a grateful Age?
 For such Rewards what Task will Authors shun?
 I pray, Sir, is my *Monument* begun?

Enjoy thy Fate, thy Voice in Anthems raise;
 So well Tun'd here on Earth, to our *Apollo's* Praise:
 Let me Retire, while some sublimer Pen
 Performs for Thee, what Thou hast done for *Homer*,
 and for *Ben*.

N. TATE.

ON



On the following

R E M A I N S

OF

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.

*And the DEATH of his good Friend, the
ingenious AUTHOR.*



Obscure, and cloudy, did the Day appear,
As Heav'n design'd to blot it from the Year;
The Elements all seem'd to disagree,
At least, I'm sure, they were at Strife in me:
Possess'd with Spleen, which Melancholy bred,
When Rumour told me that my Friend was Dead,
That *Oldham*, —— honour'd for his early Worth,
Was cropt, like a sweet Blossom, from the Earth,

I s

Where

Where late he grew, delighting ev'ry Eye
In His rare Garden of Philosophy.

The fatal Sound new Sorrows did infuse,
And all my Griefs were doubled at the News:
For we, with mutual Arms of Friendship, strove,
Friendship, the true and solid Part of Love;
And He so many Graces had in Store,
That Fame, or Beauty, could not bind me more.
His Wit, in his Immortal-Verse, appears,
Many, his Virtues were, tho' Few his Years;
Which were so spent, as if by Heav'n contriv'd,
To lash the Vices of the longer-liv'd.
None was more skilful, none, more learn'd than He,
A Poet, in its sacred Quality.

Inspir'd above, and could command each Passion,
Had all the Wit, without the Affectation.

A Calm of Nature still possess his Soul,
No canker'd Envy did his Breast controul:
Modest as Virgins, that have never known
The jilting Breeding of the nauseous Town;
And easy as his Numbers, that sublime
His lofty Strains, and beautify his Rhime.
Till Ignominious Times inspir'd his Pen,
And rous'd the drowsy Satyr from his Den;

Then

Then flutt'ring Fops were his Aversion still,
 And felt the Pow'r of his Satirick Quill.
 The Spark, whose Noise proclaims his empty Pate,
 That struts along the Mall with antick Gate;
 And all the *Phyllis*, and the *Chloris* Fools
 Were damn'd by his invective Muse in Shoals.
 Who, on the Age, look'd with Impartial Eyes,
 And aim'd not at the Person, but the Vice.
 To all true Wit He was a constant Friend,
 And, as He well could judge, could well commend.
 The mighty *Homer*, He, with Care, perus'd,
 And, that great *Genius* to the World infus'd;
 Immortal *Virgil*, and *Lucretius* too,
 And all the Seeds o'th' Soul his Reason knew:
 Like *Ovid*, could the Ladies-Hearts assail,
 With *Horace* sing, and lash with *Juvenal*.
 Unskill'd in nought that did with Learning dwell,
 But Proud to know He understood it well.
 Adieu, thou modest Type of perfect Man;
 Ah, had not Thy Perfections that began
 In Life's bright Morning, been eclips'd so soon,
 We all had bask'd, and wanton'd in thy Noon;
 But Fate grew envious of thy growing Fame,
 And knowing Heav'n, from whence thy *Genius* came,

Assign'd Thee by Immutable-Decree
 A glorious Crown of Immortality.
 Snatch'd Thee from all thy mourning Friends below;
 Just as the Bays were planting on thy Brow.

Thus, worldly Merit, has this World's Regard;
 But Poets, in the next, have their Reward;
 And Heav'n, in *Oldham's* Fortune, seem'd to show,
 No Recompence was good enough Below:
 So, to prevent the World's ungrateful Crimes,
 Enrich'd his Mind, and bid him Die betimes.

T. DURFEY.





ON THE
DEATH
OF

Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.



Ark! is it only my Prophetick Fear,
Or some Death's sad Alarum that I hear.
By all my Doubts, 'tis *Oldham's* fatal Knell;

It rings aloud, Eternally farewell:

Farewel, thou mighty *Genius* of our Isle,

Whose forward Parts made all our Nation smile,

In whom both Wit, and Knowledge, did conspire,

And Nature gaz'd as if she did Admire

How such few Years such Learning could acquire:

Nay seem'd concern'd that we should hardly find

So sharp a Pen, and so serene a Mind.

Oh then lament! let each distracted Breast

With universal Sorrow be possess'd.

Mourn

Mourn, mourn, ye Muses, and your Songs give o'er,
For now your lov'd *Adonis* is no more.

He, whom ye Tutor'd from his Infant-Years,
Cold, pale, and ghastly as the Grave appears:
He, whom ye Bath'd in your lov'd murm'ring Stream,
Your Daily-Pleasure, and your Nightly-Theme,
Is now no more; the Youth, the Youth is dead;
The mighty Soul of Poetry is fled;
Fled, e'er His Werth, or Merit, was half known;
No sooner seen, but in a Moment gone:

Like to some tender Plant, which rear'd with Care,
At length becomes most fragrant, and most fair;
Long does it thrive, and long its Pride maintain,
Esteem'd secure from Thunder, Storm, or Rain;
Then comes a Blast, and all the Work is vain.

But Oh! my Friend, must we no more rehearse
Thy equal Numbers in Thy pleasing Verse?
In Love, how soft, in Satire how severe?
In Passion moving, and in Rage austere:
Virgil in Judgment, *Ovid* in Delight,
An easy Thought, with a *Maonian* Flight;
Horace in Sweetness, *Juvenal* in Rage,
And even *Byblis* must each Heart engage!
Just in his Praises, and what most desire,
Would flatter none for Greatness, Love, or Hire;
Humble,

Humble, tho' Courted, and what's rare to see,
 Of wond'rous Worth, yet wond'rous Modesty.
 So far from Ostentation did He seem,
 That He was meanest, in his own Esteem.

Alas, young Man, why wert Thou made to be
 At once our Glory, and our Misery?

Our Misery, in losing Thee, is more
 Than could thy Life our Glory be before:

For should a Soul, Celestial Joys possess,
 And straight be banish'd from that Happiness,
 Oh, where would be its Pleasure? where its Gain?

The Bliss once tasted, but augments the Pain:

Thus having once so great a Prize in Thee,
 How much the heavier must our Sorrows be?

For if such Flights were in thy younger Days,
 What if Thou'adst liv'd, O what had been thy Praise?
 Eternal Wreaths of never-dying Bays:

But those are due already to thy Name,
 Which stands enroll'd in the Records of Fame:

And tho' thy great Remains to Ashes turn,
 With lasting Praises we'll supply thy Urn,
 Which, like Sepulchral-Lamps, shall ever burn.

But hold! methinks, great Shade, I see Thee rove
 Through the smooth Paths of Plenty, Peace, and Love;

Where *Ben* salutes Thee first, o'erjoy'd to see:
 The Youth that sung his Fame, and Memory:
 Great *Spenser* next, with all the learned Train,
 Do greet Thee in a Panegyrick Strain:
Adonis — is the Joy of all the Plain.

THO. ANDREWS.



DAMON,



D A M O N,
A N
E C L O G U E

On the untimely DEATH of Mr. OLDHAM.

CORYDON. ALEXIS.



Eneath a dismal Yew the Shepherds sate,

And talk'd of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's*
Fate.

Their mutual Lamentations gave them Ease

For sometimes Melancholy itself does please:

Like *Philomels*, abandon'd to Distress,

Yet ev'n their Griefs in Musick they express.

C, I'll sing no more since Verses want a Charm,

The Muses could not their own *Damon* arm:

At

At least I'll touch this useless Pipe no more,
Unless, like *Orpheus*, I could Shades restore.

A. Rather, like *Orpheus*, celebrate your Friend,
And, with your Musick, Hell itself suspend:

Tax *Proserpine* of Cruelty, and Hate,
And sing of *Damon's* Muse, and *Damon's* Fate.

C. When *Damon* sung, he sung with such a Grace,
Lord, how the very *London-Brutes* did gaze!
Sharp was his Satire, nor allay'd with Gall:
'Twas Rage, 'twas gen'rous Indignation all.

A. Oh! had He liv'd, and to Perfection grown,
Not like *Marcellus*, only to be shown;
He would have charm'd their Sense a nobler Way,
Taught Virgins how to sigh, and Priests to pray.

C. Let Priests and Virgins then to Him address,
And, in their Songs, their Gratitude express,
While We, that know the Worth of easy Verse,
Secure the Laurel to adorn His *Hers*.

A. *Codrus*, you know, that sacred Badge does wear,
And 'twere injurious not to leave it there;
But since no Merit can strike Envy dumb,
Do You, with *Baccar*, guard and grace his Tomb.

C. while you (dear Swain) with unaffected Rhime,
Majestick, sad, and suited to the Time,

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 211

His Name to future Ages Consecrate,
By praising of his Muse, and mourning of his Fate.

A. Alas, I never must pretend to this,
My Pipe scarce knows a Tune but what is His:
Let future Ages then for *Damon's* Sake,
From his own Works a just *Idea* take.

Yet then, but like *Alcides* he'll be shown,
And from his meanest Part, his Size be known.

C. 'Twill be your Duty then to set it down.

A. Once, and but once, (so Heav'n and Fate ordain)

I met the gentle Youth upon the Plain,

Kindly, cries He, if You *Alexis* be,

And tho' I know You not, You must be He;

Too long already We have Strangers been,

This Day, at least, our Friendship must begin.

Let Bus'ness, that perverse Intruder, wait,

To be above it, is Poetical, and Great.

Then with *Affyrian*-Nard our Heads did shine,

While rich *Sabaean* Spice exalts the Wine;

Which to a just Degree our Spirits fir'd;

But He was by a greater God inspir'd:

Wit was the Theme, which He did well describe,

With Modesty unusual to His Tribe.

But

But as with om'nous Doubts, and aching Heart,
When Lovers, after first Enjoyment, part,
Not half content; for this was but a Taste,
And wond'ring how the Minutes flew so fast,
They vow a Friendship that shall ever last.
So We——but Oh how much am I accus'd!
To think that this Last Office is my First.





Occasioned by the

PUBLICATION

Of these

P O M E S,

And the DEATH of the ingenious AUTHOR.



Urs'd be the Day when first this Goodly Isle
Vile Books, and useles Thinking did defile.

In *Greek* and *Latin* Bogs our Time we waste,

When all is Pain, and Weariness, at best:

Mountains of Whims and Doubts we travel o'er,

While treach'rous Fancy, dances on, before:

Pleas'd with our Danger still we stumble on,

Too late repent, and are too soon undone.

Let

Let *Bodley* now in its own Ruins lie,
By th' common Hangman burnt for Hereſie.
Avoid the naſty *Learned* Duſt, 'twill breed
More Plagues than ever Jakes, or Dunghils did.
The Want of Dulneſs will the World undo,
'Tis Learning makes us Mad, and Rebels too.
Learning's a Jilt, which while we do enjoy,
Slily our Reſt, and Quiet, ſteals away;
That greedily the Blood of Youth receives,
And nought but Blindneſs and a Dotage gives.
Worſe than the Pox, or ſcolding-Woman fly
The aukward Madneſs of Philoſophy.
That *Bedlam-Befſ*, RELIGION, never more
Fantaſtick, pie-ball'd, antick Drefſes wore,
Opinion, Pride, Morofeneſs gives a Fame;
'Tis Folly chriſten'd, with a modiſh Name.
Let dull Divinity no more Delight;
It ſpoils the Man, and makes an *Hypocrite*,
The chief Profeſſors, to Preferment fly,
By Cringe and Scrape, the Baſeſt *Simony*.
The humble Clown will beſt the Goſpel teach,
And *Inſpir'd-Ign'rance* ſounder Doctrines preach.
A Way to Heav'n mere Nature well does ſhow,
Which Reasoning, and Diſputes, can never know.

Yet

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 215

Yet still, proud Tyrant *Sense*, in Pomp appears,
 And claims a Tribute of full Threescore Years.
 Sew'd in a Sack, with Darkneſs circled round,
 Each Man muſt be with *Snakes*, and *Monkies* drown'd:
 Laborious Folly, and compendious Art,
 To waſte that Life, whoſe longeſt Date's too ſhort.
 Laborious Folly, to wind up with Pain
 What Death unravels ſoon, and renders vain,
 We blindly, hurry on in Myſtick Ways,
 Nor wiſely tread the Paths of ſolid Praise.
 There's nought deſerves one precious Drop of Sweat,
 But Poetry, the nobleſt Gift of Fate,
 Which, after Death, does a more laſting Life beget.
 Not that which ſudden, frantick Heats produce,
 Where Wine, and Pride, not Heav'n, ſhall raiſe the Muſe.
 Not that ſmall Stock which does Translators make,
 That Trade, poor Bankrupt-Poetaſters take :
 But ſuch, when God his *Fiat* did expreſs,
 And pow'rful Numbers wrought an Univerſe.
 With ſuch, great *David* Tun'd his charming Lyre,
 That even *Saul*, and *Madneſs*, could admire.
 With ſuch great *Oldham* bravely did excell,
 That *David's*-Lamentation ſung ſo well,

Oldham

Oldham! the Man that could with Judgment write,
Our *Oxford's* Glory, and the World's Delight.
Sometimes, in boundless, keenest Satire bold,
Sometimes, as soft, as those Love-Tales He told.
That Vice could Praise, and Virtue too Disgrace;
The first *Excess* of Wit that e'er did please.
Scarce *Cowley* such Pindaric-Soaring knew,
Yet by his Reader still was kept in View.
His Fancy, like *Jove's* Eagle, liv'd above,
And bearing Thunder, still would upward move.
Oh noble *Kingston!* had thy lovely Guest
With a large Stock of Youth, and Life been blest;
Not all thy Greatness, or thy Virtues store
Had surer Comforts been, or pleas'd Thee more.
But Oh! the Date is short, of mighty Worth,
And Angels never tarry long on Earth.
His Soul, the bright, the pure Etherial Flame,
To those lov'd Regions flew, from whence it came.
And, Spite of what Mankind have long Believ'd,
My Creed says, only Poets can be Sav'd.
That God has only for a Number staid,
To stop the Breach, which Rebel-Angels made;
For none their Absence can so well supply;
They are all o'er Seraphick-Harmony,

*

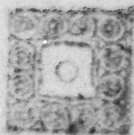
Then

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 217

Then, and God not till then, the World shall burn,
 And its base Dross, Mankind their Fortune mourn,
 While All to their old Nothing quick return.
 The peevish Critick then shall be asham'd,
 And, for his *Sins* of Vanity, be Damn'd.

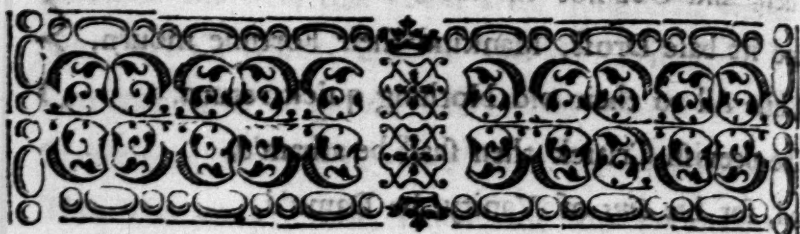
T. WOOD.

Oxon, May the 20th 1684.



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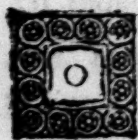
NO



ON THE
 D E A T H
 O F

Mr. O L D H A M.

A PASTORAL.



N the Remains of an old Blasted Oak,
 Unmindful of his End, *Menalcas* lean'd;
 He sought not now in Heat the Shades of Trees,

But shun'd the flowing River's pleasing Bank.

His Pipe and Hook lay scatter'd on the Grass:

Nor fed his Sheep together on the Plain,

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 219

Left to themselves they wandred out at large.
In this lamenting State Young *Corydon*
(His Friend, and Dear Companion of his Hour)
Finding *Menalcas*, asks him thus the Cause.

CORYDON.

Thee have I sought in ev'ry shady Grove,
By purling Streams, and in each private Place,
Where we have us'd to sit, and talk of Love.
Why do I find Thee leaning on an Oak,
By Lightning blasted, and by Thunder rent?
What cursed Chance has turn'd thy chearful Mind,
And why wilt Thou have Woes unknown to me?
But I would Comfort, and not Chide my Friend:
Tell me thy Grief, and let me bear a Part.

MENALCAS.

Young *Astrophel* is Dead, Dear *Astrophel*,
He that could Tune so well his charming Pipe:
To hear whose Lays Nymphs left their Crystal Spring,
The Fawns, and Dryades, forsook the Woods,

And hearing, All were ravish'd: Swiftest Streams
 With-held their Course, to hear the Heav'nly Sound,
 And murmur'd, when, by following Waves prest on,
 The following Waves forcing their Way to hear.
 Oft the Fierce Wolf pursuing of the Lamb,
 Hungry, and wildly, certain of his Prey,
 Left the Pursuit, rather than lose the Sound,
 Of his alluring Pipe: The Harmless Lamb
 Forgot his Nature, and forsook his Fear,
 Stood by the Wolf, and listned to the Sound.
 He could command a gen'ral Peace, and Nature would
 obey.

This Youth, this Youth is Dead, the same Disease
 That carry'd sweet *Orinda* * from the World,
 Seiz'd upon *Astrophel* ! Oh let these Tears
 Be offer'd to the Mem'ry of my Friend.
 And let my Speech give Way a while to Sighs.

CORYDON.

Weep on, *Menalcas*, for his Fate requires
 The Tears of all Mankind: Gen'ral the Loss,
 And General the Grief, except by Fame
 I knew him not, but surely this is He,

* Mrs. Katherine Philips.

Who

DEATH of Mr. Oldham. 221

Who Sung learn'd * *Colin's*, or great * *Ægon's* Praise?
Dead, e'er he liv'd, yet have new Life from Him.
Did He not mourn lamented † *Bion's* Death,
In Verse, equal to what great *Bion* wrote?

MENALCAS.

Yes, this was He (oh that I say He was)
He that could sing the Shepherd's Deeds so well,
Whether to Praise the Good He turn'd his Pen,
Or Lasht th' egregious Folly of the Bad,
In both He did excel. _____
His happy Genius bid Him take the Pen,
And dictated more fast than he could write;
Sometimes becoming-Negligence adorn'd
His Verse, and Nature shew'd they were her own;
Yet Art He us'd, where Art could useful be,
But sweated not to be correctly dull.

CORYDON.

Had Fate allow'd his Life a longer Thread,
Adding Experience to that wond'rous Fraught
Of Youthful Vigor, how would He have wro:

* *Spenser and Ben Johnson,*

† *The Earl of Rochester.*

MENALCAS.

We wish for Life, not thinking of its Cares,
 I mourn his Death, the Loss of such a Friend;
 But for Himself, He dy'd in the best Hour,
 And carry'd with him ev'ry Man's Applause,
 Youth meets not with Detraction's blotting Hand,
 Nor suffers aught from Envy's canker'd Mind.
 Had He known Age, He would have seen the World
 Put on its ugliest, but its truest Face:
 Malice had watch'd the Droppings of his Pen;
 And ign'rant Youths, who would for Criticks pass,
 Had thrown their scornful Jest upon his Vein,
 And censur'd what they did not understand,
 Such was not my Dear *Astrophel*: He's Dead,
 And I shall quickly follow Him. What's Death,
 But an eternal Sleep without a Dream;
 Wrapt in a lasting Darkness, and exempt
 From Hope and Fear, and ev'ry idle passion?

CORYDON.

See, thy Complaints have mov'd the pitying Skies,
 They mourn the Death of *Astrophel* in Tears.

Thy

Thy Sheep return'd from straying, round Thee gaze,
And wonder at thy Mourning: Drive them Home,
And tempt thy troubled Mind with easing-Sleep,
To Morrow's chearful Light may give Thee Comfort.

THE

MEMOIR

OF

MR. JOHN OLDHAM.



Were not so charming, not so sweet as mine,
The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
And made as once all famous Towns thy own,
Yet not before thy Virtue had Wonders shown,
Cross from the State, by Virtue on
Then, in the Noon of Youth, I reach'd away,
And ere to time a day,
The Flow'rs of Youth, I reach'd away,
This is the end of my story.



T O T H E
M E M O R Y
O F
Mr. JOHN OLDHAM.



U T that 'tis dangerous for Man to be
Too busy with immutable Decree,
I could, dear Friend, have blam'd thy cruel
Fate,

That let such Sweetness have so short a Date!
The Flow'rs, with which the *Meads* are dress'd so gay,
And are to fade so quickly—live a Day;
Thou, in the Noon of Life, wert snatch'd away!
Cropt from the Stalk with all thy Verdure on!
Yet not before thy Verse had Wonders shown,
And made at once all future Times thy own.

The Company of Beauty, Wealth, and Wine,
Were not so charming, not so sweet as thine;

They

They quickly perish'd; yours was still the same,
 A Lambent, but an Everlasting Flame;
 Which something so resistless did impart,
 It never pass'd the Ear, but reach'd the Heart;
 Unlike the Wretch that strives to get Esteem,
 And thinks it fine, and jaunty, to Blaspheme,
 Nor, can be Witty but when God's the Theme:
 Mistaken Men, (but such Thou didst despise)
 That must be Wicked to be counted Wise.
 Thy Converse from this reigning Vice was free;
 And yet, 'twas, truly, all that Wit cou'd be:
 None had it, but, ev'n with a Tear, does own,
 The Soul of dear Society is gone.

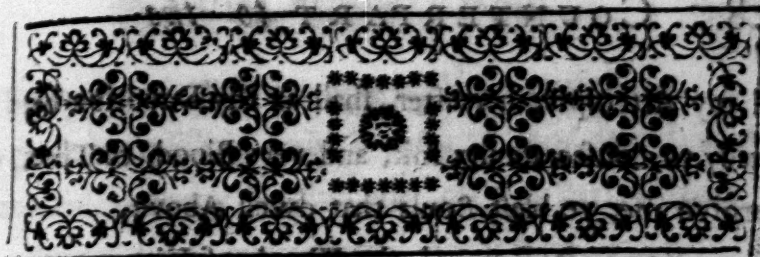
But while we thus thy Native-Sweetness sing,
 We ought not to forget thy Native-Sting.
 Thy Satire spar'd no Grievances, or Crimes,
 Satire! the best Reformer of the Times:
 While different Sects eternally contest,
 And each will have his own Persuasion best,
 Then consequentially Damns all the rest,
 Their Love to Gain, not Godliness, is shown;
 Heav'n's Work is left undone to do their own;

How vain are Those that wou'd obscure thy Fame
 By giving out, thy Verse was rough and lame?

They would have Satire their Compassion move,
 And writ so pliant, nicely, soft, and smooth,
 As if the Muse were in a Flux of Love.
 But who, of Beaus and Knaves, and Fools, would Sing,
 Must Force, and Fire, and Indignation bring;
 For 'tis no Satire, if it has no Sting;
 In short, who, in that Field, would Famous be
 Must think, and write, like *Juvenal*, and Thee.

Let others boast of all the Mighty-Nine,
 To make their Labours with more Lustre shine;
 I had my *Oldham*, not a Muse but Thee;
 Ev'n Thou wert all the Mighty-Nine to me!
 'Twas thy dear Friendship did my Breast inspire,
 And warm'd it first with a Poetick Fire;
 But 'tis a Warmth that does with Thee expire:
 For when the Sun is Set,— that guides the Day,
 The Traveller must stop, or lose his Way.

ROBERT GOULD.



Mr. OLDHAM's Remains.

COUNTERPART

TO THE

SATIRE against VERTUE*.

In Person of the Author.

I.



Pardon Me, Virtue, whatsoe'er thou art
 (For sure Thou of the God-head art a part,
 And all that is of Him must be
 The very Deity)

Pardon, if I in aught did Thee blasphemie,
 Or injure thy pure Sacred Name:
 Accept unfeign'd Repentance, Pray'rs, and Vows,
 The best Atonement of my penitent humble Muse,
 The best that Heav'n requires, or Mankind can produce;

* See Volume the First, Pag. 79.

All my Attempts, hereafter, shall at thy Devotion be.
 Ready to consecrate my Ink, and very Blood, to Thee.
 Forgive me, ye blest Souls that dwell Above,
 Where You by its Reward, the Worth of Virtue prove.
 Forgive (if you can do't) who know no Passion now but
 Love.

And you unhappy, happy Few,
 Who strive with Life, and Human Miseries below,
 Forgive Me, too,
 If I, in aught, disparag'd them, or else discourag'd You.

II.

Blest Virtue! whose Almighty Pow'r
 Does to our Fallen-Race restore
 All that in Paradise we lost, and more:
 Lifts us to Heav'n, and makes us be
 The Heirs and Image of the Deity.
 Soft gentle Yoke! which none but resty Fools refuse,
 Which, before Freedom, I would ever chuse.
 Easy are all the Bonds that are impos'd by Thee;
 Easy as those of Lovers are,
 (If I with aught, less pure, may Thee compare)
 Nor do they force, but only guide, our Liberty.

By

By Such soft Ties are Spir'ts above confin'd;
So gentle is the Chain, which them to Good does bind.
Sure Card, whereby this frail and tott'ring Bark we steer
Thro' Life's tempestuous Ocean here;
Thro' all the tossing Waves of Fear,
And dang'rous Rocks of black Despair.
Safe in thy Conduct, unconcern'd, we move,
Secure from all the threat'ning Storms that blow,
From all Attacks of Chance below,
And reach the certain Haven of Felicity Above.

III.

Best Mistrefs of our Souls! whose Charms and Beauties last,
And are by very Age increas'd,
By which, all other Glories are defac'd.
Thou'rt thy own Dowry, and a greater far
Than all the Race of Human Kind e'er brought,
Tho' each of them, like the first Wife, were fraught,
And half the Universe did for her Portion share.
That tawdry Sex, which giddy senseless We
Thro' Ignorance so vainly Deify,
Are all but glorious Brutes, when un-endow'd with Thee.

'Tis

'Tis Vice alone, the truer Jilt, and worse,
 In whose Enjoyment, tho' we find
 A fitting Pleasure, yet it leaves behind
 A Pain, and Torture, in the Mind,
 And claps the wounded Conscience with incurable Remorse,
 Or else betrays us to the great Trepan of Human Kind.

IV.

'Tis Vice, the greater Thralldom, harder Drudgery,
 Whereby deposing Reason from its gentle Sway,
 (That Rightful-Sov'reign which we should obey)
 We undergo a various Tyranny,
 And to un-number'd, servile Passions Homage pay.
 These, with *Aegyptian* Rigor, us enslave,
 And govern with unlimited Command;
 They make us endless Toil pursue,
 And still their doubled Tasks renew,
 To push on our too hasty Fate, and build our Grave,
 Or, which is worse, to keep us from the promis'd Land.
 Nor may we think our Freedom to retrieve,
 We struggle with our heavy Yoke in vain:
 In vain we strive to break that Chain,

Unless a Miracle relieve;
 Unless th' Almighty-Wand Enlargement give,
 We never must expect Delivery,
 Till Death, th' universal Writ-of-Ease, does set us free.
 Some fordid Avarice in Vassalage confines,
 Like *Roman* Slaves condemn'd to th' Mines,
 These are in its harsh Bridewel lash'd, and punished,
 And, with hard Labour, scarce can earn their Bread.
 Others, Ambition, that imperious Dame,
 Exposes cruelly, like Gladiators, here
 Upon the World's great Theatre.
 Thro' Dangers, and thro' Blood, they wade to Fame,
 To purchase grinning Honour, and an empty Name,
 And some by Tyrant Lust are Captive led,
 And with false Hopes of Pleasure fed,
 Till tir'd with Slav'ry to their own Desires,
 Life's o'ercharg'd Lamp goes out, and in a Snuff expires.

VL

Consider we the little Arts of Vice,

The Stratagems and Artifice

Whereby she does attract her Votaries :

All those Allurements, and those Charms,

Which pimp Transgressors to her Arms,

Are but foul Paint, and counterfeit Disguise,

To palliate her own conceal'd Deformities,

And for false empty Joys betray us to true solid Harms.

In vain she would her Dowry boast,

Which clog'd with Legacies we never gain,

But with unvaluable Cost :

Which got, we never can retain :

But must the greatest Part be lost,

To the great Bubbles, Age, or Chance, again.

'Tis vastly over-balanc'd by the Jointure which we make,

In which our Lives, our Souls, our All is set at Stake.

Like silly *Indians*, foolish We

With a known Cheat, a losing Traffick hold.

Whilst led by an ill-judging Eye,

W' admire a trifling Pageantry,

And

And merchandize our Jewels, and our Gold,
 For worthless Glass, and Beads, or an *Exchange's* Frippery.
 If we a while maintain th' expensive Trade,
 Such mighty Impost on the Cargo's laid,
 Such a vast Custom to be paid,
 We're forc'd at last, like wretched Bankrupts, to give out,
 Clapt up by Death, and in Eternal Durance shut.

VII.

What art Thou, Fame, for which so eagerly we strive?
 What art Thou, but an empty Shade
 By the Reflection of our Actions made?
 Thou, unlike others, never follow'st us alive;
 But, like a Ghost, walk'st, only, after we are Dead.
 Posthumous Toy! vain after-Legacy!
 Which only ours can be,
 When we our selves, no more are we!
 Fickle as vain! who durst on Vulgar Breath depend,
 Which We by dear Experience find
 More changeable, more veering than th' unconstant Wind.
 What art Thou, Gold, that cheat'st the Miser's Eyes;
 Which he does so devoutly idolize;
 For whom he all his Rest, and Ease does sacrifice?

'Tis

'Tis Use alone can all thy Value give,
 And he, from that, no Benefit can e'er receive,
 Curst Mineral! near neighb'ring Hell begot,
 Which all th' Infection of thy damned Neighbourhood
 hast brought.

Thou Bawd to Murthers, Rapes, and Treachery,
 And ev'ry greater Name of Villany: }
 From Thee they all derive their Stock, and Pedigree. }
 Thou the lewd World with all its crying Crimes dost store
 And hardly wilt allow the Deyil the Cause of more.
 And what is Pleasure, which does most beguile?
 That Syren, which betrays us with a flatt'ring Smile?
 We listen to the treach'rous Harmony,
 Which sings but our own Obsequy.
 The Danger unperceiv'd, till Death draws nigh;
 Till, Drowning, we want Pow'r to 'scape the fatal Enemy.

VIII.

How frantick is the wanton Epicure!
 Who a perpetual Surfeit will endure?
 Who places all his chiefest Happiness
 In the Extravagancies of Excess,

Which

Which wise Sobriety esteems but a Disease;
 O mighty envy'd Happiness to eat!
 Which fond mistaken Sots call great!
 Poor Frailty of our Flesh! which we each Day
 Must thus repair for Fear of ruinous Decay!
 Degrading of our Nature, where vile Brutes are fain
 To make, and keep up Man!
 Which, when the Paradise Above we gain,
 Heav'n thinks too great an Imperfection to retain!
 By each Disease the sickly Joy's destroy'd;
 At ev'ry Meal it's nauseous and is cloy'd,
 Empty at best, as when in Dream enjoy'd;
 When, cheated by a slumbering Imposture, We
 Fancy a Feast, and great *Regalio's* by;
 And think we taste, and think we see,
 And riot on imaginary Luxury.

IX.

Grant Me, O Virtue, thy more solid, lasting Joy;
 Grant Me the better Pleasures of the Mind,
 Pleasures, which only in Pursuit of Thee we find,
 Which Fortune cannot marr, nor Chance destroy.

One Moment in thy blest Enjoyment, is
 Worth an Eternity of that tumultuous Bliss,
 Which We derive from Sense,
 Which often cloy, and must resign to Impotence.
 Grant me but this, how will I triumph in my happy
 State;
 Above the Changes and Reverse of Fate;
 Above her Favours, and her Hate?
 I'll scorn the worthless Treasures of Peru,
 And those of t' other Indies too.
 I'll pity *Cæsar's* self, with all his Trophies and his Fame,
 And the vile brutish Herd of Epicures contemn,
 And all the Under-sheriff'alties of Life not worth a Name.
 Nor will I only owe my Bliss,
 Like others, to a Multitude,
 Where Company keeps up a forced Happiness,
 Should all Mankind surcease to live,
 And none, but individual I, survive,
 Alone, I would be Happy, and enjoy my Solitude.
 Thus shall my Life in pleasant Minutes wear,
 Calm, as the Minutes of the Ev'ning are,
 And gentle, as the Motions of the upper Air:
 Soft as my Muse, and unconfin'd as she,
 When flowing in the Numbers of *Pindarick* Liberty,

And when I see pale ghastly Death appear,
That grand inevitable Test which All must bear,
Which best distinguishes the Blest, and Wretched here;
I'll smile at all his Horrors, court my welcome Destiny,
And yield my willing Soul up in an easy Sigh;
And Epicures that see, shall envy, and confess,
That I, and Those who dare like Me be Good, the chiefest
Good possess.



VIRGIL



VIRGIL

ECLOGUE VIII.

The INCHANTMENT.

The *Poet*, *Damon*, and *Alpheus*, Speakers.



Damon and *Alpheus*, the Two Shepherds Strains,
I mean to tell, and how they charm'd the Plains.
I'll tell their charming Numbers, which the Herd

Unmindful of their Grass, in Throngs admir'd:

At which fierce Savages astonish'd stood,

And ev'ry River stopt its list'ning Flood.

For You, Great Sir, whether with Cannons Roar,
You spread your Terror to the *Holland* Shore.

Or with a gentle and a steady Hand,
 In Peace and Plenty rule our Native Land,
 Shall ever that auspicious Day appear,
 When I, your glorious Actions shall declare?
 It shall, and I throughout the World rehearse
 Their Fame, fit only for a *Spenser's* Verse.
 With You, my Muse began, with You, shall end *
 Accept my Verse, that waits on your Command:
 And deign this Ivy-Wreath a place may find
 Among the Laurels, which your Temples bind.

'Twas at the time that Night's cool Shades withdrew,
 And left the Grass all hung with Pearly Dew:
 When *Damon*, leaning on his Oaken Wand,
 Thus to his Pipe, in gentle Lays, complain'd.

Dam. Arise, thou Morning, and drive on the Day,
 While wretched I, with fruitless Words, inveigh
 Against false *Nisa*, while the Gods I call,
 With my last Breath, tho' hopeless to avail,
 Tho' They regard not my Complaints at all.

Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,

What I heard sung on the *Mænalian* Plains.

Menalus ever has its warbling Groves,
 And talking Pines, it ever hears the Loves

* King Charles II.

Of Shepherds, and the Notes of Mighty Pan,
The first that would not let the Reeds untun'd remain.

Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,

What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

Mopsus weds Nisa, Gods! What Lover e'er

Need, after this, have reason to despair?

Gryffons shall now leap Mares, and the next Age

The Deer and Hounds, in Friendship, shall engage.

Go, Mopsus, get the Torches ready soon;

Thou, happy Man, must have the Bride anon.

Go, Bridegroom, quickly, the Nut-scamble make,

The Evening-star quits Oëta for thy sake.

Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,

What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

How fitly art Thou match'd, who wast so nice!

Thou haughty Nymph, who didst all else despise!

Why slight'st so scornfully my Pipe, my Herd,

My rough-grown Eye-brows, and unshaven Beard,

And think'st no God does Mortal things regard.

Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,

What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

I saw Thee young, and in thy Beauty's Bloom,

To gather Apples with thy Mother, come,

Twas in our Hedge-rows, I was there with Pride,
To shew You to the best, and be your Guide.
Then I, just entring my twelfth Year, was found,
I then could reach the tender Boughs from Ground.

Heav'n's! when I saw, how soon was I undone!
How to my Heart did the quick Poyson run!

*Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Now I'm convinc'd what Love is; the cold North
Sare, in its craggy Mountains, brought him forth,
Or Africk's wildest Desarts gave him Birth,
Amongst the Cannibals, and Savage Race;
He never of our Kind, or Country was.

*Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Dire Love did once a Mother's Hand embrue
In Children's Blood; a cruel Mother, Thou;
Hard 'tis to say, of both, which is the worst,
The cruel Mother, or the Boy accurst:
He, a curst Boy, a cruel Mother, Thou;
The Devil a-whit to chuse between the Two.

*Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,
What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.*

Let Wolves by Nature shun the Sheep-folds now
 On the rough Oaks let Oranges now grow:
 Let the coarse *Alder* bear the *Daffadil*,
 And costly Amber from the *Thorn* distil:
 Let Owls match Swans, let *Tyrus* *Orpheus* be,
 In the woods *Orpheus*, *Arim* on the Sea:

Strike up, my Pipe, play me, in tuneful Strains,

What I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains.

Let all the World turn Sea, the Woods adieu!
 To some high Mountain's top I'll get me now,
 And thence my self into the Waters throw:
 There quench my Flames, and let the cruel She
 Accept this my last dying Will, and Legacy.

Cease now, my Pipe, cease now, those warbling Strains,

Which I heard sung on the Mænalian Plains,

This Damon's Song; relate, ye Muses, now

Alpheus Reply: All cannot all things do.

A. Bring Holy Water, sprinkle all around,

And see these Altars with soft Fillets bound:

Male-Frankincense, and juicy Vervain burn,

I'll try if I, by Magick-force, can turn

My stubborn Love: I'll try, if I can fire

His frozen Breast: Nothing but Charms are wanting here

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms;
 Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.
 Charms in her wonted Course can stop the Moon,
 And from her well-fix'd Orb can call her down.
 By Charms the mighty Circe (we are told)
 Ulysses fam'd Companions chang'd of old.
 Snakes, by the Vertue of Enchantment forc'd,
 Off, in the Meads, with their own Poison burst.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,
 Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.
 First, these three several Threads I compass round
 Thy Image, thus, in Magick Fetters bound:
 Then round these Altars thrice thy Image bears,
 Odd Numbers, to the Gods, delightful are.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,
 Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.
 Go tie me in three Knots three Ribbands now,
 And let the Ribbands be of different Hue:
 Go, Amaryllis, tie them strait, and cry,
 At the same time, They're True-love-knots, I tie.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,
 Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Look how this Clay grows harder, and look how;
 With the same Fire, this Wax doth softer grow;
 So *Daphnis*, let him with my Love do so.
 Strew Meal and Salt (for so these Rites require)
 And set the crackling Laurel-Boughs on fire:
 This naughty *Daphnis* sets my Breast on Flame,
 And I this Laurel burn in *Daphnis*, Name.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

As a poor Heifer, wearied in the Chace,
 Of seeking her lov'd Steer from place to place,
 Thro' Woods, thro' Groves, thro' Arable, and Wast,
 On some green River's Bank lies down at last:
 There Lows her Moan, despairing, and forlorn,
 And tho' belated, minds not to return:
 Let *Daphnis*,^c Case be such, and let not me
 Take any Care to give a Remedy.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

These Garments erst the faithless Traitor left,
 Dear Pledges of his Love, of which I'm 'rest:
 Beneath the Threshold these I bury now;
 In Thee, O Earth; these Pledges *Daphnis* owe.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Of *Maris* I these Herbs and Poisons had,

From *Pontus* brought, in *Pontus* Store are bred:

With these I've oft seen *Maris* Wonders do,

Turn himself Wolf, and to the Forest go:

I've often seen him Fields of Corn displace

From whence they grew, and Ghosts in Church-yards
raise.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Go, Maid, go bear the Ashes out at Door,

And them, forthwith, into the neighb'ring Current

pour,

Over thy Head, and don't look back, be sure:

I'll try, what these, on *Daphnis* will prevail,

The Gods he minds not, nor my Charms at all.

Bring Daphnis from the Town, ye Magick Charms,

Bring home lov'd Daphnis to my longing Arms.

Behold! the Ashes, while we lingering stay,

While we neglect to carry them away,

Have reach'd the Altar, and have fir'd the Wood.

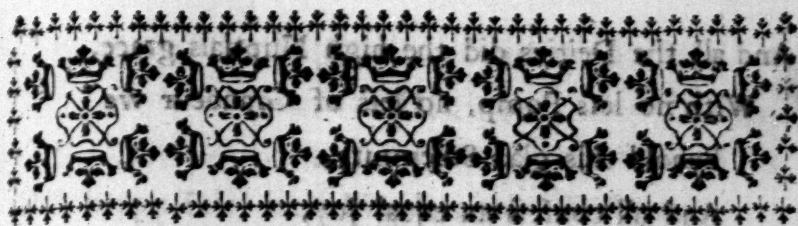
That lies upon't: Heav'n send it be for Good!

Something, I know not what's the matter; Hark!
 I hear our *Lightfoot* in the Entry bark;
 Shall I believe, or is it only Dream,
 Which Lover's Fancies are too apt to frame?

Cease now, ye Magick Charms, behold him come!

Cease needless Charms, my Daphnis is at home!





UPON THE
MARRIAGE
 OF THE
 Prince of ORANGE
 WITH THE
 Lady MARY



When, of Old, some bright and heav'nly
 Dame,
 A God of equal Majesty did Wed:
 Strait, thro' the Court Above, the Tidings spread,
 Strait, at the News, th' immortal Offspring came,

248 *Upon the MARRIAGE*

And all the Deities did the high Nuptials grace,
 With no less Pomp, no less of Grandeur we
 Behold this glad Solemnity,
 And all confess an equal Joy,
 And all expect as God-like, and as Great a Race:
 Hark, how united Shouts our Joys proclaim,
 Which rise in Gratitude to Heav'n, from whence they
 came;
 Gladsome, next those which brought our Royal Exile
 home,
 When He resum'd his long-usurped-Throne:
 Hark, how the mighty Volleys rend the Air,
 And shake, at once, the Earth, and utmost Sphere;
 Hark, how the Bell's harmonious Noise
 Bear Comfort too, with Human Joys;
 Behold, those num'rous Fires, which, up and down,
 Threaten, almost, new Conflagration to the Town.
 Well do these Emblems, mighty *Orange*, speak thy Fame,
 Whose Loudness, Musick, Brightness, all express the
 same;
 'Twas thus great *Jove* his *Semele* did Wed,
 In Thunder, and in Light'ning so approach'd her Bed.

II.

Hail, happy Pair! kind Heav'n's great Hostages!

Sure Pledges of a firm and lasting Peace!

Call't not a Match, we that low Stile disdain,

Nor will degrade it with a Term so mean;

A League it must be said,

Where Countries thus Espouse, and Nations Wed:

Our Thanks, propitious Destiny!

Never did yet thy Pow'r dispense,

A more Plenipotentiary Influence,

Nor Heav'n more sure a Treaty ratify:

To You, our great, and gracious Monarch, too.

An equal Share of Thanks is due,

Nought could this mighty Work produce, but Heav'n
and You.

Let others Boast

Of Leagues, which Wars and Slaughter cost;

This Union by no Blood cemented is,

Nor did its Harmony from Jars, and Discords rise,

Not more to your great Ancestor we owe,

By whom Two Realms into One Kingdom grow,

He join'd but what Nature had join'd before.
Lands disunited by no Parting-Shore:

By You to Foreign Countries we're Ally'd,
You make us Continent, whom Seas and Waves divide.

VIII.

How well, Brave Prince, do You, by prudent Conduct
prove

What was deny'd to mighty *Jove*,

Together to be *Wife*, and *Love*?

In this You highest Skill of Choice and Judgment shew,

'Tis here display'd, and here rewarded too:

Others move only by unbridled, guideless Heat,

But You mix Love with Policy, Passion with State:

You scorn'd the Painter's Hands your Hearts shou
tic,

Which oft (and here they must) th' Original belie.

(For how should Art that Beauty undertake,

Which Heav'n would strive in vain again to make

Taught by Religion, You did better Methods try,

And worship'd not the Image, but the Deity:

Go, envy'd Prince, your glorious BRIDE receive,

Too great for aught but mighty YORK to give

She,

She, whom if none must Wed, but Those who merit Her,
Monarchs might cease Pretence, and Gods despair:
Think You, in Her, far greater Conquests gain,
Than all the Pow'rs of France have from your Country
ta'en.
In Her fair Arms let your Ambition bounded lye,
And fancy there a Universal Monarchy!

IV.

And You, Fair Princess, who could thus subdue,
What France, with all its Forces, could not do,
Enjoy your glorious Prize,
Enjoy the Triumphs of your conqu'ring Eyes:
From Him, and th' Height of your great Mind, look down;
And with Neglect despise a Throne,
And think't as great to Merit, as to Wear a Crown:
Nassau, is all which your Desires or Thoughts can frame,
All Titles lodge within that single Name;
A Name, which Mars himself would with Ambition bear,
Prouder in That, than to be call'd the God of War:
To You, great Madam, (if your Joys admit Increase,
If Heav'n has not already set your Happiness

Above its Pow'r to raise)
 To You, the zealous, humble Muse,
 These solemn Wishes Consecrates, and Vows,
 And begs, you'll not her Offering refuse,
 Which not your Want, but her Devotion shews.

V.

May your great Consort still successful prove,
 In all his high Attempts, as in your Love;
 May He thro' all Attacks of Chance appear
 As free from Danger, as He is from Fear;
 May neither Sense of Grief, or Trouble know,
 But what, in Pity, You to others show;
 May You be Fruitful in as num'rous Store
 Of Princely Births, as She, who your great Father bore:
 May Heav'n, to your just Merits kind,
 Repeal the Ancient Curse on Womankind:
 Easy and gentle, as the Labours of the Brain,
 May yours all prove, and just so free from Pain:
 May no rude Noise of War approach your Bed,
 But Peace her downy Wings about You spread,
 Calm as the Season, when fair Halcyons breed.
 May You, and the just Owner of your Breast,
 Both, in as full Content and Happiness be blest,

As the first Sinless-Pair, of Old enjoy'd,
E'er Guilt their Innocence and That destroy'd:
Till nothing but Continuance to your Bliss can add,
And You, by Heav'n alone, be happier made:
Till future Poets, who your Lives review,
When they'd their utmost Pitch of Flatt'ry shew,
Shall pray their Patrons may become like You:
Nor know to frame a skilful Wish more Great,
Nor think a higher Blessing in the Gift of Fate.





ODE

FOR AN

*Anniversary of MUSICK on St.
CECILIA's Day,*

Set by Dr. BLOW.



I.



BEGIN the Song, your Instruments advance
Tune the Voice, and Tune the Flute,
Touch the silent, sleeping Lute,
And make the Strings to their own Measures dance.

Bring gentlest Thoughts, that into Language glide,
Bring softest Words, that into Numbers slide:

Let

An ODE on St. CECILIA'S Day. 255

Let ev'ry Hand, and ev'ry Tongue,
To make the noble Consort, throng,
Let all in one harmonious Note agree
To frame the mighty Song,
For this is Musick's sacred Jubilee.

II.

Hark, how the waken'd Strings resound,
And break the yielding Air,
The ravish'd Sense, how pleasingly they wound,
And call the list'ning Soul into the Ear;
Each Pulse beats Time, and ev'ry Heart,
With Tongue, and Fingers, bears a Part.
By Harmony's entrancing Pow'r,
When We are thus wound up to Extasy;
Methinks We mount, methinks We tow'r,
And seem to antedate our future Bliss on High.

III.

How dull were Life, how hardly worth our Care,
But for the Charms that Musick lends!

How

256 *An ODE on St. CECILIA'S Day.*

How faint its Pleasures would appear,
But for the Pleasure which our Art attends!
Without the Sweets of Melody,
To tune our vital Breath,
Who would not give it up to Death,
And in the silent Grave contented lie?

IV.

Musick's the Cordial of a troubled Breast,
The softest Remedy that Grief can find;
The gentle Spell, that charms our Care to Rest,
And calms the ruffled Passions of the Mind.
Musick does all our Joys refine,
It gives the Relish to our Wine,
'Tis 'That gives Rapture to our Love,
And Wings Devotion to a Pitch Divine:
'Tis our chief Bliss on Earth, and half our Heav'n Above.

CHORUS.

Come then, with tuneful Throat and String,
The Praises of our Art let's sing;

Let's

An ODE on St. CECILIA's Day. 257

Let's sing to Blest CECILIA's Fame,

That grac'd this Art, and gave this Day it's Name;

With Musick, Wine, and Mirth conspire
To bear a Consort, and make up the Choir.





TO

MADAM L. E.

*Upon her Recovery from a late
Sickness.*

MADAM,



Ardon, that with slow Gladness we, so late,
Your wish't Return of Health congratulate:
Our Joys at first so throng'd to get abroad,
They hinder'd one another in the Crowd;
And now such Haste, to tell their Message, make,
They only stammer what they meant to speak.

You, the fair Subject which I am to sing,
To whose kind Hands this humble Joy I bring:

Aid

Aid me, I beg, while I this Theme pursue,
For I invoke no other Muse but You.
Long time had You here brightly shone below,
With all the Rays kind Heaven could bestow.
No envious Cloud e'er offer'd to invade
Your Lustre, or compel it to a Shade:
Nor did it yet by any Sign appear,
But that You thoroughout Immortal were.
Till Heav'n (if Heav'n could prove so cruel) sent
To interrupt the Growth of your Content,
As if it grudg'd those Gifts You did enjoy,
And would that Bounty, which he gave, destroy:
'Twas since your Excellence did Envy move,
In those high Pow'rs, and made them jealous prove.
They thought these Glories, should they still have shin'd,
Unfullied, were too much for Woman-kind.
Which might they write as lasting, as they're Fair,
Too great for aught but Deities appear:
But Heav'n (it may be) was not yet compleat,
And lackt You there, to fill your empty Seat.
And when it fairly could not woo you hence,
Turn'd Ravisher, and offer'd Violence.

Sickness did first a formal Siege begin,
And, by sure Slowness try'd, your Life to win.

As if, by ling'ring Methods, Heaven meant
 To chace You hence, and tire You, to consent.
 But, thus in vain, Fate did to Force resort,
 And next, by Storm, strove to attack the Fort.
 A Sleep, dull as your last, did You Arrest,
 And all their *Magazines* of Life possest.
 No more the Blood its circling Course did run,
 But in the Veins, like Hiccs, it hung.
 No more the Heart (now void of Quick'ning-Heat,)
 The tuneful March of vital Motion beat.
 Stiffness did into all the Sinews climb,
 And a short Death crept cold through ev'ry Limb.
 All Signs of Life from Sight so far withdrew,
 'Twas now thought Popery to pray for You.
 There might You (were not that Senseless) have seen
 How your true Death would have resented been:
 A Lethargy, like Yours, each Breast did seize,
 And all, by Sympathy, catcht your Disease.
 Around You, silent Imag'ry appears,
 And nought, in the Spectators, moves, but Tears.
 They pay what Grief were to your Fun'ral due,
 And yet dare hope, Heav'n would your Life renew.
 Mean while, all Means, all Drugs prescribed are,
 Which the Decays of Health, or Strength repair,

Med'cines so pow'rful they new Souls would save,
And Life, in Long-dead Carcasses, retrieve:
But these, in vain, they rougher Methods try,
And now You're martyr'd that You may not die;
Sad Scene of Fate! when Tortures were your Gain:
And 'twas a Kindness, thought to wish You Pain!
As if the slacken'd String of Life run down,
Could only, by the Rack, be screw'd in Tune;
But Heav'n, at last, (grown conscious that its Pow'r
Could scarce what was to die with You restore,)
And loth to see such Glories overcome,
Sent a Post-Angel to repeal your Doom;
Strait Fate obey'd the Charge which Heaven sent,
And gave this first dear Proof, it could Repent:
Triumphant Charms! what may not You subdue,
When Fate's your Slave, and thus submits to You!
It now again the new-broke Thread does knit,
And, for another Clew her Spindle, fits;
And Life's hid Spark, which did unquench'd remain,
Caught the fled Light, and brought it back again;
Thus You reviv'd, and all our Joy with You
Reviv'd, and found their Resurrection too;
Some only griev'd, that what was deathless thought
They saw so near to fatal Ruin brought:

Now

Now Crowds of Blessings on that happy Hands, bold
 Whose Skill could eager Destiny withstand;
 Whose learned Pow'r has rescu'd from the Grave,
 That Life, which 'twas a Miracle to save;
 That Life, which were it thus untimely lost,
 Had been the fairest Spoil Death e'er could boast:
 May He henceforth be God of Healing thought,
 By whom such Good to You, and Us, was brought:
 Altars, and Shrines, to Him are justly due,
 Who shew'd himself a God, by raising You.

But say, Fair Saint, for You alone can know,
 Whither your Soul, in this short Flight, did go;
 Went it to antedate that Happiness,
 You must, at last, (tho' late, we hope,) possess:
 Inform us, lest we should your Fate bely,
 And call that Death, which was but Extasy.
 The Queen of Love (we're told) once let us see,
 That Goddesses from Wounds could not be free;
 And You, by this unwish'd Occasion, show
 That they, like mortal Us, can Sickness know:
 Pity! that Heav'n should All its Titles give,
 And yet not let You, with Them, ever live.
 You'd lack no Point that makes a Deity,
 If You could like it too, Immortal be.

And so You are; Half boasts a Deathless State;
 Although your frailer-Part must yield to Fate.
 By ev'ry Breach in that fair Lodging made,
 Its blest Inhabitant is more display'd:
 In that white Snow which over-spreads your Skin,
 We trace the whiter Soul which dwells within;
 Which while You through this shining Hue display
 Looks, like a Star plac'd in the milky Way:
 Such the bright Bodies of the Blessed are,
 When they, for Rayment cloath'd, with Light appear:
 And should You visit now the Seats of Bliss,
 You need not wear another Form but this.
 Never did Sicknefs in such Pomp appear,
 As when it thus your Livery did wear,
 Disease it self look'd amiable here.
 So Clouds, which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded be,
 And Shades are taught to shine as bright as he.

Grieve not; Fair Nymph, when, in your Glass, You trace
 The marring Footsteps of a pale Disease.
 Regret not that your Cheeks their Roses want,
 Which a few Days shall in full Store replant,
 Which, whilst your Blood withdraws its guilty Red,
 Tells that You own no Faults that Blushes need!

The Sun; whose Bounty does each Spring restore,
 What Winter, from the rifled Meadows, tore,
 Which ev'ry Morning, with an early Ray,
 Paints the young Blushing Cheeks of instant Day:
 Whose Skill (inimitable here below,)
 Limns those gay Clouds which form Heav'n's colour'd
 Bow,
 That Sun shall soon with Interest repay,
 All the lost Beauty Sickness snatch'd away.
 Your Beams, like His, shall hourly now advance,
 And ev'ry Minute their swift Growth enhance.

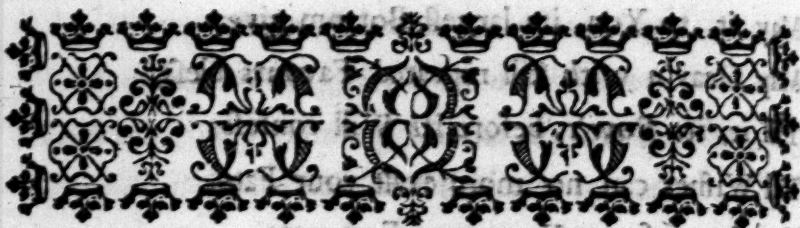
Mean while (that You no Helps of Healths refuse)
 Accept these humble Wishes of the Muse:
 Which shall not of their just Petition fail,
 If She (and She's a Goddess) aught prevail.

May no profane Disease henceforth approach
 This sacred Temple, with unhallow'd Touch;
 Or with rude Sacrilege its frame debauch.

May these Fair Members always happy be,
 In as full Strength, and well-set Harmony,
 As the new Foundress of your Sex could boast,
 E'er She; by Sin, her first Perfection lost:
 May Destiny, just to your Merits, twine
 All your smooth Fortunes in a filker-Line,

And that You may at Heaven late arrive,
 May it, to You, its largest Bottom give.
 May Heav'n with still repeated Favours bless,
 Till it, its Pow'r, before its Will confess;
 Till Wishes can no more exalt your Fate,
 Nor Poets fancy You more Fortunate.





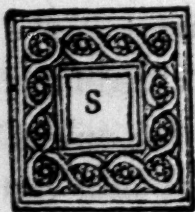
ON THE

D E A T H

O F

Miss *Katharine Kingscourt*,

A Child of Excellent Parts and Piety.



HE did, She did—I saw her mount the Sky,
 And, with new Whiteness, paint the Galaxy.
 Heav'n here, methought, with all its Eyes
 did view,

And yet acknowledg'd all its Eyes too few.

Methought I saw, in Crowds, blest Spirits meet,

And, with loud Welcomes, her Arrival greet;

Which could they grieve, had gone with Grief away,

To see a Soul more white, more pure than they.

Earth

Earth was unworthy such a Prize as this,
Only a while Heav'n let us share the Bliss:
In vain her Stay, with fruitless Tears, we'd woo,
In vain we'd Court, when That our Rival grew.
Thanks, ye kind Powr's! who did so long dispense,
(Since you so wish'd her) with her Absence thence:
We now resign, to You alone we grant
The sweet Monopoly of such a Saint;
So pure a Saint, I scarce dare call Her so,
For fear to wrong Her with a Name too low:
Such a Seraphick Brightness in Her shin'd,
I hardly can believe Her Woman-kind.
'Twas sure some noble Being left the Sphere,
Which deign'd a little to inhabit here,
And can't be said to Die, but disappear.
Or if She Mortal was, and meant to show
The greater Skill by being made below;
Sure Heav'n preserv'd Her, by the Fall uncurst,
To tell how all the Sex were form'd at first:
Never did yet so much Divinity
In such a small Compendium crouded lie.
By Her we credit what the Learned tell,
That many Angels in one Point can dwell.

More damned Fiends did not in *Mary* rest,
Than lodg'd, of Blessed Spirits, in Her Breast;
Religion dawn'd so early in Her Mind,
You'd think Her Saint, whilst in the Womb enshrin'd:
Nay, that bright Ray which did her Temples paint,
Proclaim'd Her clearly, while alive, a Saint.
Scarce had She learnt to list Religion's Name,
E'er She, by her Example, preach'd the same,
And taught her *Cradle*, like the *Pulpit*, to reclaim.
No Action did, within Her Practice, fall,
Which for th' Atonement of a Blush could call:
No Word of Hers e'er greeted any Ear,
But what a dying Saint, Confest, might hear.
Her Thoughts had scarcely ever fully'd been
By the least Foot-steps of Orig'nal-Sin.
Her Life did still as much Devotion breathe
As others do at their last Gasp in Death.
Hence, on her Tomb, of Her let not be said,
So long She Liv'd; but thus, So long She Pray'd.





TO THE
M E M O R Y

Of my Dear FRIEND,

Mr. CHARLES MORWENT.

*Ignis utique quo clarius effulsit, citius extinguitur,
cripit se auferitque ex oculis subito perfecta vir-
tus: quicquid est absoluti facilius transfluit, &
optimi neutiquam diurnant. Cambdeni de
Phil. Sidney, Baro.*

A P I N D A R I C.

I.



EST Friend! could my unbounded Grief
but rate,

With due Proportion, thy too cruel Fate:
Could I some happy Miracle bring forth,

Great as my Wishes, and thy greater Worth,

All *Helicon* should soon be Thine,
 And pay a Tribute to thy Shrine.
 The learned Sisters all transform'd should be,
 No longer Nine, but One *Melpomene*:
 Each should into a *Niobe* relent,
 At once thy Mourner, and thy Monument.
 Each should become
 Like the fam'd *Memnon*'s speaking-Tomb *,
 To sing thy well tun'd Praise;
 Nor should we fear their being Dumb,
 Thou still would'st make 'em Vocal with thy Rays.

II.

O that I could distill my vital Juice in Tears!
 Or waste away my Soul in sobbing Airs!
 Were I all Eyes,
 To flow in liquid Elegies:
 That ev'ry Limb might grieve,
 And dying Sorrows still retrieve;
 My Life should be but one long Mourning-day,
 And, like moist Vapours, melt in Tears away.
 I'd soon dissolve in one great Sigh,
 And upwards fly,

* A STATUE in the *Egyptian Thebes*, which by the Heat of the
 Sun's Rays darting on it, is said to have sent forth a mournful Sound
 Glad

Glad so to be exhal'd, to Heav'n and Thee.
A Sigh, which might well-nigh reverse thy Death
And hope to Animate Thee with new Breath;
Pow'rful as That which heretofore did give
A Soul to well-form'd Clay, and made it live.

III.

Adieu, blest Soul! whose hasty Flight away
Tells Heav'n did ne'er display
Such Happiness to bless the World with Stay
Death, in thy Fall, betray'd her utmost Spite,
And shew'd her Shafts, most times, are levell'd at the
White.

She saw thy blooming Ripeness Time prevent;
She saw, and envious grew, and strait her Arrow sent.
So Buds appearing, e'er the Frosts are past,
Nip'd by some unkind Blast,
Wither in Penance, for their forward Haste.

Thus have I seen a Morn so bright,
So deck'd with all the Robes of Light,
As if it scorn'd to think of Night,
Which a rude Storm e'er Noon did shroud,
And bury'd all its early Glories in a Cloud.

The Day in Fun'ral-Blackness mourn'd,
And all to Sighs, and all to Tears is turn'd.

IV.

But why do we thy Death untimely deem;
Or Fate blaspheme?

We should thy full ripe Virtues wrong,

To think Thee young.

Fate, when she did thy vig'rous Growth behold,

And all thy forward Glories told,

Forgot thy Tale of Years, and thought Thee old.

The brisk Endowments of thy Mind

Scorning it Bud to be confin'd,

Out-ran thy Age, and left slow Time behind;

Which made Thee reach Maturity so soon,

And, at first Dawn, present a full-spread Noon.

So thy Perfections with thy Soul agree,

Both knew no Non-age, knew no Infancy.

Thus the first Pattern of our Race began

His Life in Middle-age, at's Birth a perfect Man.

V.

So well Thou actedst in thy Span of Days,
As calls, at once, for Wonder, and for Praise;
Thy prudent Conduct had so learnt to measure
The different whiles of Toil and Leisure,
No Time did Action want, no Action wanted Pleasure.
Thy busie Industry could Time dilate,
And stretch the Thread of Fate:
Thy careful Thrift could only boast the Pow'r
To lengthen Minutes, and extend an Hour.
No single Sand could e'er slip by
Without its Wonder, swell as high:
And every teeming Moment still brought forth
A thousand Rarities of Worth.
While some, no other Cause for Life can give,
But a dull Habitude to live:
Thou scorn'dst such Laziness, while here beneath,
And Liv'dst that Time, which others only Breathe.

VI.

Next our just Wonder does commence,
How so small Room could hold such Excellence.

Nature was proud, when she contriv'd thy Frame,

In Thee she labour'd for a Name:

Hence 'twas she lavish'd all her Store,

As if she meant, hereafter, to be Poor,

And, like a Bankrupt, run o'th' Score:

Her curious Hand here drew in, Straights, and joyn'd

All the Perfections lodge in Human-kind;

Teaching her num'rous Gifts to lie

Crampt in a short Epitome.

So Stars contracted in a Diamond shine,

And Jewels in a narrow Point, confine:

The Riches of an *Indian* Mine.

Thus subtil Artifts can

Draw Nature's larger Self within a Span:

A small Frame holds the World, Earth, Heav'ns and All

Shrunk to the scant Dimensions of a Ball.

VII.

Those Parts, which never in one Subject dwell,

But some uncommon Excellence foretel,

Like Stars, did All constellate here,

And met together in One Sphere.

Thy Judgment, Wit, and Memory conspir'd
To make themselves, and Thee, Admir'd:
And could thy growing Height a longer Stay have known,
Thou hadst all other Glories, and thy Self, out-done.
While some to Knowledge, by degrees, arrive,
Through tedious Industry improv'd,
Thine, scorn'd by such pedantick Rules to thrive,
But swift as that of Angels mov'd,
And made us think it was Intuitive.
Thy pregnant Mind ne'er struggled in its Birth,
But quick, and while it did conceive, brought forth;
The gentle Throws of thy prolifick Brain
Were all unstrain'd, and without Pain
Thus when great *Jove* the Queen of Wisdom bare
So easie, and so mild, his Travels were.

VIII.

Nor were these Fruits in a rough Soil bestown
As Gems are thickest in rough Quarries sown.
Good Nature, and good Parts, so shar'd thy Mind,
A Muse and Grace were so combin'd,
Twas hard to guess which with most Lustre shin'd.

A Genius did thy whole Comportment Act,
 Whose charming Complaisance did so attract,
 As ev'ry Heart attack'd.

Such a soft Air thy well-tun'd Sweetness sway'd,
 It told thy Soul of Harmony was made;
 All rude Affections that Disturbers be,
 That mar or disunite Society,

Were Foreigners to Thee,
 Love only, in their stead, took up its Rest;
 Nature made That thy constant Guest,
 And seem'd to form no other Passion for thy Breast.

IX.

This made thy Courtesie to all extend,
 And Thee, to the whole Universe a Friend,
 Those which were Strangers to thy native Soil, and Thee,
 No Strangers to thy Love could be,
 Whose Bounds were wide as all Mortality.

Thy Heart no Island was, disjoyn'd
 (Like thy own Nation) from all Human-kind;
 But 'twas a Continent to other Countries fixt
 As firm by Love, as they, by Earth annex'd.

Thou scorn'dst the Map should thy Affection guide,
 Like theirs, who love, by dull Geography,

Friends'

Friends, but to whom, by Soil, they are ally'd:

Thine reach'd to all beside,

To ev'ry Member of the World's great Family.

Heav'n's Kindness only claims a Name more general

Which we the nobler call,

Because 'tis common, and vouchsaf'd to all.

X.

Such thy Ambition of Obliging was,

Thou seem'dst corrupted with the very Pow'r to please.

Only to let Thee gratifie,

At once did bribe, and pay thy Courtesie.

Thy Kindness by Acceptance, might be bought,

It for no other Wages sought,

But would its own be thought.

No Suiters went unsatisfy'd away;

But left Thee more unsatisfy'd, than they.

Brave *Titus* *! Thou might'st here thy true Portraiture find

And view thy Rival in a private Mind.

Thou, heretofore, deserv'dst such Praise,

When Acts of Goodness did compute thy Days,

Measur'd not by the *Sun's*, but thine own kinder Rays.

* *TITUS VESPASIAN* from his great Humanity, surnamed, *The Delight of Mankind.*

Thou

Thou thought'st each Hour out of Life's Journal lost
 Which could not some fresh Favour boast,
 And reckon'dst Bounties thy best *Clepsydras*.

XI.

Some Fools, who the great Art of Giving want,
 Deflow'r their Largesse with too slow a Grant:
 Where the deluded Suitor dearly buys
 What hardly can defray
 Th' Expence of Importunities,
 Or the Suspense of torturing Delay,
 Here was no need of tedious Pray'rs to sue,
 Or thy too backward Kindness woo.
 It moved with no Formal State,
 Like theirs, whose Pomp does for Entreaty wait:
 But met the swift'st Desires half way;
 And Wishes did well nigh anticipate;
 And then as modestly withdrew,
 Nor for its due Reward, of Thanks, would stay.

XII.

Yet might this Goodness to the Happy most accrue;
 Somewhat was to the Miserable due,
 Which they might justly challenge too.

What

What-e'er Mishap did a known Heart oppress,
The same did Thine as wretched make;
Like yielding Wax, Thine did th' Impression take,
And paid its Sadness in as lively Dress.
Thou could'st Afflictions from another's Breast translate;
And foreign Grief inappropriate;
Oft-times our Sorrows, Thine, so much have grown,
They scarce were more our own;
Who seem'd exempt, Thou suffer'dst all alone.

XIII.

Our small'st Misfortunes scarce could reach thy Ear,
But made Thee give, in Alms, a Tear;
And when our Hearts breath'd their Regret in Sighs
As a just Tribute to their Miseries.
Thine with their mournful Airs did sympathize,
Like Throngs of Sighs, did for its Fibres crowd,
And told thy Grief, from our each Grief, aloud:
Such is the secret Sympathy
We may, betwixt two neighb'ring Lutes, descry,
If either by unskilful Hand too rudely bent
Its soft Complaint in pensive Murmurs vent,
As if it did that Injury resent:

Untoucht

Untoucht, the other Strain, returns the Moan,
 And gives an Eccho to each Groan.
 From its sweet Bowels a sad Note's convey'd,
 Like those which to Condole are made,
 As if its Bowels too a kind Compassion had.

XIV.

Nor was thy Goodness bounded with so small Extent,
 Or in such narrow Limits pent.
 Let Female-Frailty, in fond Tears, distil,
 Who think that Moisture which they spill
 Can yield Relief,
 Or shrink the Current of another's Grief,
 Who hope that Breath which they in Sighs convey
 Should blow Calamities away.

Thine did a manlier Form express,
 And scorn'd to whine at an Unhappiness;
 Thou thought'st it still the noblest Pity to redress.
 So friendly Angels their Relief bestow
 On the Unfortunate below,
 For whom those purer Minds no Passion know:
 Such Nature in that gen'rous Plant is found,
 Whose ev'ry Breach does with a Salve abound,
 And wounds it self, to cure another's Wound.

In Pity to Mankind it sheds its Juice,
Glad with Expence of Blood to serve their Use:
First, with kind Tears, our Maladies bewails,

And after heals:
And makes those very Tears the Remedy produce.

XV.

Nor didst Thou to thy Foes less generous appear,

(If there were any durst that Title wear,)

They could not offer Wrongs so fast,

But what were pardon'd with like haste;

And by thy Acts of Amnesty defac't.

Had He who wish'd the Art *how to forget*

Discover'd its new Worth in Thee,

He had a double Value on it set,

And justly scorn'd th' ignobler Art of Memory.

No Wrongs could thy great Soul to Grief expose,

'Twas plac'd as much out of the Reach of those,

As of material Blows.

No Injuries could Thee provoke,

Thy Softness always damp't the Stroke:

As Flints, on Feather-beds, are easiest broke.

Affronts could ne'er thy cool Complexion heat,
 Or chate thy Temper from its settled State;
 But still Thou stood'st, unshockt by all,
 As if Thou hadst unlearn't the Pow'r to hate,
 Or, like the Dove, wert born without a Gall.

XVI.

Vain *Stoicks*, who disclaim all Human Sense,
 And own no Passions, to resent Offence,
 May pass it by with unconcern'd Neglect,
 And Virtue, on those Principles, erect,
 Where 'tis not a Perfection, but Defect.
 Let these themselves in a dull Patience please,
 Which their own Statues may possess,
 And they themselves, when Carcasses.
 Thou only couldst to that high pitch arrive,
 To court Abuses, that Thou mightst forgive:
 Wrongs thus in high Esteem, seem'd Courtessie,
 And Thou the first was e'er oblig'd by Injury.

XVII.

Nor may we think these God-like Qualities

Could stand in need of Votaries,

Which heretofore had challeng'd Sacrifice.

Each Affignation, each Converse,

Gain'd Thee some new Idolaters.

Thy sweet Obligingness could supple Hate,

And, out of It its Contrary, create.

Its pow'rful Influence made Quarrels cease,

And Feuds dissolv'd into a calmer Peace,

Envy resign'd her Force, and vanquish'd Spice

Became thy speedy Proselite.

Malice could cherish Enmity no more;

And those which were his Foes before,

Now wish'd they might Adore.

Cesar may tell of Nations took,

And Troops, by Force, subjected to his Yoke:

We read as great a Conqueror in Thee,

Who couldst, by milder Ways, all Hearts subdue,

The Nobler Conquest of the Two;

Thus Thou whole Legions mad'st thy Captives be,

And, like him too, couldst look, and speak, thy Victory.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Hence may we Calculate the Tenderneſs

Thou didſt Exprefs,

To all, whom Thou didſt with thy Friendſhip bleſs :

To think of Paſſion, by new Mothers bore,

To the young Offspring of their Womb,

Or that of Lovers, to what they Adore,

E'er Duty it become :

We ſhould too mean *Ideas* frame,

Of that which thine might juſtly claim,

And injure it, by a degrading Name:

Conceive the tender Care,

Of Guardian -Angels to their Charge aſſign'd,

Or think how dear

To Heav'n, Expiring-Martyrs are,

Theſe are the Emblems of thy Mind,

The only *Types*, to ſhew, how Thou waſt kind.

XIX.

On whomſoe'er Thou didſt confer this Tye,

'Twas laſting, as Eternity,

And firm, as the unbroken Chain of Deſtiny.

Embraces

Embraces would faint Shadows of your Union show,

Unless You could together grow.

That Union which is from Alliance bred,

Does not so fastly wed,

Tho' it, with Blood, be cemented:

That Link, wherewith the Soul and Body's joyn'd,

Which twists the double Nature in Mankind,

Only so close can bind.

That Holy-Fire, which *Romans* to their *Vesta* paid,

Which they, immortal as the Goddess, made.

This noble Flame's most fitly parallel;

For Thine were just so pure, and just so durable.

Those feigned Pairs of Faithfulness, which claim

So high a Place in ancient Fame,

Had They thy better Pattern seen,

They'd made their Friendship more Divine

And strove to mend their Characters by Thine.

XX.

[Yet had this Friendship no Advantage been,

Unless 'twere exercis'd within:

What did thy Love to other Objects tie,

The same made thy own Pow'rs agree,

And reconcil'd thy self to Thee.

No Discord in thy Soul did rest,
Save what its Harmony increast.
Thy Mind did with such reg'lar Calmness move,
As held Resemblance with the greater Mind above.
Reason there fix'd its peaceful Throne,
And reign'd alone.
The Will its easie Neck to Bondage gave,
And to the ruling Faculty became a Slave.
The Passions rais'd no Civil Wars,
Nor discompos'd Thee with intestine Jars:
All did obey,
And paid Allegiance to its Rightful-Sway.
All threw their resty Tempers by,
And gentle Figures drew,
Gentle as Nature in its Infancy,
As when themselves in their first Beings grew.

XXI.

Thy Soul within such silent Pomp did keep,
As if Humanity were lull'd asleep,
So gentle was thy Pilgrimage beneath,
Time's unheard Feet scarce make less Noise,
Or the soft Journey which a Planet goes,

Life seem'd all calm as its last Breath,
A still Tranquillity so hush'd thy Breast,
As if some *Halcyon* were its Guest.

And there had built her Nest;
It hardly now enjoys a greater Rest.

As that smooth Sea which wears the Name of Peace,
Still with one even Face appears,
And feels no Tides to change it from its place,
No Waves to alter the fair Form it bears;

As that unspotted Sky,
Where Nile does want of Rain supply,
Is free from Clouds, from Storm is ever free:
So thy unvary'd Mind was always one,
And with such clear Serenity still shone,
As caus'd thy little World to seem all temp'rate Zone.

XXII.

Let Fools their high Extraction boast,
And Greatness, which no Travel, but their Mother's cost,
Let 'em extol a swelling Name,
Which theirs, by Will and Testament became;
As best but meer Inheritance,
As oft the Spoils, as Gift, of Chance.

Let

288 *To the MEMORY of*

Let some ill-plac'd Repute on Scutcheons rear
 As fading as the Colours which those bear;
 And prize a painted Field,
 Which Wealth, as soon as Fame, can yield.
 Thou scorn'd'st at such low Rates to purchase Worth;
 Nor couldst Thou owe it only to thy Birth,
 Thy self-born Greatness was above the Pow'r
 Of Parents to entail, or Fortune to deflow'r.
 Thy Soul, which, like the Sun, Heav'n moulded bright,
 Disdain'd to shine with borrow'd Light:
 Thus, from himself, th' Eternal Being grew;
 And from no other Cause his Grandeur drew.

XXIII.

Howe'er if true Nobility
 Rather in Souls, than in the Blood, does lie :
 If from thy better Part we Measures take,
 And That the Standard of our Value make,
 Jewels, and Stars, become low Heraldry
 To blazon Thee.
 Thy Soul was big enough to pity Kings.
 And look'd on Empires as poor humble Things,

Great as his boundless Mind,
Who thought himself in one wide Globe confin'd,
And for another pin'd,
Great as that Spirit whose large Powers rowl
Thro' the vast Fabrick of this spacious Bowl,
And tell the World, as well as Man, can boast a Soul.

XXIV.

Yet could not this an Haughtiness beget,
Or Thee above the common Level set.
Pride, whose Alloy does best Endowments mar,
(As things most lofty, smaller still appear)
With Thee did no Alliance bear.

Love-Merits oft are by too high Esteem bely'd,
Whose Owners lessen while they raise their Price;
Thine were above the very Guilt of Pride,
Above all others, and thy own *Hyperbole*:
In Thee the wid'st Extremes were joyn'd;
The loftiest, and the lowliest Mind.

Thus tho' some part of Heav'n's vast Round
Appear but low, and seem to touch the Ground,
Yet 'tis well known almost to bound the Spheres,
'Tis truly held to be above the Stars.

XXV.

While thy brave Mind preserv'd this noble Frame,
 Thou stood'st at once secure
 From all the Flattery and Obloquy of Fame,
 Its rough and gentler Breath were both to Thee the
 same :

Nor This, could Thee Exalt, nor That, depress Thee lower;
 But Thou, from thy great Soul, on both look'dst down
 Without the small Concernment of a Smile or Frown.
 Heav'n less dreads that it should fir'd be
 By the weak, sitting Sparks, that upwards fly,
 Less the bright Goddess of the Night
 Fears those loud Howlings that revile her Light,
 Than Thou Malignant Tongues thy Worth should
 blast,
 Which was too great for Envy's Cloud to overcast.
 'Twas thy brave Method to despise Contempt,
 And make, what was the Fault, the Punishment,
 What more Assaults could weak Detraction raise,
 When Thou could'st Saint disgrace,
 And turn Reproach to Praise.

So Clouds, which would obscure the Sun, oft gilded be.
And Shades are taught to shine as bright as He.
So Diamonds, when envious Night
Would shroud their Splendor, look most bright,
And from its Darkness seem to borrow Light.

XXVI.

Had Heav'n compos'd thy mortal Frame,
Free from Contagion, as thy Soul, or Fame:
Could Virtue been but Proof against Death's Arms,
Thoud'st stood unvanquish'd by these Harms,
Safe in a Circle made by thy own Charms.

Fond Pleasure, whose soft Magick oft beguiles
Raw, unexperienced Souls,
And with smooth Flattery cajoles,
Could ne'er ensnare Thee with her Wiles,
Or make Thee Captive to her smoothing Smiles.
In vain that Pimp of Vice assay'd to please,
In hope to draw Thee to its rude Embrace.
Thy Prudence still that Syren past
Without being pinion'd to the Mast:

All its Attempts were ineffectual found;
 Heav'n fenc'd thy Heart with its own Mound,
 And forc'd the Tempter still from that forbidden-Ground.

XXVII.

The mad *Capricio's* of the doting Age
 Could ne'er, in the same Frenzy, Thee engage;
 But mov'd Thee rather with a gen'rous Rage.
 Gallants, whom their high Breeding prize,
 Known only by their Gallanture and Vice,
 Whose Talent is to court a fashionable Sin,
 And act some fine Transgression with a jaunty Mien,
 May by such Methods hope the Vogue to win.
 Let those gay Fops, who deem
 Their Infamies Accomplishment,
 Grow scandalous to get Esteem;
 And by Disgrace strive to be Eminent.
 Here Thou disdain'st the common Road,
 Nor wouldst by aught be woo'd
 To wear the vain Iniquities o'th' Mode.
 Vice with thy Practice did so disagree.
 Thou scarce couldst bear it in thy Theory.

Thou

Thou didst such Ignorance 'bove Knowledge prize,
And here to be Unskill'd, is to be Wise.

Such the first Founders of our Blood,

While yet untempted, stood
Contented only to know Good.

XXVIII.

Virtue alone did guide thy Actions here,
Thou by no other Card thy Life didst steer :

No sly Decoy would serve,
To make Thee from its rigid Dictates swerve.

Thy Love ne'er thought her worse
Because Thou hadst so few Competitors.

Thou couldst adore Her when ador'd by none
Content to be Her Votary alone:

When 'twas proscrib'd the unkind World,

And to blind Cells, and Grotto's hurl'd,

When thought the Fantom of some crazy Brain,

Fit for grave Anchorèss to entertain,

A thin *Chimera*, whom dull Gown-Men frame

To gull deluded Mortals with an empty Name.

XXIX.

Thou own'dst no Crimes that shun'd the Light,
 Whose Horror might thy Blood affright,
 And force it to its known Retreat.

While the pale Cheeks do Penance in their White,
 And tell that Blushes are too weak to expiate:

Thy Faults might all be on thy Forehead wore,
 And the whole World thy Confessor.

Conscience within still kept Assize,

To punish and deter Impieties :

That inbred Judge, such strict Inspection bore,

So travers'd all thy Actions o'er;

Th' Eternal Judge could scarce do more:

Those little Escapades of Vice,

Which pass the Cognizance of most,

I'th' Crowd of following Sins, forgot and lost,

Could ne'er its Sentence, or Arraignment miss:

Thou didst prevent the young Desires of Ill,

And them, in their first Motions, kill:

The very Thoughts, in others unconfin'd,

And lawless, as the Wind,

Thou couldst to Rule, and Order bind.

They

They durst not any Stamp, but that of Virtue bear,
And free from Stain, as thy most publick Actions, were.
Let wild Debauchees hug their Darling-Vice,

And court no other Paradise,

Till want of Pow'r

Bids 'em discard the stale Amour,

And when disabled Strength shall force

A short Divorce,

Miscal that weak Forbearance Abstinence,

Which wise Morality, and better Sense,

Stiles but, at best, a sneaking Impotence.

Thine far a Nobler Pitch did fly

'Twas all Free Choice, nought of Necessity.

Thou didst that puny Soul disdain

Whose half-strain Virtue only can restrain;

Nor wouldst that empty Being own,

Which springs from Negatives alone.

But truly thought'st it always Virtue's Skeleton.

XXX.

Nor didst Thou those mean Spirits more approve

Who Virtue, only for its Dowry love,

Unbrib'd Thou didst her Sterling-self espouse,
 Nor wouldst a better Mistress chuse,
 Thou couldst Affection to her bare *Idea* pay,
 The first that e'er carefs'd her the Platonick-way.
 To see her in her own Attractions dress,
 Did all thy Love arrest,
 Nor lack'd there new Efforts to storm thy Breast.
 Thy gen'rous Loyalty
 Would ne'er a Mercenary be,
 But chose to serve her still without a Livery.
 Yet wast Thou not of Recompence debarr'd,
 But countedst Honesty its own Reward;
 Thou didst not wish a greater Bliss t'accrue,
 For to be Good, to Thee, was to be Happy too.
 That secret Triumph of thy Mind,
 Which always Thou, in doing well, didst find,
 Were Heav'n enough, were there no other Heav'n de-
 sign'd.

XXXI.

What Virtues few possess, but by Retail,
 In Gross, could Thee their Owner call;
 They All did in thy single Circle fall.
 Thou wast a living *System*, where were wrote
 All those high Morals, which, in Books are sought.

Thy

Thy Practice did more Virtues share
 Than heretofore the learned Porch e'er knew,
 Or in the *Stagyrites* scant *Ethicks* grew;
 Devout Thou wast, as holy *Hermits* are,
 Which share their time 'twixt Extasie and Pray'r;
 Modest, as Infant-Roses in their Bloom,
 Which, in a Blush, their Lives consume,
 So Chaste, the Dead are only more,
 Who lie divorc'd from Objects, and from Pow'r;
 So Pure, that if blest Saints could be
 Taught Innocence, they'd gladly learn of Thee;
 Thy Virtue's height in Heav'n alone could grow;
 Nor to aught else would for Accession owe;
 It only now's more Perfect, than it was Below.

XXXII.

Hence, tho', at once, thy Soul liv'd here and there,
 Yet Heav'n alone its Thoughts did share;
 It own'd no Home, but in the active Sphere,
 Its Motions always did to that bright Center rowl.
 And seem'd t' inform Thee only on Parole.
 Look how the Needle does to its dear North incline:
 As were't not fix'd 'twould to that Region climb,

Or mark what hidden-force
 Bids the Flame upwards take its Course,
 And makes it, with that Swiftneſs, riſe,
 As if 'twere wing'd by th' Air, thro' which it flies.
 Such a ſtrong Virtue did thy Inclinations bend,
 And made 'em ſtill to the bleſt Manſions tend,
 That mighty Slave, whom thy proud Victor's
 Rage
 Shut Priſ'ner in a Golden-Cage,
 Condemn'd to glorious Vaſſalage,
 Ne'er long'd for dear Enlargement more,
 Nor his gay Bondage with leſs Patience bore,
 Than this great Spirit brookt its tedious Stay,
 While fetter'd here, in brittle Clay,
 And wiſh'd to diſengage, and fly away.
 It vex'd and chaf'd, and ſtill deſir'd to be
 Releas'd to the ſweet Freedom of Eternity.

XXXIII.

Nor were its Wiſhes long unheard,
 Fate ſoon, at its Deſire, appear'd,
 And ſtraight for an Aſſault prepar'd.

A sudden, and a swift Disease,
First on thy Heart, Life's chiefest Fort, does seize,
And then on all the Suburb-vitals preys :
Next, it corrupts thy tainted Blood,
And scatters Poyson through its Purple-Flood.
Sharp Aches, in thick Troops, it sends,
And Pain, which, like a Rack, the Nerves extends.
Anguish through ev'ry Member flies,
And all those inward *Gemonies*
Whereby frail Flesh in Torture dies.
All the staid Glories of thy Face,
Where sprightly Youth lay checkt with manly Grace,
Are now impair'd,
And quite, by the rude Hand of Sickness, mar'd.
Thy Body, where due Symmetry,
In just Proportions, once did lie,
Now hardly could be known;
Its very Figure's out of Fashion grown,
And should thy Soul to its old Seat return,
And Life once more adjourn,
'Twould stand amaz'd to see its alter'd Frame,
And doubt (almost) whether its own Carcass were the
same.

XXXIV.

And here thy Sickness does new Matter raise,
 Both for thy Virtue, and our Praise;
 'Twas here thy Picture look'd most neat,
 When deep'ft in Shades 'twas set,
 Thy Virtues only thus could fairer be,
 Advantag'd by the Foil of Misery.
 Thy Soul, which hasten'd now to be enlarg'd,
 And of its grosser Load discharg'd,
 Began to act above its wonted rate,
 And gave a Prelude of its next unbody'd State.
 So dying Tapers, near their Fall,
 When their own Lustre lights their Funeral,
 Contract their Strength into one brighter Fire,
 And, in that Blaze, triumphantly expire.
 So the bright Globe that rules the Skies,
 Tho' he gild Heaven with a glorious Rise,
 Reserves his choicest Beams to grace his Set:
 And then He looks most Great,
 And then, in greatest Splendor, Dies.

XXXV.

Thou sharpest Pains didst with that Courage bear,
 And still thy Looks so unconcern'd didst wear:
 Beholders seem'd more indispos'd than Thee;
 For they were sick in Effigie.
 Like some well-fashion'd Arch thy Patience stood,
 And purchas'd Firmness from its greater Load.
 Those Shapes of Torture, which to view in Paint
 Would make another faint;
 Thou couldst endure in true Reality,
 And Feel what some could hardly bear to See.
 Those *Indians* who their Kings by Tortures chose,
 Subjecting all the Royal Issue to that Test
 Could ne'er thy Sway refuse,
 If He deserves to reign that suffers best.
 Had those fierce Savages thy Patience view'd,
 Thou'dst claim'd their Choice alone;
 They with a Crown had paid thy Fortitude,
 And turn'd thy Death-bed to a Throne.

XXXVI.

All those Heroick Pieties,
 Whose Zeal to Truth made them its Sacrifice;
 Those nobler *Scævola's*, whose holy Rage
 Did their whole selves, in cruel Flames, engage,
 Who did, amidst their Force, unmov'd appear,
 As if those Fires but lambent were;
 Or they had found their *Empyreum* there,
 Might these repeat again their Days beneath,
 They'd seen their Fates out-acted by a nat'ral Death,
 And each of them to Thee resign his Wreath.
 In Spite of Weakness and harsh Destiny,
 To relish Torment, and enjoy a Misery:
 So to care'ss a Doom,
 As make its Sufferings Delights become;
 So to triumph o'er Sense, and thy Disease,
 As, amongst Pains, to revel in soft Ease:
 These Wonders did thy Virtue's Worth enhance,
 And Sickness, to dry Martyrdom, advance.

XXXVII.

Yet could not all these Miracles stern Fate avert,
Or make't without the Dart.

Only she paus'd a while, with Wonder struck,
A while she doubted if that Destiny was thine,
And turned o'er again the dreadful Book,

And hop'd she had mistook;

And wish'd she might have cut another Line.

But dire Necessity

Soon cry'd 'twas Thee,

And bad her give the fatal Blow.

Strait she obeys, and strait the vital Powers grow

Too weak to grapple with a stronger Foe,

And now the feeble Strife forego.

Life's sap'd Foundation ev'ry Moment sinks,

And ev'ry Breath to lesser Compass shrinks;

Last panting Gasps grow weaker each Rebound;

Like the faint Tremblings of a dying Sound:

And doubtful Twilight hovers o'er the Light,

Ready to usher in Eternal Night.

XXXVIII.

Yet here thy Courage taught Thee to out-brave
 All the slight Horrors of the Grave:
 Pale Death's Arrest
 Ne'er shock'd thy Breast;
 Nor could it in the dreadful Figure dress,
 That ugly Skeleton may guilty Spirits daunt,
 When the dire Ghosts of Crimes departed haunt,
 Arm'd with bold Innocence Thou couldst that *Mormo* dare,
 And on the bare-fac'd King of Terrors stare,
 As free from all Effects, as from the Cause of Fear,
 Thy Soul so willing from thy Body went,
 As if both parted by Consent.
 No Murmur, no Complaining, no Delay,
 Only a Sigh, a Groan, and so away.
 Death seem'd to glide with Pleasure in;
 As if, in this Sense too, 'thad lost her Sting,
 Like some well-acted Comedy, Life swiftly past,
 And ended just so Still, and Sweet, at last.
 Thou, like its Actors, seem'dst in borrow'd Habit here
 beneath,
 And couldst, as easily
 As they do that, put off Mortality.

Thou.

Thou Breathedst out thy Soul as free as common Breath,
As unconcern'd as they are, in a feigned Death.

XXXIX.

Go, happy Soul, ascend the joyful Sky,
Joyful to shine with thy bright Company:

Go mount the spangled Sphere,
And make it brighter by another Star:
Yet stop not there, 'till Thou advance yet higher,

'Till Thou art swallow'd quite

In the vast unexhausted Ocean of Delight;
Delight, which there alone, in its true Essence is,
Where Saints keep an eternal Carnival of Bliss:

Where the *Regalia's* of refined Joy,

Which fill, but never cloy,

Where Pleasures, ever growing, ever new,
Immortal as thy self, and boundless too.

There may'st Thou learned by *Compendium* grow;

For which, in vain, below

We so much Time, and so much Pains bestow.

There may'st Thou all *Ideas* see,

All Wonders which in Knowledge be,

In that fair Beatifick-Mirror of the Deity.

XL.

Mean while, thy Body mourns in its own Dust,
And puts on Sables for its tender Trust.

Tho' dead, it yet retains some untoucht Grace,
Wherein We may thy Soul's fair Foot-steps trace;
Which no Disease can frighten from its wonted Place :

E'en its Deformities do Thee become,
And only serve to consecrate thy Doom.

Those Marks of Death which did its Surface stain,
Now hallow, not profane.

Each Spot does to a Ruby turn;

Those Asterisks, plac'd in the Margin of thy Skin,
Point out the nobler Soul that dwelt within :

Thy lesser, like the greater World, appears
All over Bright, all over stuck with Stars.

So *Indian* Luxury, when it would be trim,

Hangs Pearls on ev'ry Limb.

Thus, amongst ancient *Picts*, Nobility

In Blemishes did lie;

Each, by his Spots, more honourable grew,
And from their Store a greater Value drew :

Their

Their Kings were known by th' Royal Stains they bore,
And in their Skins their Ermin wore.

XLII.

Thy Blood, where Death triumph'd in greatest State;

Whose Purple, seem'd the Badge of Tyrant-Fate,

And all thy Body o'er

Its ruling Colours bore :

That which infected, with the noxious Ill,

But lately help'd to kill,

Whose Circulation fatal grew,

And thro' each part a swifter Ruin threw.

Now conscious, its own Murder would arraign,

And throngs to rally out at ev'ry Vein.

Each Drop a Redder than its native Dye puts on,

As if, in its own Blushes, 'twould its Guilt atone.

A sacred Rubrick does thy Carcass paint,

And Death, in ev'ry Member, writes the Saint.

So Phœbus cloaths his dying Rays each Night,

And blushes He can Live no longer to give Light.

XLIII

Let Fools, whose dying Fame requires to have,

Like their own Carcasses, in a Grave,

Let them, with vain Expence, adorn

Some costly Urn,

Which shortly, like themselves, to Dust shall turn.

Here lacks no *Carian* Sepulchre,

Which Ruin shall, e'er long, in its own Tomb, interr.

No fond *Egyptian*-Fabrick, built so high,

As if 'twould climb the Sky,

And thence reach Immortality.

Thy Virtues shall embalm thy Name,

And make it lasting as the Breath of Fame,

When frailer Brass

Shall moulder, by a quick Decrease;

When brittle Marble shall decay,

And, to the Jaws of Time, become a Prey.

Thy Praise shall Live, when Graves shall bury'd lie,

Till Time it self shall Die,

And yield its Triple-Empire to Eternity.





TO THE
M E M O R Y

Of that worthy GENTLEMAN

Mr. *HARMAN ATWOOD.*



PINDARIC.

I.



O, I'll no more repine at Destiny,

Now — we poor common Mortals are con-
tent to Die,

When Thee, blest Saint, we cold and breathless see.

Thee, who, if aught that's Great and Brave,

Aught

Aught that is excellent might save,

Had justly claim'd Exemption from the Grave,
And cancell'd the black, irreversible-Decree.

Thou didst alone such Worth, such Goodness share
As well deserv'd to be Immortal here;
Deserve a Life as lasting as the Fame, Thou art to wear.
At least, why went thy Soul without its Mate?

Why did they not together undivided go?

So went (we're told) the fam'd Illustrious Two.

(Not could they greater Merits show,

Altho' the best of Patriarchs That,

And This the best of Prophets was)

Heav'n did alive the Blessed-Pair translate;

Alive they launch'd into Life's boundless Happiness,

And never past Death's Streights and narrow Seas;

Nc'er enter'd the dark, gloomy Thoroughfare of Fate.

II.

Long time had the Profession under Scandal lain,

And felt a gen'ral, tho' unjust Disdain,

An upright Lawyer, Contradiction seem'd,

And was, at least, a Prodigy esteem'd,

If one, perhaps, did in an Age appear,
He was recorded, like some Blazing-Star;
And Statues were erected to the wond'rous Man,
As heretofore, to the strange honest Publican.
To Thee, the num'rous Calling all its Thanks should give,
To Thee, who couldst, alone, its lost Repute retrieve.
Thou the vast wide Extremes didst reconcile,
The first, almost, e'er taught, it was not to beguile.
To each Thou didst distribute Right so equally,
Ev'n Justice might her self correct her Scales by Thee.

And none did now regret

Her once bewail'd Retreat,

Since all enjoy'd her better Deputy.

Henceforth succeeding Time shall bear in mind,

And Chronicle the Best of All the Kind:

The Best e'er since the Man that gave

Our suffering God a Grave;

(That God, who, living, no Abode could find,

Tho' He the World had Made, and was to save)

Embalming Him, He did embalm his Memory,

And make it from Corruption free:

Those Odours, kindly lent, perfum'd the Breath of Fame,

And fixt a lasting Fragrancy upon his Name;

And rais'd it, with his Saviour, to an Immortality.

III.

Hence the stale, musty Paradox of Equal Souls,

That ancient, vulgar Error of the Schools,

Avow'd by dull Philosophers, and Thinking-Fools.

Here might they find their feeble Arguments o'er-

thrown:

Here might the grave Disputers find

Themselves all baff'd by a single Mind,

And see one vastly larger than their own,

Tho' all of theirs were mixt in One.

A Soul as great as e'er vouchsaf'd to be

Inhabiter in low Mortality;

As e'er th' Almighty Artist labour'd to infuse,

Thro' all his Mint He did the brightest chuse;

With his own Image stamp'd it fair,

And bid it ever, the Divine Impression wear:

And so it did, so pure, so well,

We hardly could believe him of the Race that fell:

So Spotless still, and still so Good,

As if it never lodg'd in Flesh and Blood.

Hence

Hence conscious too, how High, how Nobly born;
It never did reproach its Birth,
By valuing aught of base or meaner Worth,
But look'd on earthly Grandeur with Contempt and Scorn:

IV.

Like his All-great Creator, who
Can only, by diffusing, greater grow:
He made his chiefest Glory to communicate,
And chose the fairest Attribute to imitate.
So Kind, so Gen'rous, and so Free,
As if He only liv'd in Courtesie.
To be unhappy did his Pity claim,
Only to want it did deserve the same:
Nor lack'd there other Rhetorick than Innocence and
Misery.

His unconfin'd, unhoarded Store
Was still the vast Exchequer of the Poor;
And whatsoe'er, in pious Acts, went out,
He did in his own Inventory put:
For well the wise and prudent Banker knew
His Gracious Sovereign Above would All repay,
And all th' Expences of his Charity defray;

And so He did, both Principal and Int'rest too,
 And He, by holy Prodigality, more wealthy grew.
 Such, and so universal, is the Influence
 Which the kind bounteous Sun does here dispense,
 With an unwearied, indefatigable Race,
 He travels round the World each Day,
 And visits all Mankind, and ev'ry place,
 And scatters Light and Blessings all the Way.

Tho' He, each Hour, new Beams expend,
 Yet does He not, like wasting Tapers, spend.
 Tho' He ten thousand Years disburse in Light,
 The boundless Stock can never be exhausted quite.

V.

Nor was his Bounty stinted or design'd,
 As theirs who only partially are kind;
 Or Give, where they Return expect to find:
 But, like his Soul, its fair Original;
 'Twas All in All,
 And All in ev'ry part.
 Silent, as his Devotion, open, as his Heart.

Brib'd with the Pleasure to oblige and gratifie,
As Air, and Sunshine, He dispos'd his Kindness free,

Yet scorn'd Requitals, and worse hated Flattery,
And all obsequious Pomp of vain Formality.

Thus the Almighty Bounty does bestow,
Its Favours on our undeserving Race below:

Confer'd on all its Loyal-Votaries;

Confer'd, alike, on its Rebellious Enemies.

To It alone our All we owe,

All that we are, and are to be,

Each Art, and Science, to its Liberality,

And this same trifling jingling Thing, call'd Poetry.

Yet the great Donor does no costly Gratitude require,

No Charge of Sacrifice desire;

Nor are w' expensive Hecatombs to raise,

As heretofore,

To make his Altars float, with reeking Gore,

A small Return the mighty Debt, and Duty pays,

Ev'n the cheap, humble Offering of worthless Thanks and
Praise.

VI.

But how, blest Saint, shall I thy num'rous Virtues sum,
If One or Two take up this Room?
To what vast Bulk must the full *Audit* come?
As that bold Hand that drew the fairest Deity,
Had many naked Beauties by,
And took from each a sev'ral Grace, and Air, and Line,
And All in one Epitome did joyn
To paint his bright-Immortal in a Form Divine:
So must I do to frame thy Character.
I'll think whatever Men can Good and Lovely call,
And then abridge it All,
And crowd, and mix the various *Ideas* there;
And yet, at last, of a just Praise despair.
Whatever ancient Worthies boast,
Which made themselves, and Poets, their Describers, Great,
From whence old Zeal did Gods and Shrines create;
Thou hadst thy self alone engroft,
And all their scatter'd Glories in thy Soul did meet:
And future Ages, when they eminent Virtues see,
(If any after Thee

Dare the Pretence of Virtue own,
Without the Fear of being far out-done)
Shall count 'em all but Legacy,
Which from the Strength of thy Example flow,
And thy fair Copy in a less-correct-Edition show.

VII.

Religion over all did a just Conduct claim,
No false Religion, which, from Custom, came,
Which to its Font, and Country, only ow'd its Name;
No Issue of devout and zealous Ignorance,
Or the more dull Effect of Chance;
But 'twas a firm, well-grounded Piety,
That knew All that it did Believe, and why;
And for the glorious Cause durst Die,
And durst out-suffer ancient Martyrology.
So knit and interwoven with its being so,
Most thought it did not from his Duty, but his Nature flow
Exalted far above the vain, small Attacks of Wit,
And all that vile, gay, lewd Buffoons can bring,
Who try, by little Railleries, to ruin it,
And jeer't into an unregarded, poor, defenceless thing.

318 *To the MEMORY of*

The Men of Sense, who, in Confederacy join,
 To damn Religion, had they view'd but Thine
 They'd have confest it pure, confest it All Divine,
 And free from all Pretences of Imposture or Design,
 Pow'rful enough to counter-act lewd Poets and the
 Stage,
 And Profelyte as fast as they debauch the Age;
 So good, it might alone a guilty, condemn'd World
 reprove,
 Should a destroying-Angel stand
 With brandish'd Thunder in his Hand,
 Ready the bidden Stroke to give:
 Or a new Deluge threaten This, and ev'ry Land.

VIII.

Religion, once a quiet and a peaceful Name,
 Which all the Epi thets of Gentleness did claim,
 Late prov'd the Source of Faction, and intestine Jars:
 Like the fair teeming *Hebrew*, she
 Did travel with a wrangling Progeny,
 And harbour'd in her Bowels, Feuds, and Civil Wars:
 Surly, uncomplaisant, and rough she grew,
 And of a soft, and easie Mistress, turn'd a Shrew.

Passion,

Passion, and Anger, went for Marks of Grace,
And Looks deform'd, and sullen, sanctify'd a Face.

Thou first its meek, and prim'tive Temper didst restore,
First shew'dst how Men were Pious heretofore:

The gall-less Dove, which otherwhere could find no Rest,

Early retreated to its Ark, thy Breast,

And straight the swelling Waves decreast,

And straight tempestuous Passions ceast,

Like Winds and Storm, where some fair *Halkyon*

builds her Nest,

No overthreat'ning Zeal did Thee inspire,

But 'twas a kindly, gentle Fire,

To warm, but not devour,

And only did refine, and make more pure:

Such is that Fire that makes thy present blest Abode,

The Residence, and Palace of our God.

And such was that bright, unconsuming Flame,

So mild, so harmless, and so tame,

Which, heretofore, i' th' Bush to *Moses* came:

At first the Vision did the wond'ring Prophet scare,

But when the Voice had check'd his needless Fear,

He Bow'd, and Worship'd, and confest the Deity was there

IX.

Hail, Saint Triumphant! hail, Heav'n's happy Guest;

Hail, new Inhabitant, amongst the Blest!

Methinks I see kind Spirits in Convoy meet,

And, with loud Welcomes, thy Arrival greet.

Who, could they grieve, would go with Grief away,

To see a Soul more White, more Pure, than they:

By Them thou'rt led on high

To the vast glorious Apartment of the Deity.

Where circulating Pleasures make an endless Round,

To which scant Time, or Measure, sets no bound,

Perfect, unmixt Delights, without Alloy,

And whatsoe'er does earthly Bliss annoy.

Which oft does, in Fruition, Pall, and oft'ner Cloy:

Where Being is no longer Life, but Extasie,

But one long Transport of unutterable Joy.

A Joy above the boldest Flights of daring Verse,

And all a Muse, unglorified, can fancy, or rehearse:

There, happy Thou,
From Troubles, and the bustling Toil of Business free,
From Noise and *Traceys** of tumultuous Life below;
Enjoy'st the still and calm Vacation of Eternity.

the *Traceys*,

Have always the Wind in their Faces.

This old Saw is founded on a Traditionary Report, that ever since Sir *William Tracey*, who was most active among the four Knights that killed *Thomas a Becket*, (Archbishop of *Canterbury*) it is imposed on the *Traceys* for a miraculous Penance, that whether they go by Land or Water, the Wind is always in their *Faces*.

Ray's Prov.



There happy Thou.

From Troubles and the Burning Toll of Reformation.

From Noise and Tumult of Venetian Life below.

Enjoy it the full and calm Vacation of Eternity.

the Tragedy.

Have always the Wind in their Faces.

This old story is told of a Traveller's Return from the East.

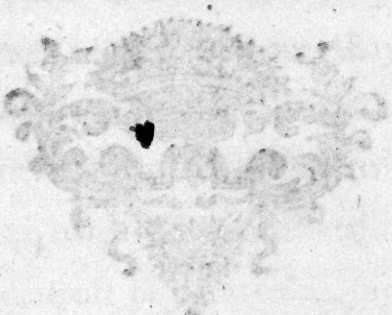
His name was John, who was with him among the low Kingdoms

that he had known a Native Aristocrat of Constantinople, and his

words on the subject of a journey through the western part

of the East were the Wind is always in their Faces.

And so it was, and so it was, and so it was.



CHARACTER

Of a certain

Ugly Old P—

—Deformem & tetrum ante omnia Vultum,
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentisque genas, ac tales aspice ruzas,
Quales, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabraca saltus,
In vetulâ scalpit jam mater simia bucca, &c.

Juv. Sat. x.

Mistaken Blessing, which old Age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome Hospital.
A ropy Chain of Rheums; a Visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatur'd, and a Skin of Buff.
A stitch-faln Cheek, that hangs below the Jaw;
Such Wrinkles as a skilful Hand would draw
For an old Grandam Ape, when, with a Grace,
She sits at squat, and scrubs her Leathern-Face.

Translated by Mr. Dryden, 1693.

L O N D O N:

First printed in the Year M.DC.LXXXIV.

CHARACTER

Of a certain

Ugly Old P—

—Description of certain and unusual things,
Disfranchisement, and, in short, the whole
of the present state of the nation, as seen
by a certain and unusual person, who
is called the Ugly Old P—

Ugly Old P—, which old P— calls
it a long, rally, daisy-like Hospital.
A copy of the old P—, a Village rough,
Daisy-like, and a Skin of Bull.
A third-kind Check, that hangs below the jaw;
Such Winkles as a skilful hand would draw
For an old Grandmother, with a Grace,
She has at hand, and looks her Diamond-face.
Translated by Mr. P—, 1899.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year 1899.



CHARACTER.

NO wonder if I am at a Loss to describe him, whom *Nature* was as much puzzled to make 'Tis here, as in *Painting*, where the most misshapen *Figures* are the greatest *Proofs* of *Skill*. To draw a *Thersites*, or *Æsop* well, requires the *Pencil* of *Vandyke* or *Titian*, more than the best *Features* and *Lineaments*. All the *Thoughts* I can frame of him are as rude and indigested as himself. The very *Idea* and *Conception* of him are enough to Cramp *Grammar*, to disturb *Sense*, and confound *Syntax*. He's a *Solecism* in the great *Construction*, therefore the best *Description* of him is *Nonsense*, and the fittest *Character* to write it in, that *Pot-hook-hand*, the *Devil*, at *Oxford* us'd in *Queen's College Library*. He were *Topick* enough for convincing an *Atheist* that the *World* was made by *Chance*. The first *Matter*, had more of *Form* and *Order*; the *Chaos* more of *Symmetry* and *Proportion*. I could call him *Nature's Bye-Blow*, *Miscarriage* and *Abortive*, or say, he is her *Embryo* slink'd before *Maturity*; but that is stale and flat, and I must fly a higher *Pitch* to reach his *Deformity*. He is the ugliest *she* ever took *Pains* to make so, and *Age* to make worse. All the *Monsters* of *Africa* lie kennell'd in his single *Skin*. He's one of the *Grotesques* of the
Uni-

Universe, whom the grand *Artist* drew only (as *Painters* do uncouth ugly *Shapes*) to fill up the empty *Spaces* and *Cantons* of this great *Frame*. He's *Man Anagrammatiz'd*: A *Mandrake* has more of *Human Shape*: His *Face* carries *Libel* and *Lampoon* in't. *Nature* at its *Composition* wrote *Burlesque*, and shew'd him how far she could out-do *Art* in *Grimace*. I wonder 'tis not hir'd by the *Play-houses* to draw *Antick Vizards* by. Without doubt he was made to be laugh'd at, and design'd for the *Scaramuchio* of *Man-kind*. When I see him, I can no more forbear, than at sight of a *Zany* or *Nokes*; but am like to run the *Risque* of the *Philosopher*, looking on an *Ass* mumbling *Thistles*. He's more ill-favour'd, than the *Picture* of *Winter* drawn by a *Fellow* that daubs *Sign-Posts*, more lowring than the last day of *January*. I have seen a handsomer *Mortal* carv'd in *Monumental Gingerbread*, and woven in *Hangings* at *Mortlack*. If you have ever view'd that wooden *Gentleman* that peeps out of a *Country Barber's* *Window*, you may fancy some *Resemblance* of him. His damn'd squeezing *Close-stool-Face* can be liken'd to nothing better than the *Buttocks* of an old wrinkled *Baboon*, straining upon an *Hillock*. The very *Sight* of him in a *Morning* would work with one beyond *Jalap* and *Rhubarb*. A *Doctor* (I'm told) once prescrib'd him to one of his *Parishioners* for a *Purge*: he wrought the *Effect*, and gave the *Patient* fourteen *Stools*. 'Tis pity he is not drawn at the *City Charges*, and hung up in some publick *Forica* * as a *Remedy* against *Costiveness*.

Indeed, by his *Hue* you might think he had been em-

* A Bog-House.

ployed

ployed to that use: One would take him for the Picture of *Scoggin* or *Tarleton* on a *Privy-house Door*, which by long standing there has contracted the Colour of the neighbouring *Excrements*. Reading lately how *Garagantua* came into the *World* at his Mother's *Ear**, it put an unlucky Thought into my Head concerning him: I presently fancied that he was voided, not brought forth, that his *Dam* was deliver'd of him on t'other side, beslit him coming out, and he has ever since retain'd the *Stains*. His filthy *Countenance* looks like an old *Chimney-piece* in a decay'd Inn, fullied with *Smock*, and the sprinkling of *Ale-pots*. 'Tis dirtier than an ancient *thumb'd Record*, greasier than a *Chandler's Shop-book*. You'd imagine *Snails* had crawl'd the *Haye* upon it. The *Case* of it is perfect *Velum*, and has often been mistaken for it: A *Scrivener* was like to cheapen it for making *Indentures* and *Deeds*; besides 'tis as wrinkled as a *walking Buskin*: It has more *Furrows* than all *Cotswold*†. You may resemble it to a *Gammon* of *Bacon* with the *Sword* off. I believe the *Devil* travels over it in his *Sleep* with *Hob-nails* in his *Shoes*. By the *Maggot-eaten-Sur-Face* you'd swear he had been dug out of his *Grave* again with all his *Worms* about him to *Bait Eel-books*. But enough of it in *General*, I think it time to descend to *Particulars*; I wish I could divide his *Face*, as he does his *Text*, i. e. tear it asunder; 'Tis fit I begin with the most remarkable part of it. His *Mouth* (saving your *Presence*, *Christian Readers*) is like the *Devil's Arse of Peak*, and is just as *Large*. By the *Scent*, you'd take it for the *Hole* of a *Privy*: He may be winded by

* See *Rablais's Works*, 2 Vol. 8vo.

† Hills in *Gloucestershire*, remarkable for their Craggyness.

a good *Nose* at Twelve-score; I durst have ventur'd at first being in Company that he dieted on *Asa-fetida*. His very *Discourse* stinks in a *Literal Sense*; 'tis breaking-Wind, and you'd think he talk'd at the other End. Last New-years day (1676.) he tainted a *Loin of Veal* with saying Grace: All the *Guests* were fain to use the *Hapatical-Posture* in their own *Defence*, and stand with their *Caps* over their *Eyes* like *Malefactors* going to be turn'd off. That too that renders it the more unsupportable is, that it can't be stopp'd: The *Breach* is too big ever to be clos'd. Were he a *Milliner*, he might measure *Ribbon* by it without the help of his *Yard* or *Counter*. It reaches so far back wards, those, that have seen him with his *Peruke* off, say it may be discerned behind. When he gapes, 'twould stretch the *Duchess of Cleaveland* to straddle over: I had almost said, 'tis as wide as from *Dover* to *Calais*. Could he shut it, the *Wrinkles* round about would represent the Form of the *Sea-mens Compass*, and should he bluster 'twere a pretty *Emblem* of those swelling *Mouths*, at the *Corners* of *Maps* puffing out *Storms*. When he *Smokes*, I am always thinking of *Mongibello* * and its *Eruptions*. His *Head* looks exactly like a *Device* on a *Kitchen Chimney*; His *Mouth* the *Vent* and his *Nose* the *Fane*. And now I talk of his *Snout*, I dare not mention the *Elephant's*, for fear of speaking too little: I'd make bold with the old *Wit*, and compare it to the *Gnomon* of a *Dial*; but that he has not *Teeth* enough to stand for the *Twelve Hours*. 'Tis so long, that when he rides a *Journey*, he makes use of it to open *Gates*. He's fain to snite it with both *Hands*. It cannot be wip'd under as much as the *Royal*

* Mount *Atna*,

Breech. A Man of ordinary Bulk might find Shelter under its Eves, were it not for the Droppings. One protested to me in Raillery that when he looks against the Sun, it shadows his whole Body, as some Story, of the *Sciapodes Feet* *. Another Hyperbolical Rascal would make me believe that the Arches of it are as large as any two of London-Bridge, or the great Rialto, at Venice. Not long ago I met a one-leg'd Tarpauling that had been begging at his Door, but could get nothing: The witty Whoreson (I remember) swore that his Bow-sprit was as long as that of the Royal-Sovereign. I confess, flood he in my way, I durst not venture round by his Fore-side, for fear of going half a Mile about. 'Tis perfectly doubling the Cape, He has this Privilege for being unmannerly : that it will not suffer him to put off his Hat : And therefore (as 'tis said) at home he has a Cord fasten'd to it, and draws it off with a Pulley, and so receives the Addresses of those that visit him. This, I'm very confident of, he has not heard himself sneeze these seven Years : And that leads me to his Tools of Hearing : His Ears resemble those of a Country Justice's Black-Jack, and are of the same Matter, Hue, and Size. He's as well hung as any Hound in the Country ; but by their Bulk and growing upward, he deserves to be rank'd with a Graver of Beasts : His single self might have shewn with SMEC †, and all the Club Divines. You may pare enough from the Sides of his Head to have furnisht a whole Regiment of Round-Heads :

* A Sort of monstrous People in India, having but one Leg, with which they run very swift, and so large a Foot, that lying upon their Backs they can shade their Body with it.

† The Initial Letters of the Names of Stephen Marshall and Edmund Calamy.

He wears more there, than all the *Pillories* in *England* ever have done. *Mandevile* tells us of a *People* somewhere, that use their *Ears* for *Cushions*: He has reduced the *Legend* to *Probability*: A *Servant* of his (that could not conceal the *Midas*) told me lately in private, that going to *Bed* he binds them on his *Crown*, and they serve him instead of *Quilt Night-Caps*. The next observable that falls under my *Consideration* is his *Back*: Nor need I go far out of my *Way* to meet it, for it peeps over his *Shoulders*: He was built with a *Buttress* to support the *Weight* of his *Nose*, and help balance it: *Nature* hung on him a *Knapack*, and made him represent both *Tinker* and *Budget* too. He looks like the visible *Tye* of *Aeneas* bolstring up his *Father*, or like a *Beggar-Woman*, endorst with her whole *Litter*, and with *Child* behind. You may take him for *Anti-Christopher* with the *Devil* at his *Back*. I believe the *Atlas* in *Wadham-Garden*, at *Oxford*, was carv'd by him. Certainly he was begot in a *Cupping-Glass*: his *Mother* longed for *Pompions*, or went to see some *Camel* shewn while she was conceiving him. One would think a *Mole* has crept into his *Carcass* before 'tis laid in the *Church-Yard*, and Rooted in it, or that an *Earthquake* had disorder'd the *Symmetry* of the *Microcosm*, sunk one *Mountain*, and put up another. And now I should descend lower if I durst venture: But I'll not defile my *Pen*: My *Ink* is too cleanly for a farther *Description*. I must beg my *Reader's Distance*: as if I were going to *Untruss*. Should I mention what is beneath, the very *Fakes* would suffer by the *Comparison*, and 'twere enough to bring a *Beg-House* in *Disgrace*. Indeed he ought to have been drawn, like the good *People* on the *Parliament-House*, only from
the

the *Shoulders* upwards. To me 'tis a greater *Prodigy* than himself, how his *Soul* has so long endured so nasty a *Lodging*. Were there such a thing as a *Metempsychoſis*, how gladly would it exchange its *Carcass* for that of the worst and vileſt *Brute*: I'm ſufficiently perſuaded againſt the *Whim* of *pra-exiſtence*; for any thing that had the *Pretence* of *Reason* would never have entered ſuch a *Durance* out of *Choice*: Doubtleſs it muſt have been guilty of ſome unheard of *Sin*, for which *Heaven* dooms it *Penance* in the *Preſent Body*, and ordains it, its firſt *Hell* here. And 'tis diſputable which may prove the worſt, for 'thas ſuffered half an *Eternity* already. Men can hardly tell which of the *two* will out-live the other. By his *Face* you'd gueſs him one of the *Patriarchs*, and that he liv'd before the *Flood*: His *Head* looks as if 't had worn out *three* or *four Bodies*, and were Legacied to him by his *Great-Grand-father*. His *Age* is out of *Knowledge*. I believe he was *Born* before *Registers* were invented. He ſhould have been a *Ghost* in *Queen Mary's Days*. I wonder *Holingshead* does not ſpeak of him. Every *Limb* about him is *Chronicle*: *Par* and *John* of the *Times* were *short-Livers* to him. They ſay, he can remember when *Pauls* was Founded; and *London-Bridge* built. I my ſelf have heard him tell all the *Stories* of *York* and *Lancaster* upon his own *Knowledge*. His very *Cane* and *Spectacles* are enough to ſet up an *Antiquary*. The firſt was the *Walking-ſtaff* of *Lanfranc* Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*, which is to be ſeen by his *Arms* upon the *Head* of it. The other belong'd to the *Chaplain* of *William the Conqueror*; was of *Norman Make*, and travell'd over with him. 'Tis ſtrange
the

the late *Author* of *Madam Fickle** forgot to make his *Sir Arthur Oldlove* swear by them, the *Oath* had been of as good *Antiquity* as *St. Austin's Night-Cap*, or *Mahomet's Threshold*. I have often wonder'd he never set up for a *Conjurer*: His very *Look* would bring him in *Vogue*, draw *Custom*, and undo *Lilly* and *Gadbury*. You'd take him for the *Ghost* of *Old Haly* or *Albumazar*, or the *Spirit Frier* in the *Fortune Book*; his *Head* for the enchanted brazen one of *Frier Bacon*. 'Twould pose a good *Physiognomist* to give *Names* to the *Lines* in his *Face*. I've observ'd all the *Figures* and *Diagrams* in *Agrippa* and *Ptolomy's Centiloquies* there, upon strict *View*. And t'other *Day* a *Linguist* of my *Acquaintance* shew'd me all the *Arabick Alphabet* betwixt his *Brow* and his *Chin*. Some have admired how he came to be admitted into *Orders*, since his very *Face* is against the *Canon*: I guess he pleaded the *Qualification* of the *Prophets* of *Old*, to be *Withered*, *Toothless* and *Deformed*. He can pretend to be an *Elisha*, only by his *Baldness*. The *Devil's Oracles* heretofore were utter'd from such a *Mouth*. 'Twas then the *Candidates* for the *Tripes* were fain to plead *Wrinkles* and *Grey Hairs*; a *Splay Mouth*, and a *Goggle Eye* were the cheapest *Symony*, and the *Ugly* and *Crippled* were the only *Men* of *Preferment*. And this leads me to consider him a little in the *Pulpit*. And there, 'tis hard to distinguish, whether *That*, or his *Skin* be the coarser *Wainscot*: He represents a *Crackt Weather-Glass* in a *Frame*. You'd take him by his *Looks* and *Posture* for *Muggleton* doing *Penance*, and paulted with *rotten Eggs*. Had his *Hearers* the *Trick* of *Writing Short-Hand*, I should fancy him an *Offender*

* Or, *The Witty False One*, a Comedy written by *Tom. Durfey*, 1677. upon

upon a *Scaffold*, and them Penning his *Confession*. Not a *fluxt Debauchée* in a *Sweating-Tub* makes worse *Faces*. He makes *Doctrine* as Folks do their *Water* in the *Stone* or *Strangury*. *Balaam's Ass* was a better *Divine*, and had a better *Delivery*. The *Thorn* at *Glastenbury* had more *Sense* and *Religion*, and would make more *Converts*. He speaks not, but grunts, like one of the *Gadarene Hogs* after the *Devils* enter'd. When I came first to his *Church* and saw him perch'd on high against a *Pillar*, I took him by his gaping for some *Juggler* going to swallow *Bibles* and *Hour-Glasses*. But I was soon convinc'd that other *Feats* were to be play'd, and on a sudden lost all my *Senses* in *Noise*. A Drunken *Huntsman* reeling in, the while he was at *Prayer*, asked if he were giving his *Parishioners* a *Halloo*: He has preached half his *Parish* deaf: His *Din* is beyond the *Catadupi* of *Nile* *: All his *Patron's Pigeons* are frighted from their *Apartment*, and he's generally believed the *Occasion*. He may be heard farther than *Sir Samuel Moreland's Flagalet*. Nay, one damn'd mad *Rogue* swore, should he take a *Text* concerning the *Resurrection*, he might serve for the last *Trumpet*. And yet in one *Respect* he's fitted for the *Function*. His *Countenance*, if not *Doctrine*, can scare Men into *Repentance*, like an *Apparition*: Should he walk after he's dead, he would not be more dreadful, than now while he is alive.

A *Maid* meeting him in the *Dark* in a *Church-Yard*, was frighted into *Fanaticism*. Another is in *Bedlam* upon the same *Occasion*: I dare not approach him with-

* The *Ethiopians* inhabiting there are naturally Deaf, by the Noise of the Waters disordering the Organs of Hearing.

out an *Exorcism*. In the Name, &c. is the fittest *Salutation*: Some have thought the *Parsonage-House* haunted since he dwelt there. In *Yorkshire* ('tis reported) they make use of his Name instead of *Raw-Head* and *Bloody-bones* to fright *Children*. He is more terrible than those *Fantoms* Country-Folks tell of by the Fire-side, and pretend to have seen, with *Leathern-wings*, *Cloven-feet*, and *Saucer-eyes*: If he goes to *Hell* (as 'tis almost an *Article* of my *Creed*, he will) the *Devils* will quake for all their warm *Dwelling*, and crowd up into a *Nook* for fear of him.





A
SUNDAY-THOUGHT
IN
SICKNESS.

LORD, how dreadful is the Prospect of Death, at the remotest Distance! How the smallest Apprehension of it can pall the most gay, airy and brisk Spirits! Even I, who thought I could have been merry in Sight of my Coffin, and drink a Health with the Sexton in my own Grave, now tremble, at the least Envoy of the King of Terrors. To see but the Shaking of my Glass, makes me turn pale, and Fear is like to prevent, and do the Work of my Distemper. All the Jolity of my Humour and Conversation is turn'd on a sudden into Chagrin and Melancholy black as Despair, and dark as the Grave. My Soul and Body seem at once laid out, and I fancy all the Plummets of Eternal Night already hanging upon my Temples. But whence proceed these Fears? Certainly they are not idle Dreams, nor the accidental Product of my Disease, which disorders the Brains, and fills 'em

with odd Chimeras. Why should my Soul be averſe to its Enlargement? Why ſhould it be content to be knit up in two Yards of Skin, when it may have all the World for its Purſieu? 'Tis not that I'm unwilling to leave my Relations and preſent Friends: I'm parted from the firſt already, and could be ſever'd from Both, the length of the whole Map, and live with my Body as far diſtant from them, as my Soul muſt when I'm dead. Neither is it that I'm loth to leave the Delights and Pleaſures of the World; ſome of them I have tried, and found empty, the others covet not, becauſe unknown. I'm confident I could deſpiſe 'em all by a Greatneſs of Soul, did not the Bible oblige me, and Divines tell me, 'tis my Duty. It is not neither that I'm unwilling to go hence before I've eſtabliſh'd a Reputation, and ſomething to make me ſurvive my ſelf. I could have been content to have been ſtill-born, and have no more than the Register, or Sexton to tell that I've never been in the Land of the Living. In fine, 'tis not from a Principle of Cowardiſe, which the Schools have called Self-preservation, the poor Effect of Inſtinct, and dull Preſence of a Brute as well as me. This Unwillingneſs therefore, and Averſion to undergo the general Fate, muſt have a juſter Original, and flow from a more important Cauſe. I'm well ſatiſfied that this other Being within, that moves and actuates my Frame of Fleſh and Blood has a Life beyond it and the Grave; and ſomething in it prompts me to believe its Immortality. A Reſidence it muſt have ſomewhere elſe, when it has left this Carcaſe, and another State to paſs into, unchangeable and everlaſting as it ſelf after its Separation. This Condition

dition must be good or bad, according to its Actions and Deserts in this Life; for as it owes its Being to some Infinite Power that created it, I well suppose it his Vassal, and oblig'd to live by his Law; and as certainly conclude, that according to the keeping or breaking of that Law, 'tis to be rewarded or punished hereafter. This Diversity of Rewards and Punishments makes the Two Places, Heaven and Hell, so often mentioned in Scripture, and talked of in Pulpits. Of the latter, my Fears too cruelly convince me, and the Anticipation of its Torment, which I already feel in my own Conscience; there is, there is a Hell, and damned Fiends, and a never-dying Worm, and that Sceptick that doubts of it, may find 'em All, within my single Breast. I dare not any longer, with the Atheist, disbelieve them, or think 'em the Clergy's Bugbears, invented as Nurses do frightful Names for their Children, to scare 'em into Quietness and Obedience. How oft have I triumphed in my unconcerned and scared Insensibility? How oft boasted of that unhappy suspected Calm, which, like that of the dead Sea, proved only my Curse, and a treacherous Ambush to those Storms, which at present (and will for ever, I dread,) shipwreck my Quiet and Hopes? How oft have I rejected the Advice of that Bosom-Friend, and drowned its Alarms in the Noise of a tumultuous Debauch, or by stupifying Wine (like some condemned Malefactor) armed my self against the Apprehensions of my certain Doom; now, now the Tyrant awakes, and comes to pay at once all Arrears of Cruelty. At last, but too late, (like drowning Mariners) I see the gay Monsters, which inveigled me in-

to my Death and Destruction. Oh the gnawing Remorse of a rash, unguarded, unconsidering Sinner! Oh how the Ghosts of former Crimes affright my haunted Imagination, and make me suffer a thousand Racks and Martyrdoms! I see, methinks, the Jaws of Destruction gaping wide to swallow me; and I (like one sliding on Ice) tho' I see the Danger, cannot stop from running into it. My Fancy represents to me a whole Legion of Devils, ready to tear me in Pieces, numberless as my Sins or Fears; and whither, alas! whither shall I fly for Refuge? Where shall I retreat and take Sanctuary? Shall I call the Rocks and Mountains to cover me; or bid the Earth yawn wide to its Center, and take me in? Poor Shift of escaping Almighty Justice! Distracting Frenzy that would make me believe Contradictions, and hope to fly out of the Reach of him whose Presence is every where, not excluded Hell it self; for he is There in the Effects of his Vengeance. Shall I invoke some Power Infinite,] as That which created me, to reduce me to nothing again, and rid me, at once, of my Being and all that tortures it? Oh no, 'tis in vain, I must be forced into Being, to keep me fresh for Torment, and retain Sense, only to feel Pain. I must be Dying to all Eternity, and Live Ever, to Live Ever wretched. Oh that Nature had placed me in the Rank of Things that have only a bare Existence, or at best, an Animal Life, and never given me a Soul and Reason, which now must contribute to my Misery, and make me envy Brutes and Vegetables? Would the Womb that bore me, had been my Prison till now, or I slept out of it into my Grave, and saved the Expences and
Toil

Toil of a Long and tedious Journey, where Life affords nothing of Accommodations to invite one's Stay. Happy had I been if I had expired with my first Breath, and enter'd the Bill of Mortality as soon as the World: Happy, if I had been Drowned in my Font, and that Water which was to Regenerate, and give me new Life, had prov'd Mortal in another Sense! I had then died without any Guilt of my own, but what I brought into the World with me, and that too aton'd for; I mean, that which I contracted from my first Parents, my Unhappiness rather than my Fault, inasmuch as I was fain to be born of a sinning Race: Then I had never enhanced it with acquired Guilt, never added those innumerable Crimes, which must make up my Indictment at the Grand Audit. Ungrateful Wretch! I've made my Sins as numerous as those Blessings and Mercies the Almighty Bounty has conferred upon me, to oblige and lead me to Repentance. How have I abused and misemployed those Parts and Talents which might have rendered me serviceable to Mankind, and repaid an Interest of Glory to their Donor! How ill do they turn to Accompt which I have made the Patrons of Debauchery, and Pimps and Panders to Vice? How oft have I broke my Vows to my Great Creator, which I would be conscientious of keeping to a silly Woman, a Creature beneath my self; what has all my Religion been but an empty Parade and Shew? Either an useful Hypocrisy taken up for Interest, or a gay specious Formality worn in Complaisance to Custom, and the Mode, and as changeable as my Cloaths and their Fashion. How oft have I gone to Church (the Place where we

are to pay him Homage and Duty) as to an Affignation or Play, only for Diversion; or at best, as I must e'er long (for aught I know) with my Soul severed from my Body? How I tremble at the Remembrance! as if I could put the Sham upon Heaven, or a God were to be imposed on like my Fellow-Creature: And dare I, convicted of these High Treasons against the King of Glory, dare I, expect a Reprieve or Pardon? Has he Thunder, and are not all his Bolts levell'd at my Head, to strike me through the very Center? Yes, I dare appeal to Thee, boundless Pity and Compassion! My own Instances already tell me that thy Mercy is Infinite; for I've done enough to shock Long-sufferance it self, and weary out an Eternal Patience. I beseech Thee, by thy soft and gentle Attributes of Mercy and Forgiveness, by the last dying Accents of my suffering Deity, have Pity on a poor, humble, prostrate and confessing Sinner: And Thou great Ransom of lost Mankind, who offeredest thy self a Sacrifice to atone our Guilt, and redeem our mortgaged Happiness, do Thou be my Advocate, and intercede for Me with the Angry Judge.

My Pray'rs are heard, a glorious Light now shone,
 And (lo!) an Angel-Post, comes hastening down
 From Heav'n, I see him cut the yielding Air;
 So swift, he seems, at once, both here, and there;
 So quick, my Sight in the Pursuit was slow,
 And Thought could scarce so soon the Journey go.

A SUNDAY-THOUGHT. 336

No angry Message in his Look appears,
His Face no Signs of Threatning-Vengeance wears.
Comely his Shape, of Heav'nly Mien and Air,
Kinder than Smiles of Beauteous Virgins are.
Such he was seen, by the blest Maid of old,
When he, th' Almighty Infant's Birth, foretold.

A mighty Volume in one Hand is borne,
Whose open'd Leaves the other seems to turn:
Vast Annals of my Sins in Scarlet writ,
But now eras'd, blot out, and cancell'd quite.
Hark how the Heav'nly Whisper strikes mine Ear,
Mortal, behold thy Crimes all Pardon'd here!

Hail, Sacred Envoy of th'Eternal King!

Welcome, as the Bless'd Tidings Thou dost bring.

Welcome as Heav'n, from whence Thou cam'st but now.

Thus low to Thy great God, and Mine, I bow,

And might I here, O might I ever grow

Fix'd and unmov'd, an endless Monument,

Of Gratitude, to my Creator sent.

F I N I S.

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